

THE WORD

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DEVOTED TO

Philosophy, Science, Religion, Eastern
Thought, Occultism, Theosophy,
and the Brotherhood of
Humanity

H. W. PERCIVAL, *Editor*

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GHOSTS

Physical Ghosts of Dead Men

NATURAL law controls the appearance or non-appearance of physical ghosts, as it controls all phenomena. Every living physical object has a form body within and around it. The physical body is composed of physical matter, and of this much is known. The form body of the physical is composed of lunar matter, matter from the moon, of which little is known. Physical and lunar matter are really the same in kind; they differ in that the particles of lunar matter are finer and lie closer together than those of physical matter, and that lunar and physical matter are to each other as opposite magnetic poles.

The earth is a great magnet; the moon is likewise a magnet. The earth has at certain periods a stronger pull on the moon than has the moon on the earth, and at other times the moon has a stronger pull on the earth than the earth has on the moon. These periods are regular and certain. They are proportionate and extend through all measures of universal physical time, from a fraction of a second to the dis-

solution of the world and universe. These constantly alternating pulls of the earth and moon cause constant circulation of lunar and physical matter and cause the phenomena which are called life and death. That which is circulated in the lunar matter and the physical matter are the life units from the sun. In the building up of a body the life units of the sun are conveyed by the lunar matter into physical structure. At the dissolution of the structure the life units are returned by the lunar matter to the sun.

The magnetic pull between the earth and the moon affects every living object. The earth pulls on the physical body and the moon pulls on the form within the physical body. These magnetic pulls cause the inhalations and exhalations of animals and plants and even of stones. During physical life and until the body has reached the mid-day of its power, the earth pulls on its physical body and the physical holds its form body, and the form body draws from the moon. Then the tide turns; the moon pulls on its form body and the form body draws from its physical. Then when the hour of death has come the moon pulls the form body out of its physical and death follows, as before described.

The earth pull on the physical body and the moon pull on the physical ghost continue until physical body and physical ghost have been resolved into their respective elements. These magnetic pulls on physical form cause what is called the decay; the chemical or other physical action is only the result of the magnetic pulls and the physical means to bring about the end.

When the earth pull is stronger than the moon pull, the physical ghost will be drawn close to its physical body underground or in its tomb, and is not likely to be seen by mere physical vision. When the moon pull is stronger than the earth pull, the physical ghost will be drawn away from its physical body. The pulsing or undulating movements of the physical ghost are usually caused by the magnetic action of the earth and the moon. Because of this magnetic action

a reclining physical ghost will be a little above or below, but usually above the physical object on which it appears to lie.

The observer will notice that moving or walking ghosts do not seem to walk on the solid ground. The moon pull is strongest when the moon is brightest and is waxing. Then physical ghosts are most likely to appear. But in open moonlight they are not as likely to be seen or distinguished by the eye unused to see them, because then they are nearly of the color of the moonlight. They will be more easily seen under the shadow of a tree or in a room.

The ghost often appears as if in a shroud or robe, or in a favorite costume. Whatever clothing it appears to have is that which was most strongly impressed on it, the physical ghost, by the mind before death. One reason physical ghosts often appear as if in a shroud is that shrouds are the garments in which the bodies are laid at rest, and the astral body, or physical ghost, has been impressed by the thought of the shroud.

The physical ghost will take no heed of the living person unless the form body of that person attracts it. Then it may glide or walk toward that person and may even put out its hand and touch or take hold of the person. Whatever it does will depend on the thought and magnetism of the living person. The touch of the hand of the physical ghost will be like that of a rubber glove, or like the feeling of water when one puts his hand over the side of a moving boat, or it may feel like the flame of a candle when a moistened finger is passed quickly through it, or it may feel like a cool wind. Whichever feeling is produced by the touching of a physical ghost will depend on the state of preservation of its physical body.

A physical ghost only, cannot commit any acts of violence, cannot lay hold of any person with iron grip, cannot cause a living individual to do anything against his wish.

The physical ghost is only an empty automaton, without

will or motive. It cannot even speak to the one who attracts it unless it is challenged and requested to speak, and then it will only be an echo, or a faint whisper, unless the living person furnishes the ghost with enough of his magnetism so that it may produce sound. If the necessary magnetism is furnished by the living, the physical ghost may be made to speak in whispers, but what it says will lack coherence and sense, unless the living gives it these or attaches undue importance to what is said.

The voice of a ghost has a hollow sound or rather whispering sound, when the ghost is made to speak.

The odor of a physical ghost is that with which everyone is familiar, who has been in a death chamber or with any dead body or in vaults in which the dead have been placed. This odor is caused by the particles which are drawn off from the physical body and thrown off by the physical ghost. All living bodies throw off physical particles, which affect the living according to their sensitiveness to smell. The odor of a physical dead body and its ghost is disagreeable because there is no co-ordinating entity in the dead body, and the particles thrown off are, by the living organism, sensed through smell, to be opposed to its physical well being. There is an influence of unwholesomeness about it which is instinctively noticed.

That a physical ghost is not seen near a dead body is no evidence that it is not present. If the ghost is not clinging to its body it may lack cohesion of form, but it may be felt by one sufficiently sensitive. The disbeliever in ghosts may deny the existence of a ghost, even while its shapeless form may be clinging around or oozing through his body. The evidence of this is an empty feeling at the pit of the stomach, a creepy feeling up his spine or on his scalp. Something of this feeling may be caused by his own fear, and picturing or fancying the possibility of existence of that which he denies to exist. But the one who continues to look for ghosts will eventually have no difficulty in distinguishing between a ghost and his own apprehension or fancies of a ghost.

Although a physical ghost is without volition and can do no intentional harm, yet a ghost may harm the living by the baleful and unwholesome atmosphere which its presence causes. The presence of a physical ghost may cause peculiar diseases to a person living near the place where the physical body of the ghost is buried. These peculiar diseases are not merely the result of the noxious gases which affect the physical body of the living, but diseases which will affect the form body of the living. Not all living persons will be thus affected, but only those whose own form body within the physical attracts the physical ghost and yet has not the positive magnetism to repel the ghost, whether it is or is not visible. In that case the physical ghost of the dead preys upon and draws the vital and magnetic qualities off from the form body of the living person. When this is done, the physical body has not enough vitality to perform its own physical functions and wastes and droops as the result. Those who live in the neighborhood of a burial ground and who have wasting diseases which physicians cannot account for nor cure, may scout this suggestion as to the possible cause. But it may be to their advantage to remove to a more wholesome place.

A physical ghost may be repelled by willing it to go away. But it cannot by such willing be driven a great distance from its own physical body, nor can the physical ghost of the dead be broken up or dissipated and disposed of as it is possible to dispose of desire and thought ghosts. The way to get rid of the physical ghost, if one will not get out of its neighborhood, is to locate its physical body and burn that physical body or have it removed to some distant place, and then to let in the sunshine and air.

It is well for everyone to understand what physical ghosts are, but it is unwise for most people to hunt for them or have anything to do with them, unless it be their duty so to do. Most people have a dread of ghosts whether they do or do not believe that ghosts exist, and yet some take a morbid satisfaction in hunting for ghosts. The ghost hunter is

usually repaid according to the spirit which prompts him. If he is diligently looking for thrills he will get them, though they may not be such as he had planned to have. If he hopes to prove that ghosts do not exist he will be dissatisfied, because he will have experiences which he cannot weigh or measure. Although these will not be evidences of ghosts, they will leave him in suspense; and, he will be further dissatisfied because, even if there are no such things as ghosts, it is impossible for him to prove it.

Those whose duty it is to deal with ghosts are of two kinds. To the one belong those who know of or are appointed to their work, as they fill a certain position and do a necessary kind of work in the economy of nature. To the other kind belong those who appoint themselves to the work.

The one who knows his work is an occultist born; he comes into this knowledge as the result of his work in former lives. The one who is appointed to deal with ghosts is an advanced student of occultism, accepted and consciously working in a certain school of occultism, one of the degrees and duties of which is to understand and deal justly with the ghosts of dead men. He performs a necessary service for the body of nature. He also guards the living from the ghosts of dead men, in so far as the living will permit. Dealing with the physical ghosts of dead men is the least important of his work. What he does with regard to the desire and thoughts ghosts of dead men, will be shown later.

He who appoints himself to deal with the ghosts of the dead runs great risks, unless the motive which prompts him is his interest in the welfare of a cause and unless he has no selfish interest, such as desire for sensation; that is to say, his researches and investigation into the phenomena of ghosts must be undertaken to add to the sum of human knowledge for the welfare of humanity and not merely to satisfy a morbid curiosity, nor to achieve the questionable reputation of being an authority about things occult; nor should his motive be to communicate with what are indis-

criminally called "spirits of the dead," or with relatives and friends who have departed this life. Unless the motive of one who deals with ghosts of the dead is serious, and to perform an unselfish action for the greater knowledge and good of all, he will be unprotected against unseen forces; and, the more energetic his search the more likely he will be to suffer from the living as well as from the dead.

Scientists who have attempted the work have met with various results. The motive which prompts a scientist to try to prove the immortality of the soul is good. But the demonstration that physical and desire and thought ghosts exist, will not prove the immortality of the soul. Such demonstration will prove—to whom proof is possible—that such ghosts exist; but physical and desire and thought ghosts will be dissipated. Each ghost has its period of duration. Immortality is for man, and not for his ghosts.

WHAT DEVOTION WILL DO

By O. N. Schou.

DEVOTION is the essential to attainment. Devotion must fill our heart and soul if we are to realize our ideals; it will give force to our thoughts and acts, and influence those with whom we come into contact by inspiring them with like devotion.

To what should we be devoted? To the good of everyone, to the study of theosophical teachings, and to the discipline of our own nature. This devotion will broaden our view of life. Theosophy will be seen to be that which the world most needs, and we shall work for Theosophy, and to make Theosophy known to the world.

PROGRESS IN THEOSOPHY

Short Talks on the Subject

By M. E. Jutte.

EVEN a superficial survey of Theosophy cannot fail to convince an inquirer that there is something quite practical in its teachings, which, if followed, leads to success in life, physically, mentally and spiritually; and, that the teachings make man happier. Life is seen not to be a nightmare, but to be regulated by law, according to a broad, harmonious plan in which each individual acts as a little or a big wheel in the vast machinery of the whole. Each human being is destined, according to his karma to follow a certain line of endeavor and thought; and yet, if he so wills, he has the power to break the bonds that hold him down to his task.

Man is the only living being that is not carried along by nature alone. He has the power to raise himself out of his present condition. If he so determines he can advance, by self-devised effort, far beyond the point which he would have reached in the present incarnation under ordinary circumstances. Theosophy teaches that, by right thought and action, man can so live that the world will be better for his having lived.

No person should consider himself too limited in his opportunities to do something worth while. Opportunities for usefulness are offered as soon as the individual wants to be useful. Many seek satisfaction and an outlet for their energy in charitable, educational or settlement work, but I think there is no more practical and profitable way to advance one's self and others than to become familiar with a true philosophy of life and to live it, and to make known to others what he believes to be true. A knowledge of Theosophy

makes for progress because it teaches one how to think, how to act, how to live, and how to die. Reform and progress come as soon as we know how to think and do right. Progress begins from within. No more lasting progress can be made than to work for the inner man, for such work is not lost at death; it lasts through future incarnations.

The motive is most important. Let the motive be right, and no matter how ill-directed one's efforts are in the beginning, they will be corrected and the results will come out right in the end. The best motive is unselfish action for the good of all. As soon as one turns his interest away from his petty self and towards the greater good, he approaches the ideal of brotherhood. He who works for the good of others, incidentally will himself make progress, for he is keeping his mind in line with the ideal of human perfection. People who long for something better and who do not seem to accomplish much, lack confidence, determination, the fire of enthusiasm. These must be acquired. Constancy, persistence, sincerity, help to overcome the difficulties that naturally are found in the path of progress. Times of obscurity and discouragement must be met, that the effort may not end in regrets, that the teaching be not blamed and called impractical.

Some people have said that Theosophy is apt to take from one the ambition to improve the material side of things. But in such cases it will usually be found that the teachings have been used as an excuse for taking things easy. The teachings have in such cases been misunderstood. In "Light on the Path" we read: "Kill out ambition," "kill out desire of life," "kill out desire of comfort." But this advice follows: "Work as those work who are ambitious." If this is compared with the preceding statement, it may be said to be a contradiction. It simply means: "Do your duty in the world, and work; and, while you work, "Seek in the heart the source of evil and expunge it." That is a simple rule for progress. By following it we learn to live an inner life while attending to the duties of the outer life; to be in and with the world,

but not of it; to learn to live in the eternal while still keenly alive to all that happens about us, is progress.

We cannot free ourselves from the bonds of matter by retiring to a lonely spot for meditation, and by living on herbs and fruit and water. That is trying to escape from temptation. It has been tried, and has ended in failure. One should overcome instead of running away from temptation.

To make progress it is necessary to do the duties of life as they come to us; to act according to principles instead of what may seem good policy; to do what is right in our dealings with others; to not want what does not belong to us; to be honest; to be truthful—thus we shall be true to the principles and ideals we have set before ourselves; thus we shall make progress in Theosophy. H. P. Blavatsky has put these simple things into these beautiful words:

“Behold the truth before you; a clean life, an open mind, a pure heart, an eager intellect, an unveiled spiritual perception, a brotherliness for one’s co-disciple, a readiness to give and receive advice, a loyal sense of duty, a willing obedience to the behest of Truth, a courageous endurance of personal injustice, a brave declaration of principles, a valiant defence of those unjustly attacked, and a constant eye to the ideal of human progression and perfection—these are the golden stairs up the steps of which the learner may climb to the Temple of Divine Wisdom.”

These are simple rules. As we live them we shall make progress in Theosophy. Life and conduct in this material world is the expression of our life in the world of thought. Our progress depends on what we think, on the mental attitude we take with respect to the problem before us. If we wish to make true progress materially, mentally, or spiritually, we must take the right mental attitude. To find out what our right mental attitude is towards the questions before us, is a sign of mental progress. Right or wrong attitude is reflected in results.

All things, good and bad, radiate from the mind, hence the importance of training and trying to control the mind. It re-

quires and is worth lives of effort to so train and master the mind, that the mental faculties can be used at any time.

Spiritual progress depends upon the mind. The mind is the instrument by which the soul makes spiritual progress. Spiritual progress has to do with the attainment of the ultimate purpose of existence. This purpose is the conscious realization of consciousness.

There are two paths, either one of which the soul may take in its pilgrimage through its many lives—the path of forms, and the path of consciousness. Theosophy leads us to the idea of consciousness, the becoming conscious, and the expansion of the individual into the all-consciousness, which is the end and ultimate aim of all existence. Consciousness alone is everlasting and eternal.

The beginning of the path of consciousness is to set one's mind on it. The next step is to try to be conscious of that to which the mind is turned. Then to direct the mind towards one's self, to become conscious of one's own individuality, and to dwell in that at will. Then follows the expansion of the individual conscious self into the all-consciousness.

To make progress in any line of endeavor, one must have an object, and aim. The higher the aim, the more one is apt to accomplish in life. If that is the aim and purpose, a beginning must be made sometime. Why not in this incarnation? There is no time like the present. Why not start now on the journey we know we must take some time? No one can make more real progress than he who calmly considers his subject, realizes that it is true, and sets his mind steadily to work for it.

One reason why so many people drift along with the stream of humanity, and, at death, seem to be no higher in the scale than they were in their youth, is for lack of an aim, a purpose, and definite ideals in life. But I believe that at some time in life, one has an indistinct longing for knowledge. But he does not know where to get it. Science and the churches do not teach of that knowledge. I believe that teaching is in Theosophy.

By Julia E. Hard.

PROGRESS in Theosophy is made by acquiring the knowledge of its principles, by the application of those principles in every-day life, and by growth from within.

Presupposing one to be in possession of a fairly good physical body, an average mental equipment, and a knowledge of the fundamental principles of Theosophy, that one can make progress—and progress in Theosophy is made in the interior or metaphysical rather than in the physical side of man's nature. The inner growth is by far the most important. Interior growth is not conferred by anything from without, but by a mental alchemy.

A part of the work with the physical body is in the transmission of the physical energies into occult and spiritual powers. Another part of the work deals with the psychic nature of man—in making it a fit instrument of energy for man, the Thinker, to direct. And in this work man should make sure to have moral righteousness as his guiding motive.

Progress in Theosophy brings out and develops the God-like qualities in man's nature.

Character depends upon the thoughts of man, the ideal toward which he aspires, and on his strength and singleness of will; but his ideal of life and thoughts and character are determined by his underlying motive.

By F. A. Ross.

IT was our genial Oliver Wendell Holmes, who said it did not matter so much where one stood as in what direction he was going.

One is never standing still. He is going either forward or backward. The forward direction we call progress.

By progress we mean advancement from a present condition or place toward a given standard or goal beyond.

It is a comparatively simple matter to progress from one point to another on the physical earth, providing one is not a cripple; it is not more difficult to progress mentally, if one has aspirations to acquire knowledge; it is not impossible, by any means, to keep pace with what the world calls progress. But progress in Theosophy is to gain or attain something of Theosophia, Divine Wisdom. Divine Wisdom is different not only from, but frequently at variance with, worldly wisdom.

We generally take various courses in school and college from the motive to become informed, to be well educated, to prepare ourselves to earn a living, all of which motives are legitimate, but which do not or should not prevail in taking up the study of Theosophy. It is probable that most of us "stumbled", as it were, "into Theosophy", but we cannot for long continue in this haphazard fashion. The time must come when we consciously take our steps. We then proceed with our study from an aspiration to know truth, whether it coincides with our previously conceived and established ideas or not, whether it accords with those of our friends or makes us appear queer or ridiculous in their eyes. Therefore, at the outset, one must be ready to meet the disapproval of his associates, and care more for truth than for the opinion of the world.

Usually we undertake those studies and follow those pursuits in the world which are advantageous to us. This is worldly wisdom. But in taking up Theosophy we should not expect such returns. In making this statement I do not imply that the study of Theosophy will prove disadvantageous or detrimental to us; I mean that the motive in studying Theosophy should be impersonal and unselfish. It is well known that the student frequently meets with apparent disadvantages and obstacles; but that is because he indicates his willingness to meet his obligations now, rather than to postpone their settlement to a later day.

The earnest student of Theosophy is instructed in the seven-fold constitution of his being, and is plainly told that he has animal propensities, which are his first duty to master, to control, to direct. In this particular, Theosophy, to use a common expression, "takes the bull by the horns" instead of veiling the animal and calling it high-sounding names—a method resulting in self-deception, hypocrisy, religious cant and certain moral retrogression.

With considerable interest I have watched the reaction upon people of constant affirmations, such as: "I am perfect," "I am a child of God," "I am love," "I am Success." As half truths are applicable to only a certain plane of being, they sometimes produce good results; but they invariably delude the personality. How much better to be taught what is the divine portion of us, and what the animal part. Thus we know where to look for truth, and when to be on the watch for illusion.

Progress in Divine Wisdom is not merely an intellectual grasp of certain Theosophical teachings, but a transformation of what we call the lower nature or lower quaternary into a divine being. This progress is indicated by the zodiacal semi-circle from libra and by way of capricorn up to aries, our divine source. This line is called the Path, and is physiologically represented in each human body. Strictly speaking, progress in Theosophy is advancement along this path. Progression is a going forth or towards a pro-gredior; the Latin, however, has another word, in-gredior or an ingress, which would more properly define the method of advancement in Theosophy, from libra to aries. The divine Sophia is within, and by a method of ingress we approach this heavenly wisdom and learn what it has to tell us. It is the still, small voice which speaks to us when we are attentive to hear and responsive to obey.

Perhaps few of us will ever make much progress in Theosophy, but certainly we can all make progress toward Theosophy, which is the first essential.

Thus, by filling the mind with facts, by understanding our nature and trying to control it, by knowing Theosophical teachings so well that we can impart them to others, especially the teachings regarding the seven-fold constitution of man, karma and reincarnation, by demonstrating our belief in universal brotherhood, and by listening to the Divine Sophia within, we make real progress in Theosophy.

By William Soutar.

THE first essential for one who would progress in Theosophy, is to read and study the philosophy as taught in the Secret Doctrine.

If we would master any branch of Science, we should first become acquainted with its fundamental principles. The one who desires to become a chemist must first become familiar with his text book, learn something of the various elements, the results of their combinations and of the laws governing them. But when he enters the laboratory, and verifies what he has read and realizes that the results are actually so, it is then only that he knows. So also is it with the student of Theosophy; he might be able to recite the Secret Doctrine from beginning to end, but that would not make him a Theosophist. He must work over what he has read, in the laboratory of the mind; he must bring the conscious light of the mind to bear upon it until he sees and realizes the truth in it; he must assimilate it; then it is his own.

Our progress depends on how well we train ourselves to discern the real through the seeming; how to look through the glitter and show of things, and find the animating principle, the soul, which lies back or within the appearance. If we try to realize the great fundamental truth of universal brotherhood—the unity of all souls with the great Over-Soul—we shall not be so ready to condemn any one, even though we are justified in disapproving of his actions; we

shall distinguish between the actor, and the action. The actor is verily myself and the other selves who masquerade for a brief space in various bodies. In condemning the actor I condemn myself.

To progress in Theosophy we must endeavor to perform the duties of life to the best of our knowledge and ability, whether these are or are not agreeable to us. Our duties are our tests—which prove us. Let us pass on these truths to others whenever there is an opportunity. But we should know when to speak, and when to be silent; we should have the wisdom of the serpent, as well as the harmlessness of the dove.

ONE OF THE PROBLEMS OF LIFE.

By J. Levett.

LIFE is full of problems. "Why are we here?" Many theories are advanced, and mankind are still wondering—why. The answer most satisfactory to Theosophists is, every living thing in the universe, by involution and evolution, is to be raised to the state of conscious intelligence, and to conscious immortality. Man alone is able to carry out this plan. That is why we are here. We must first begin work with ourselves, by raising our lower into higher elements.

All that is to be done cannot be accomplished in this one life. An understanding of the doctrine of reincarnation gives us a key to the problem. But if we would solve it, we must not put off until tomorrow what we should do today. With the thought that there is a definite purpose for our being here; that we have a definite work to perform, gives a different coloring to this life problem. It shows us what we are to do. We are here to do it.

PYTHAGORAS.

By Eduard Herrman.

ACCORDING to the Pythagorean teaching, man is the sacred Triad, consisting of body, soul and spirit. We have seen that, in educating the young men who came to his celebrated school in Crotona, Pythagoras first called their attention to the care and development of the body, maintaining that it is necessary for the soul to have a clean, strong and healthy house to live in. He laid great stress on the teaching that it is absolutely necessary to live a chaste and pure life, to have the desires and passions of the body well under control. He showed his disciples how individuals, families, communities and finally whole nations degenerated, simply because they never learned to overcome the low and mean inclinations of the senses—which at the same time illustrates how delusive are the sensual pleasures, how they might always demand stronger and ever stronger stimulants until the body is ruined. Thus, the gratification of the senses must of necessity draw the soul, the connecting link between matter and spirit, away from the higher plane and thereby cause that mental suffering which we call the pangs of conscience. I call it the endless suffering because the soul, intuitively knowing its divine origin can never again be consoled and comforted after having lost its hold on the divine heritage.

Then life is often thrown away as an unbearable burden; and the statistics of suicide afford a pretty fair estimation of the moral standard of a people. Men and women who live a virtuous, industrious life rarely commit suicide; they instinctively feel that the real joy of living is in being drawn

upward to the spiritual spheres, the home of the soul from which come all inspirations, the powerful love for the good, the true and the beautiful. It is therefore necessary to understand the secret of Psyche. The Pythagorean Initiation, like that of all the Mysteries, was principally an unveiling of this secret. And where could we find a more interesting object for our studies than in that eternal sphinx, the human soul, which is a mystery to itself; at one time full of divine light, and then again plunged into the deepest darkness; now full of heavenly exultation, and then again sad unto death. As a great German poet says: "What is it that can explain this strange, self-contradictory state of the soul?" What else can it be but the feeling that the soul belongs not to this world, because there is nothing in it which can give it perfect satisfaction, perfect happiness. But where does Psyche come from and where does she go to? Can this question be answered? The ancient sages said: "Know thyself and you will know the whole creation."

After explaining to his disciples what he knew about the evolution of the earth, Pythagoras told them how in the course of millions of years the human soul was developed by continuous incarnation and disincarnation. This doctrine seems to have been kept sacred, from Pythagoras down to Plato, the scientific aspect of it being only known to the Initiates. Plato himself could not give a clear statement of it, thence his transmigration of souls—which is probably an attempt to hide the secret teaching now known to all Theosophists, that the soul before incarnating in a human body has to pass through all the kingdoms of nature. But after having once reached this state in its evolution, it never again transmigrates into an animal body.

Pythagoras' explanation of the soul and its destiny is, in the main points, the same as that which we have received from the Masters. The soul is a spark of the divine spirit and, as such, is indestructible, ever living, ever developing. Before appearing on this earth, it has lived in other ethereal

states of existence, but as yet is undeveloped in intelligence and will power. This development it can get by overcoming obstacles of all kinds, especially the impediments of physical matter. This is one of the reasons why the immortal monad comes to this, our world of dense matter, and begins the seemingly everlasting struggle for existence, which, in fact, is only the fight against the inborn desire for enjoyment and laziness; the first of which the soul has acquired in her former pleasant states of ethereal existence, the second in the millions of years of absolute inertia while imprisoned in the densest matter of this globe. For the divine monad has to pass through all the kingdoms of nature, developing slowly and gradually the latent faculties.

In the mineral kingdom the divine monad is only a blind and undetermined force, which, in the vegetable kingdom, becomes individualized to some extent. In the animal body the undeveloped soul has already acquired sensibility, is guided by instinct, made impressionable by the will of man, and even manifests a will of its own. All of these transformations require immense periods of time, during which great changes take place on our globe; the greatest being marked by the transmigration of souls from a lower to a higher plane of being. In other words, the old bodies are outlived and more developed ones, with greater possibilities, are inherited and taken possession of. Thus, when a race is dying out, it is a sign that the souls are seeking bodies which are able to furnish possibilities for future progress. This, of course, necessitates reincarnation over and over, until the soul can gather no more experiences from a stay on this planet.

We have always lived and shall live forever, but the state of our existence is continually changing, according to our desires and thoughts. As a man thinks, so he is and so his circumstances and opportunities will be. If he inclines to the sensual enjoyments, to the pleasures, to the superficial beauties of this earth, he will surely get them some time.

If he longs for glory, for riches, for power, for knowledge, for wisdom, for goodness, for spiritual greatness, these are all his, providing he directs his thought, his intelligence, and his will power to them in order to get them. But of course things that belong to this earth we can have only on this earth, and if life is too short to satisfy our desires, then we have to come again, for it is our desires which call us back for reincarnation. Spiritual desires may be satisfied in spiritual spheres, but where is the man or woman who has overcome all the attractions of this earth, and is worthy and duly prepared to live forever in more ethereal worlds? It is true that the evolution of the human soul tends to the acquirement of this blissful state and it is not less true that there are souls living in human bodies who have prepared and so perfected themselves that, as the Bible puts it, they need not go out any more, and are worthy "to be pillars in my Father's house"—but it is not less true that the greater part of humanity needs many more reincarnations, for perfection. People are beginning to ask what life on this earth really means, what the soul of man is, where it comes from, where it goes to, and if immortality is not merely a beautiful dream. Let Pythagoras answer these questions.

The soul is, according to his teaching, an ethereal double of the body, and encloses in itself the immortal spirit. This ethereal body is the organ which the spirit creates and uses; it animates the physical body and does not die when the body dies, but simply withdraws into other spheres where it continues to live and to change, according to the inclinations of the spirit. If the spirit chooses to live in higher spheres, then its envelope, "the spiritual body," as St. Paul calls it, becomes more and more rarefied, while in lower spheres it becomes denser and sometimes even visible to the eye of man. According to the ancient teaching, the spirit, whether it be on earth or in heaven, is always enclosed in a body—an absolutely spiritual and formless entity being unthinkable.

Now what happens to the soul when the body dies? That

depends on the moral state which it has reached while on earth. The pure and intelligent soul, having, by thoughts and aspiration for a higher life, gradually loosened the bonds connecting it with the physical body, experiences no pain or suffering when the critical moment arrives. It might even have had visions and affirmations of the existence of the other world, have seen and conversed with departed friends and relatives—"the half gods," as Pythagoras calls them—who are anxious to assist in the effort of freeing itself from the physical body. When this is accomplished, a feeling of great happiness and lightness permeates the soul and carries it aloft into an ocean of light and to those it loves most. There the soul enjoys a long and beautiful rest, living over and over the happiest events of its past life, gathering wisdom from the wise, love from the lovers, and beauty from the divine beauty which surrounds it everywhere. And what it thus acquires it freely spends again on all who need it most. This is the beneficent influence of the half gods, which Pythagoras counsels: "Revere the memory of the beneficent heroes, the half gods."

This blissful state is long in proportion to the good thoughts and acts which the soul committed during earth life. When they are exhausted, perhaps after centuries, the desire for physical life wells up in the soul, which then sinks unconsciously into lower and lower spheres, until it finds itself imprisoned again in a physical body—having only a vague recollection of the lost paradise, that inexplicable longing for something higher and better, which fills the human heart with periodical sadness, but at the same time urges man to continual activity and progress because he labors under the delusion that perfect happiness may be found on this earth.

It is different with the less advanced soul, which inclines more to the sensual instincts and has few higher aspirations. Then the parting with the body is not so easy, because the

soul loses what it loved most, and the means to gratify its inordinate desires. After this parting has taken place, the soul is in a torpor. From this torpor it awakes as in a nightmare. The desires have still their firm hold on the soul, but they cannot be satisfied. The lack of satisfaction causes great suffering, until the soul realizes that its only salvation is to overcome the material instincts and thereby rise to higher spheres. This unfortunate state may last a long or short time, according to the will power and intelligence of the soul; the ancient philosophers held that we may influence such struggling souls by thoughts of love and pity, thereby shortening their stay in the "abyss of Hecate" or, as the Catholic Church calls it, in "purgatory."

The attempt at purification the Pythagoreans symbolically described as a struggle to get into the circle of the moon, where the souls receive the proper body for a new incarnation on our earth.

This is the life of the soul after death, without ever losing its individuality it gradually forgets and drowns all the lower inclinations in the waves of Lethe, retaining only the nobler and higher inspirations which have beautified the past life. All the Initiates and Sages have taught that the only real and lasting things of our earth are the manifestations of beauty, love, and truth; and consequently that heaven, or the eternal abode of beauty, love, and truth, must be more real than earth. Who can therefore maintain that life on the other side is only a hallucination, a long dream? That which the soul feels and experiences is the reality, for it makes us lastingly happy or miserable; the feelings of the body are a dim reflection of those of the soul.

The principal aim of Pythagoras was to fit his pupils for a clear conception of the life and destiny of the soul, to give a rational explanation of the intricate and strange ways of destiny which are manifest in the life of man. This master taught that doctrine which the greatest thinkers have declared to be the most rational, the doctrine of rein-

carnation. Not only did Pythagoras receive proofs of the truth of this teaching when he was initiated in the Egyptian Mysteries, but he, as did Buddha, asserted that he remembered some of the former lives.¹ This is a privilege of advanced souls, but I little doubt that at certain times many of us have glimmerings of experiences of former lives on earth. Again, there are the so-called innate ideas, or the strange inner warnings which spring up in our soul when we are about to do a thing the consequences of which are unknown.

Our learned men explain this by heredity; but how can something be transmitted to the child which neither father nor mother possess? And if they or the grand parents or great-grand-parents possessed it, why is it not transmitted to all the children? Why should we stretch the teaching of atavism to the breaking point when we can explain by the simple declaration that a thing which happened once may happen again; namely, the incarnation of a soul. But they must have some kind of an explanation, even if it is an impossible one, as long as they will not believe in the immortality of the soul. Let us hope that the time is not far off when we shall get all the proofs which a rationally thinking mind may ask for, in order to be convinced of this important teaching.

Pythagoras believed that the instincts and faculties with which we are born, were acquired in a former incarnation and not transmitted to us by our parents; which reasoning is certainly in line with justice, because there is no merit in receiving from another what we ought to acquire by our own efforts. For the same reason the destiny which is our lot in this life can only be the consequence of our good or bad thoughts and actions in a former life, otherwise we cannot entertain the belief in eternal justice. One life follows another, as one day follows another day; the good or bad dreams which we have during the night of sleep or death are

¹He even mentioned the period of his stay in Hades as being 230 years, before incarnating as Pythagoras—Diog—Laertius.

the natural consequences of our mode of living, just as the happenings of one day are the consequences of former days. The man who understands that he is the sole arbiter of his destiny is on the road to higher evolution which finally leads the soul to a full knowledge of good and evil and enables it to overcome the attractions of physical life, which is the end of compulsory incarnation on this earth.

Pythagoras says: "The animals are the parents of man and men are the parents of Gods," which proves that the ancients had a clear understanding of the law of evolution. When Plato speaks of the time coming when the gods will actually live in the temples built by men, he means that all humanity are destined to become gods. But such a transformation cannot be accomplished in a few thousand years. Just as it has taken an immense period of time to develop a human being out of the first forms of life, so it will take millions of years of calamities of sufferings, of efforts, of incarnations, until the immortal psyche has built for itself an immortal body which shall enable her to lead a conscious spiritual existence. For, according to Pythagoras, the purpose of all evolution is not to be absorbed in unconsciousness (Schopenhauer's "World Will"), but to retain the painfully acquired conscious individuality. The soul has to become a creative power, reflecting in all its actions the light and will of God. For such a soul, to know is to will, to love is to create, and to be is to manifest truth and beauty. Is there any teaching more sublime, more beautiful? It is the Theosophical teaching, as it was taught thousands of years ago and as it is taught today.

The highest initiation was called "Epiphany," the view from above, meaning that the disciple had now reached a state of perfection which enabled him to consider everything from a spiritual point of view. The intelligence of the initiate was so highly developed that he was able to at once recognize the causes and effects of good and evil actions, thereby becoming freed from the instinctive tendencies of

his lower nature, but at the same time more responsible for his liberty of choice. This necessitates a strong will power, always directed to the purity of soul and body, both being inseparably connected, because every excess of the physical body reflects itself on the astral body, the vestment of the soul, and therefore also on the spirit. The spirit must get absolute control of soul and body if man wants to become a divine being, and this requires constant exercise of intelligence and will power. But he who has reached this eminence becomes an adept whose inner senses are opened so that he comes into possession of apparently miraculous powers. He knows the thoughts of other men; he sees and hears at the greatest distances; his magnetic power is so strong that he cures sickness by his touch; he may leave his physical body and appear to others in the astral body; he is able to act at a distance and influence others by the concentration of his thought and will.² Pythagoras and Apollonius of Tyana were such highly developed men; even in our own time such adepts are living.

Pythagoras' school at Crotona did produce philosophers but no adepts whose names, as such, were preserved to the world. The persecution which the Pythagoreans had to undergo destroyed almost the whole original order, and the later members did not have the instruction of this great teacher. It is remarkable how strong and lasting his influence was and still is. The prophecy of the Pythia of Delphos has come true. "The son of Parthenis was indeed a blessing to all men and for all times."

There is one great difference between the Pythagorean initiation and that of the Brahmins and Buddhists of India, as also of the early Christians. While their final purpose was the entire renunciation of the world, the ascetic life, Pythagoras' teaching aimed at an entire transformation and idealization of the moral, social and political life. He

²He is also able to converse with the Immortals, both when awake or when asleep, which can not take place when the soul is impure.

took the right step, and the only one which promised a total regeneration of humanity by giving the initiation to woman as well as to man. This specially feminine initiation existed in ancient Egypt and Greece; that was the time when the greatest heroes, sages, artists, poets, and the noblest women were born; when marriage was a sacred tie which could not be broken even by death, because the immortal souls were related to each other through an immortal love. That was the time when the writer of the Mahabharata could truthfully say:

"A woman's troth endureth longer than the fleeting breath
"And woman's love abideth higher than the doom of death."

The principal teachings of the feminine initiation were given by priestesses. They included the science of conjugal life, of maternity. Motherhood was looked at from a spiritual point of view as having its consummation in the incarnation of an immortal soul, which never can be anything else but the physical manifestation of the ideal thoughts the parents were able to conceive. A spiritually great man can only be born by a spiritually great mother. This was the idea of Pythagoras when he insisted that women should have the right to be initiated.

This was probably the principal cause of his renouncing the celibate life which a master usually leads: To show by his own example that an ideal marriage is the culmination and glorification of physical life, in that it reflects the perfect deity, Zeus, the divine father-mother, on the terrestrial plane. We, who are living in a transition period, cannot yet fully understand the sacred mystery of such a marriage, and that is the reason why we make so many mistakes and have to suffer so many cruel disappointments—we and our children too. The only remedy is to give to women the same rights and the same initiation as to men; the male god is not a perfect god.

Pythagoras' teaching came too soon; or rather, his contemporaries were not far enough advanced to understand

his noble intentions. He was a reformer in every sense of the word. Beginning with the moral education of individuals, he wanted to reorganize the family, the city, and finally the state. His ideal was a democratic and scientific government, the officials being selected from initiates of the highest intelligence and virtue. For a time he was successful—not only in Crotona but in many other cities of greater Greece. Wherever he or members of his order appeared, order, justice and peace predominated.

This happy state of things lasted about 25 years, and then the reaction came. The neighboring city of Sibaris, declared war upon Crotona on account of refugees whom Pythagoras did not want to deliver to the Sybarites. The Sybarites were entirely routed and their city destroyed; but at the same time the victorious Crotonians, having lost all control over their unfettered passions, wanted an entire change of the constitution, and this the Pythagoreans could not and would not grant because it would have destroyed the great object for which the master and his disciples had worked so long and so faithfully. This resistance to the popular demand aroused a great hatred among the dissatisfied ones, and especially a certain Cylon. He it was who did everything he could to enrage the masses against Pythagoras and his school. So successful was he that one evening when the master and forty of the principal members of the order were together at the house of a friend, the mutinous band set fire to the house and killed them all, with the exception of Archippus and Lysis, who alone escaped. According to Diogenes Laertius, this was the end of Pythagoras, who was then ninety years of age, and who had devoted his whole life to the welfare of humanity. Childish humanity, which always persecutes its greatest teachers as long as they are living, and erects monuments to them after they have been killed!

The murder of Pythagoras was the signal for a general persecution directed against all the pupils of the great mas-

ter. The order was dispersed and a long time elapsed before it began to flourish again. But the good work was by no means lost. A brotherhood, strengthened by misfortune, linked all Pythagoreans. Wherever they settled, they regarded it as their first duty to propagate the noble teachings which they had received. This was especially the case in Greece, where the regenerating influences of these teachings were felt, not only in the temples but also on the battlefield, in the terrible struggle against the Asiatic invasion, which Pythagoras had predicted some fifty years before.

Without the religious and patriotic enthusiasm aroused by the silent influence of the life and work of the great master, Greece would not have been able to withstand the onslaught of the numberless barbarous hordes which Darius and Xerxes sent against Hellas, and Europe would have been overrun by them. As it was, Greece became the saviour of liberty and civilization, thanks to the glorious teachings of Pythagoras.

But this is not all, for his influence on philosophy, on science, on religion, was still greater; so far-reaching that it was felt through the middle ages and is felt in our own time. It is the Theosophical teaching, pure and simple, the only one which outlasts generations of men, with all their moral, political, religious and social convulsions, because it is based on truth, justice and brotherly love.

One of the pupils of Pythagoras left us a precious little book, called "The Golden Verses of Pythagoras," which contains what is said to be all that is left of the teachings of the master. Believing that the readers of *The Word* will like it as much as I do, I shall make it the subject of my next article.

NATURE—MYSTICISM

By C. H. A. Bjerregaard

PEOPLE ask me about the practical value of Mysticism; they want to know if they can make money through it, or obtain distinction in society. They usually vanish when told that, as a money making factor, Mysticism is useless; and as a means for satisfaction of pride, it is even more so, for it takes pride out of them.

Mysticism is not a business, a profession or an amusement. Nor is Mysticism a religion, or a philosophy, or an art. Mysticism transcends all of these by being a **method of life**; it enters into all of these and leads them in to the Inner Life. Mysticism put to the test, proves what it is good for and how indispensable it is.

What is it good for? Mysticism makes better men; it makes us good; it shows us the fundamental beauty of the plan of life. It reveals the mystery of the Eternal Life and leads us into Beatitudes which have no correlatives in this life. It places us upon foundations which cannot be shaken. It opens vistas of life which nothing can darken or rob us of. It reveals the quality or value of existence. Mysticism deals with the mysteries of life as no other method does. It makes clear the two ways of life and its unfoldment. Nature-Mysticism reveals our innermost life by revealing Nature's methods.

There are two ways—two books, so to say—in which we may read about the mysteries of life. The one is the depths of our own life, and the other is Nature.

The first book, the depths of our own life, is the nearest,

and, one would suppose, the easiest to read; but in fact it is the most difficult, because people are indifferent, and strange to say, do not care to learn how to open the book; they will not take the trouble to learn its alphabet. It is a common thing to hear people ask others to "read them"; to tell them their vibrations, their planetary relations, their psychological relation to the universal ministry. The readings given are seldom correct. Such character delineation by another has no power in it. The law of life is that we must work out our own salvation; the method can only be discovered by individual effort. The reason is that by self effort only can we discover our specific quality. Others can analyze our bulk, our mass, our quantity, because these are external or scientific facts. But our individuality or Inner Life is not a scientific fact; it is strictly personal and belongs to another sphere of existence; it is not open to scientific analysis. Our identity, the fact of "I am I," is totally removed from observation; it is a spiritual fact, to the exclusion of all other facts. It is not necessary for me to dwell upon this book: the depths of our own life. A great deal has been written about it and now and then some writers have copied a page or two from it.

The other book I call Nature. From that I wish to copy a few words. What I say about that book and the thoughts I bring from it, I call Nature-Mysticism.

The word Nature-Mysticism is new and uncommon, but it is apropos, because it is meant to convey the idea that there is Mysticism in Nature, not merely mysteries. I mean to say that it seems to me that Nature teaches systematically, and offers a method of life, called Mysticism.

Nature is a Teacher, a certain Being, and not merely a name for that which is not—myself, or something outside myself, or something which surrounds me, and to which I am not personally related. Nature is not anything strange, foreign or evil. Nature, of which I speak, is a personality, like my reader and me. Occultists have realized

that, and numerous mystics have stood in a vivid relation to a Being whom they in some respects conquered, but in other respects had to obey. As for Theosophs, such for instance as those who composed the Upanishads, or such as Jacob Boehme, they know as no others do, that they and Nature are identical.

What do I mean when I say that Nature and I are identical, and claim that to be an occult teaching? If Nature is considered as the Absolute, then we are not identical; nor are we identical if anything or any power can be pointed out which cannot be explained in human terms. Nor are we identical if, as in Christian theology, Nature is looked upon as evil. Christian theology is wrong in that teaching. According to the Bible, "God saw all He had made and saw that it was very good." Hence Nature is not evil. The evil, Christian theology speaks of, relates exclusively to man and his sin. It is sin which disturbs man and Nature, however. I speak of Nature as good, true and beautiful, and of those grand and sublime facts which hold us in their arms as a mother.

It is possible, says the occultist, for man to realize that all forms and phenomena have no other existence than the life and form he has given them through his countless lives. The proof is that in the degree in which the occultist recovers his memory of past lives, he also recovers a familiar sense of the phenomena and forms of those lives. Even superficial people are occasionally startled by phenomena and scenes which seem perfectly familiar to them; yet they have only discovered them at the present moment.

The richer a life was in the past, the richer it will be now, but, of course, only in proportion to the recovery of the past scenes, phenomena and experiences. When I, in this paper, speak about "seeing" and "beholding," I refer to this mystery of our identity with that which we experience in our present life and that which we have experienced in past lives. And when I said that Nature, of which I speak

is a personality like yours and mine, I mean that on some mysterious background, the occultist finds a simile to himself, so truly himself that it is himself. It is his own soul following him, and, both his cause and his effect. It is a reflex as from a mirror, and a projection in front of him. It is his parent and his child. In my book "The Great Mother," I have defined Nature as Mother. In another book, I shall define the occultist as his own child, or that personality which makes the occultist and Nature identical.

For those who have recovered some memory of past lives, there is enough evidence to prove my assertion that Nature is a personal being, like you and me; but greater, more complex, and reaching out where, even in thought, we cannot follow. In speaking of Nature as a personal being there is, however, the difficulty, that we must speak in superlative terms; we have no comparative terms available. Some writers, therefore, prefer to speak about Nature as of the neuter gender. Perhaps the impersonal grammar may suit most of my readers. I prefer to call Nature feminine, and shall do so in this paper. The choice lies between "it" and "she." No language, of which I am aware, speaks of Nature as "he" or as masculine.

Of all the definitions I know of Nature, the most curious and the most mystical is that of Goethe. He speaks in neuter terms, but develops a feminine character. He does not use the masculine gender. An examination of his long chapter, unknown to most people, will show that the occult factors in the universal economy are the neuter and the feminine, and that the masculine is not a part. The masculine seems to be included in the neuter and appears to be no more than a name for a momentary method of operation.

Many thought-systems have in their linguistic forms only two genders, showing that they have no need of three genders in Nature. In the religions which have a trinitarian division of the godhead it is very difficult to draw sharp lines between the god who is called Father, and the

god who is called Son. They merge into each other. Jesus said "I and my Father are one." In one moment Christ is the universal; in the next an individual.

In Nature, in the Open, as far as common observation goes, we see only beginnings and terminations. No one can with certainty point out the middle. In our individual lives we can fix the birth and the extinction of life, but where is the center? Is it to be determined by number of years? Is it a quality, a value? Is it wholly of an inner nature?

We seem then to be sure that Nature is dual, but not trinal. For the present I will proceed with the mystery and the occult lesson of Goethe's description, and speak of Nature as a feminine person, and about Nature's doings as impersonal. This is not arbitrary, but in complete harmony with the occult. I cannot, however, explain the mystery now; it would carry me away from my present purpose.

In Nature we discover a persistent endeavor. She is always engaged in bringing order out of chaos, in making form. The practical way with Nature-Mysticism is therefore this: When we go out into the Open, we ought to practice to learn to look, learn to see what is going on. If we know how to look and can see anything, we shall then behold what form is, or that which to some people is symbolized by the thing. We shall behold Nature's unfolding, and understand the meaning of birth in a new way, and thereby something about ourselves.

I said "learn to see." I mean to say that ordinarily people may, for instance, sit with a tree in front of them and not see it. They are blind to it, not because they rest in themselves or because they are rising heavenward or thinking business, but because they do not apply the visual organs after the manner of their development. True seeing is regulated by breathing. The observation of a fact, called a tree, is not seeing; it does not communicate life, nor is it

a means to union. Because a botanist or a farmer knows the tree's natural history, they have not necessarily seen or beheld it. They have perceived it with the senses, but the spirit of the tree, its cosmic soul, has not communed with their soul. The occasion has not given rise to Nature-Mysticism. To "observe" does not create spiritual culture. Observations are almost exclusively analytic; the intellect plays the chief part. When we have learned "to see," we have at the same time taken part in a spiritual communion with all its ecstasy and rapture. Observation does not give "the vision and the faculty divine;" it rather alienates us from ourselves and the Inner Life, but when we have learned "to see" and are able "to behold," then we realize "How exquisitely the individual mind to the external world
"Is fitted;—and how exquisitely, too—
"The external world is fitted to the mind;——"¹

Phenomena in themselves do not educate. Darwin confessed that feeding on them alone atrophied his spiritual inclinations. Only eternal ideas educate.

"Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of Nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame
Up from the burning core below."²

Seeing may take place in two ways; both are spiritual, but different in degree. The tree may be seen as a full and complete form, or it may be regarded as a symbol. As a symbol, there is a film between the mind of the observer

¹Wordsworth: The Prelude.

²R. W. Emerson.

and the tree. As a form, the tree is a perfect manifestation in individual form of the Universal. The "seeing" is that which the mystics prefer to call a "beholding." Sight ordinarily is a movement from the spectator towards the object. But when we "behold," the movement is from the object towards us. We may see a vision; but in the vision we may also "behold" the Divine. Inasmuch as the Divine is always present, it is possible that by learning "to see," we may also come to "behold." When in the Open, we should always be circumspect and look upon every organic effect as a charmed object ready to "open our eyes." Such an attitude is that of Nature-Mysticism.

I said that, as far as common observation goes, we see only beginnings and terminations; that we cannot with certainty point out the middle. The nature-mystic is excepted. The nature-mystic sees the Middle. The Middle is movement, hence invisible to the ordinary sight. An illustration may be seen in the quiet movement of the seasons. How many people know anything about the succession of the months, except by the calendar? When summer comes, they know it; but how did July glide out of June? When did spring begin this year? Did any but mystics and occultists observe a certain day when the light showed a quality different from the light the day before? When spring is come, we can see light under certain angles which was not possible a few days before.

How many discover the identity of Mother Nature's opening of the eyes in spring, and the opening of the eyes within themselves? The cosmic phenomenon of spring is the same in the Open and in Man. There is an unfolding in both; no one unfolding is like another, however similar to the common eye. The rose that bloomed last year is not the same which blooms this year, but there is still a rose; there is the mystery! Nature-mystics understand that re-incarnation. Such "seeing," such "beholding," create union and union is the goal of all movement, within and without.

For the practical purpose of union, our "seeing" must uncover to us the great lines of purposes, of order, of truth and beauty, which every bit of life reveals. If we ourselves are personally developed in harmony with life's design, it is easy to "see," and the joy of "beholding" is indeed heavenly. The potency and significance of the commonest things in the fields thrill us as no oratory can, and affect us as powerfully as the world's masterpieces, even more powerfully, because they have a mystery about them no art possesses. Study a pine cone and you will understand Nature's ministry. The fragrance of spices lift your prayers into fields whither no ceremonial worship reaches. There is a mysterious quality in the morning dew which no baptism can interpret. The forms of the hills and the lines they draw in the air, show not only the processes of their past doings, but they often reveal mysteries of the human form. Many a rock is more sublime than the high altar of a cathedral. The wind that plays around it is the Divine Breath.

Every bit of Nature is an idea, as Plato would say; or a form, as Aristotle would have it. Stones, fish, birds, leaves, are so many links in a chain of organic existence, a Jacob's ladder to heaven. On one end of it is the Workmaster. If we grip the other end, we may swing ourselves out beyond ourselves and realize union.

With a lens of ice may be collected the sun's rays and a fire kindled; yet, the lens remains cold, watery and unmelted. Is not that wonderful? Who can make such leaves as those which the frost draws upon the windows? Their curves hold a middle, between the prosaic and tiresome straight line and the emotional swing of chaste feeling. The artist who makes winter-leaves is the same who fashions the lily and the baby's first tooth. Where is his equal? Study his insight and genius and you shall know what culture of the soul means.

Form and vitality condition each other. You may

therefore search for the form back of Mother Nature's many shapes, and you shall feel an influx of vitality. And if you keep close to Nature's heart and your vitality is keyed to the tone of her health, you shall be permeated by form, or, which is the same, Beauty. Beauty is not merely the pleasant experiences created by art. Beauty is an eternal quality; it is Inner Life. In the same way as I speak of Nature-Mysticism, so I may speak of Beauty-Mysticism.

According to what I have said, the method with Nature is, therefore, simply to "behold" what she is anxious to show. Her logic is not syllogistic, but see and behold! Her discipline lies in the urge, the longings she has implanted in every human heart. Her school is always open. The curriculum embraces all sciences and arts in an endless series; all lessons end with instruction in unfoldment, growth, and incentive to expansion.

Such thoughts as these are images reflected from the minds of nature-mystics. It will be perceived that Nature-Mysticism is not metaphysics or science or a doctrine of learning. For us, it is an attitude of mind; for God, it is a method by which the human heart can be touched, when nothing else can do it. Nature-Mysticism has that power of touch, because

God is the heart or source of Nature.

Nature is the body of God.

Nature may well be read, as St. Francis read her, as a divine poem in which the maker has written something about himself. The Christ says, I am the light of principle is the form-principle of Nature. It was Goethe who discovered and told us that the highest or only operation of art and Nature was "formation." The German word is **Gestaltung**, which means "giving form," "forming and shaping." Art and Nature give form.

Nature-mystics readily recognize this tendency in Nature. It is as if Nature were not Nature without that quality. If we are but willing, Nature takes hold of us at any time to

form us and to infuse us with "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." The call, therefore, which all nature-mystics send out into the world is: "Come out into the Open for your 'daily bread,' and for salvation." The call from Nature outside is the same as that within.

In conclusion I want to urge my reader to pay attention to this subject of Nature-Mysticism. I want you to obey the inborn instinct which puts you in communion with the scenes of Nature in the Open. It is one way of recovering Self and the memory of past lives. I want you to practice and realize, as Byron did, that mountains, waves and skies, are a part of you, and that your soul is a part of them.

If you can learn to feel that there is a hand reaching out from every bush, you shall also feel what "union with God" is. If you can hear the gentle motion created by growth in the Spring, you are a witness to God's mysteries. Then you are a nature-mystic, and will want no more of the vanities of the present life.

ACCORDING TO OUR FAITH.

By R. Levett.

FAITH is the foundation and beginning of accomplishment; and according to our faith we accomplish much or little.

Acting on the inborn faith in the spiritual good, we discard old to build up new beliefs, in the hope that this is what we want. And so we tear down to build up ideals, institutions, governments, according to our faith.



THE SCARAB OF DESTINY.*

BY MARIS HERRINGTON BILLINGS.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TEMPLE OF ATHOR.

ABOUT the fourth hour of the evening, on the twenty-third day of Payni, prince Ardas, accompanied by Maris, could have been seen riding along the great avenue of Chochiche. This dyke, raised three feet above the highest known level reached by the Nile in the annual rise, protected Memphis from inundation. The two friends rode their favorite steeds, and two runners or Nubian footmen, whose duty it was to take charge of the animals in the absence of their masters, kept pace with the horses.

The streets were thronged with well dressed people on their way to sunset prayers, and they met gay and festive parties, wreathed with flowers, together with their attendant musicians, seeking the haunts of pleasure. The wealthy and aristocratic Egyptians were a very vain and frivolous people, living only for the gratification of the hour. They thoroughly enjoyed all the pleasures of life, and delighted more in the acts of peace than war.

It was now the holiday season, ten days before the New Year. At this time the Egyptians exchanged scarabs and other gifts, and the nobles visited their estates, where they gave elaborate house parties. They went boating on the Nile, hunting with bow and arrow, or fishing with hook and spear.

Grand banquets and dances were now the order of the day,

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at which both sexes joined in a stately dance, resembling the minuet. Their entertainments were similar to ours of today. Their houses were well furnished; and they dressed in fine linen; they wore a profusion of gold jewelry and embroidery, and crowned their heads with wreaths of flowers on all festive occasions.

The women of Egypt were not a subdued class by any means, as was the case in other oriental countries. On the contrary, they did pretty much as they pleased. They enjoyed a full share of public display and private pleasure. No nation in the world revered its women as did the Egyptians. Harems were unknown, and no limit was laid on them as to where they should go. They went abroad with their faces exposed to the ardent kisses of the sun, or veiled discreetly, according to how they valued their complexions. They walked the crowded streets with father, brother or lover, they worshipped in the Temples, and often assisted at the services; and admitted no superiority in the male sex. Women shared the public life of men, and held positions of importance in the priesthood. The Egyptian matron was known as the Lady of the House; she was well educated in all the learning and mythological lore of the times, and could converse far more intelligently than the majority of the men. She raised her own children, and ruled over her household, and wielded the sceptre, guided by love and common sense; for this was the golden age of Egyptian history.

For more than five miles fronting the Nile, the driveway was lined with palaces. They were adorned with sculptured columns, with square battlements and towers, not unlike our Norman architecture. The houses were built of huge blocks of sandstone or polished marble, which threw out a dazzling sheen in the sun's rays.

On the walls were paintings in light blue, red and yellow, pictorial representations of the official and domestic life of the owners. Here, for instance, was the palace of a noble Lord Commander of a battalion of Pharaoh's body guard. One painting showed him surrounded by his soldiers and slaves, another showed him driving his war chariot and dragging two captives behind him, and a third depicted his armorers making his weapons of war.

The entrance to the Temple of Ra was on this avenue, and here Ardas and Maris dismounted to watch the scene. The Temple of Ra, God of Light, was one of the sights of Memphis. It was built of red marble, polished to a high degree; and two obelisks, ninety feet high, covered with hieroglyphics, towered on

each side of the entrance. All obelisks were sacred to Ra, as they represented the rays of the sun. Guarding these mighty pylons were seated colossal hawk-headed statues of the God. On his head he wore the red cap, and the sun's disc, with the coiled serpent and two plumes of hawks' feathers.

Behind these towers was a large open court, which was crowded with worshippers, waiting for the daily blessing of the God. In the middle of the court rose a great obelisk crowned with the winged globe, and in the centre of the architrave of the temple, engraved with sculptured hieroglyphics, was the sacred shield of Ra, which consisted of an orb, supported by the outspread wings of the asp (emblem of royalty), from which protruded the two serpents. This was surmounted by a sun of pure gold, each ray sending forth a wonderful light from a large diamond cleverly embedded in the apex. These jewels were so placed that at a certain hour every day, as the sun declined, they caught the reflection, and the sun and shield became a blaze of fiery light, which dazzled the eyes of the beholder by its intense brilliance; and as long as the wonderful light remained, the people knelt with bowed heads, not daring to look upon the gilded wings until the officiating priest blew a blast on a silver trumpet, for at this hour Ra was supposed to bless the kneeling devotees.

After witnessing this spectacle the friends mounted their horses and rode on until they came to the Temple of Ptah. In front of this temple was the great square of Amti, paved with broad slabs of red granite from the Theban quarries. In the centre stood a pedestal of red marble about four feet high, polished like a mirror, and surmounted by a slender obelisk. The top of its flat surface was spaced off in lines of gold, to mark the hour, the half, and the quarter; and around the edge were the usual hieroglyphics inlaid with gold. The shadow of the obelisk, falling on the lines of gold, denoted the time of day. This was the great time-piece of Memphis, governed by the sun, and all men told the passing hours by the shadows that fell athwart its shining surface.

In front of the ornate entrance to the grove of Ptah, stood the statues of Rameses II., his wife and two children. They were forty feet high, of white chert (a species of limestone) beautifully sculptured. The Queen was represented standing with outstretched hands holding a vase of flowers, as a votive offering to Hapi.*

Here again the friends dismounted in order to watch the

*The God of the Nile.

feeding of the Sacred Bull, which was led forth every evening just at sunset to feed from a golden manger, which performance always attracted the people.

After traversing the grove, they entered a spacious court, open to the sky, and surrounded by tall pillars of porphyry. A priest led forth the bull by a golden chain fastened to his horns, to an elaborately decorated dais, surrounded by a railing of marble. The sacred Apis was a beautiful black animal with a white square upon his forehead, and a white patch on his shoulder, which resembled the spread wings of the asp, and his tail was supposed to have double white hairs at the end. On his head was an excrescence which was supposed to be the mark of the sacred scarab. His black coat shone like satin, and his great eyes flashed fire, as he was being led to the dais. Around his neck hung a wreath of choice flowers, and on his head he wore a beautiful head-stall, sparkling with diamonds; while a costly necklace, ablaze with jewels, encircled his great throat; so that when he shook his golden horns, he seemed to emit a shower of frosty sparks. A cloth of gold, embroidered with precious stones representing the leaves and flowers of the sacred lotus in red, white, and blue, covered his broad back.

The Egyptians prostrated themselves before this gorgeous animal, while the priest swung the golden censer to and fro, preparing to invoke the God. All pious Egyptians wishing to decide some momentous question, might now consult this sacred oracle.

At the entrance to the temple were two long marble tables, in charge of a Neophyte, who sold, for a ring of silver, small round cakes made of cornmeal, steeped in fragrant oil.

These the suppliants fed out of their hands to the black God. and, kneeling reverently before him, asked their questions. If Hapi took the cake, it was a good omen; if the bull refused, the omen was considered disastrous. The first words heard on leaving the temple were supposed to be the answer of the oracle.

The prince and Maris both tried their luck. Ardas held out his hand, and as the bull daintily took the cake, he whispered, "Shall I leave Egypt within the month?"

When he reached the gate of the court, a small crowd was gathered around the statue of Rameses, listening to a soldier who had been telling of some exploit in battle; and the first words he heard were, "The Gods were against him, but he died a hero."

Maras had prayed for the safety of Nicia; and as two girls jostled him in passing, he heard one say, "and she was denied burial by the Forty-two."

So both mounted their horses and rode on, with downcast faces, along the broad avenue that led to the Temple of Athor, which was their destination.

Far to the south of Memphis lay Ta, the world of life, with its sacred groves and temples. The friends soon came to the long double row of sphinxes, which terminated in seven broad steps of white marble; where two mighty pylons guarded the entrance to the groves of Athor, the Goddess of Love.

Here they gave the horses to the runners, and turned to meet one of the lesser priests of the temple, who conducted them along a beautiful avenue, lined with acacia trees whose feathery foliage and velvet blossoms were reflected in the pellucid depths of an artificial canal.

Rosy lights and violet shadows were filling the dim recesses of the groves; while the chatter of the sparrows, settling for the night, was mingled with the flute-like note of the hoopoe, and the coo of the mukowkis* as the friends made their way along the footpath.

Presently they emerged from the grove and came to a colonnade of lofty shafts. Around the base of each column were entwined the leaves of the sacred lotus, while the spreading bell of the blossom crowned each lofty pillar.

This led them into the great court in front of the temple. It was paved with squares of white marble, and adorned with fountains and statues, flowering trees and shrubs. On all sides stood graceful alabaster vases, from which trailed sweet-scented jasmine and cascades of pink bourgainvilla, which filled the air with fragrance; and there in the waning light was the Temple of Athor, the Beautiful One, called the Queen of the Golden Wreath, who was supposed to fill all the earth with her benefits.

All the pure joys of life were in her keeping. She was the patron saint of motherhood; she appeared at the cradle of the new-born child, as the good Hathor, or fairy, and decided its lot in life, by endowing it with special gifts, such as beauty, wealth or happiness. She beautified life with love, song and dance. Her sacred animal was the cow; and she was represented with two slender horns, like the crescent moon, on her head.

Three broad, shallow steps led to the portico of this temple,

*The ring dove.

which was built of pure white marble. It was supported by six mighty columns, sixty feet in height, and eight feet in diameter, each one covered with hieroglyphics and crowned with a four-fold image of Athor. The entablature was beautifully embellished with paintings in brilliant tints, depicting the daily life of the Egyptians. The builders were shown at work, constructing a temple, and artists painting tombs. Here was shown a man offering learning to another, as symbolized by stylus and ink-pot. Here was depicted the loading of a ship, the fish swimming in the blue water underneath; and on one pillar were two fishermen, one with a pole, another with a cord of fibre, each landing his finny prize. There a painting showed the husbandman sowing the seed, and yet another showed the gleaners gathering the harvest sheaves.

"Most noble prince," said the guide, "wouldst thou see the interior of the temple? Strangers are not admitted during service, but thou canst view it now. Shall I show it thee?"

Ardas willingly consented, and he led them through the portico into a large hall supported by pillars. It was lighted by a square opening in the roof, which was composed of enormous blocks of marble. On either side of the temple were chambers connected by dim and lofty corridors. These were for the use of the priests residing in the temple, but Sethos lived in a palace set apart for the High Priest.

The dim light threw a mysterious gloom on the sculptured walls and painted frescoes. Around this was painted, in a variety of colors, pictures which represented the entire service of the temple—the procession of the virgins, the priests with their swinging censers, the rising and setting sun, and on the dark blue ceiling, wrought in gold, were the twelve signs of the Zodiac, with a sun of solid gold in the centre.

Facing the Tyrians, was a great doorway, above which blazed the winged globe of solid gold, entwined with the sacred uræus. Behind this door was the sacred shrine of Athor.

At the spring festival, which was held the first four days of the vernal equinox, a hundred white-robed priests would kneel in a semi-circle before this shrine. On each side were too small altars, on top of which burned a fire of sandalwood. While the priests chanted in unison the hymn of praise and thanksgiving, the neophytes threw on the fire fragrant balls of kyphis, filling the temple with heavy perfume, and the wor-

shippers waited with bated breath for the great event of the day, the sight of Athor.

While the fires blazed higher and higher, and the many voiced chant grew louder and louder, slowly and impressively the great doors would swing back, disclosing to view the veiled statue of the beautiful goddess.

On these occasions the whole town attended the festival; all buying and selling was suspended; the worshippers sang special hymns; the temple was decorated with flowers; and great was the rejoicing if the goddess deigned to show herself to her devotees.

Ardas and Maris followed the guide through the dim passages out into the purple twilight, to the observatory of Sethos, which stood near the temple. Up a spiral stairway they climbed to the roof, where they were met by Sethos, who gave them a cordial welcome. Here, two hundred feet high in air, was a platform surrounded by a railing; twelve graceful pillars supported a domed roof. In the centre of the floor stood a table, and near by were chairs of bronze and ivory.

On a tripod stood a great bronze tube, which could be swung to any point of the heavens. It had glass lenses set in different sections, and it could be taken apart like a Chinese puzzle. This was the wonder Sethos had promised to show to the Phœnicians.

The attendant priest now served the guests with wine and cakes; and as they ate, the night fell, for the darkness comes suddenly in Egypt.

I am glad to have thee here, Prince", said Sethos. "Welcome, my lord Maris; I shall be proud to show ye the wonders of the skies through yonder great glass, the only one in Egypt, and in fact, in the world; for he who invented it passed to Amenti soon after its completion. A lifetime is all too short to read the mysteries of the stars. I am an old man; the sands of life are running low; perhaps even now the last grains are falling."

"Dost thou read for thyself a sad future, holy Father?"

"Nay, the old are glad to see the road that leads to the Isle of Shadows. We look forward to the rest, to the calm after the storms of life, especially if our loved ones have gone before and are waiting to greet us in that fair land."

"Dost thou worship the stars as Divinities, my lord?" asked Maris.

"Nay, we but adore the stars as manifestations of the principle that gives life. We possess the knowledge of the truth of their

mysteries. The sun possesses a divine influence in its power, and the moon is another manifestation of the invisible power, the regulator of time, and the Deity who records the actions of men's lives. By these records, the souls of men are rewarded or punished in the great hereafter."

"I would that we were students of thine, my lord."

"I wish ye were, my sons; for man's intellect is elevated and purified by scientific communion with the Book of Fate, as written on the wonderful pages of the starry heavens. As you are aware, we attribute to certain celestial bodies the property of power and knowledge that affects the past, present and future of mankind, and I trust that ye will gain some knowledge ere ye leave the observatory; for unless ye have looked through yonder glass, ye do not dream of the wonders of the sky. Ye will see the moon as a great globe, suspended in space, held by invisible force, in that vast firmament. Ye can see her mountains and valleys; for, behold, she is a dead world, my sons. Ye have chosen a most critical time to visit Egypt. This is what we call the Vague Year."

"The year in which thou dost make the thirteen lunar months to correspond with astronomical or solar time?" said Ardas.

"Just so; but a dreaded time is in store for our beloved Khem this particular year. I would that it were over; it hangs heavy on my heart. But come, let me show thee the different planets."

When the friends saw the stars magnified, they were amazed.

"I marvel at the brightness of the stars in this country. This glass doth bring the heavenly bodies so near they seem but a hand's breadth away. What dost thou think, Father Sethos, that this strange star doth portend?" said Ardas.

"Oh, the great comet. Thou wilt have to wait until the tenth hour to see the mysterious stranger, now appearing in the heavens. All astrologers believe it to be the harbinger of evil. I fear it would take all night to explain to thee the working of the comet; but this much I will tell thee. When that star appears it foretells evils, war, dissension. Strife and woe follow in its train. It always foreshadows the death of monarchs; aye, more than one will take the journey to the realm of silence before the next inundation. Ah! Didst mark that falling star in the north-east? 'Twas like a ball of fire. Lo! a mighty king hath passed away this moment. Mark it on thy tablets, Maris; thou wilt hear in time who it was."

"I hope it is not mine uncle, for I love him as a father", said Ardas, visibly upset.

"Nay, it is much nearer than Tyre. I should say Judæ. David waxeth old; methinks more than likely 'tis he. The planet that ruled at his birth is fading now; and, like us, he is only a mortal, doomed to pass on to the grave."

The two friends gazed in amazement at this wonderful old man.

"How old art thou, Prince Ardas?" he said softly.

"I was thirty-three on the fifteenth day of Payni."

Sethos studied the starry host for a long time without speaking; then, turning to his guest, he held out both hands, and Maris thought that his calm brown eyes seemed dimmed with moisture. At any rate, he was sure his voice trembled as he said: "I am sorry, my son, that thou art far from thy home, for dangers encompass thee. Now, Prince, I bid thee beware of entering into any street broils for I see a dark house for thee. Thou hast Saturn in the ascendant in thy nativity. Beware of dark women. Avoid them as thou wouldst the plague. Thou hast a powerful enemy among them who will gain the ascendancy over thee."

"I'll keep clear of dark women, never fear; but do not ask me to keep away from my beloved, for she is fair as the sun."

"Therein lieth thy fate, Oh Prince. Thou hast a bitter and grievous time before thee in the near future. Before thou canst return to Tyre thou must cross a dark river. My son, I see nothing but blackness ahead of thee, unless thou canst leave Egypt at once. Go to Rameses, crave leave to return with thy caravan, with or without the princess. Take thy bride and flee into the desert, is my advice to thee, if thou dost value that fair maid."

"If he but gain the north, the star's prediction will not affect him", he muttered under his breath. Then, turning to Ardas, he said:

"My son, I will make thee a nuptial gift. Thou shalt have a scarab for the New Year. I sympathize with thee, Ardas; for once I loved as thou dost, but my dear one died of the great plague. Therefore, as thy bride gave me back my one treasure, I will give to thee and her a magic charm, so that no power on earth can separate thy love from Nicia; but I bid thee leave Egypt at the first opportunity, for a cloud is hanging over her. Death will ride rampant through the palace and the hovel. Perhaps the comet doth foretell another plague; and if thou and thy

wife are still here, all thou lovest may be swallowed in the vortex."

"I will make this charm for thee on the first fortunate day, which will be the 29th, three days before the New Year, which is the first of Thoth. Thy scarab shall be a magic one. Wear it always; it will guard thy life and hers. Never by any chance leave it off thy person. As long as it remains on thy body, in life and death, the charm will remain potent; for an image of the sacred scarab wards off misfortune from the living, and guards the souls of the dead."

And now in the west, becoming each moment more distinct, came the strange star with its long nebulous tail trailing in soft luminous light behind it; and long they gazed at this wonder of the heavens that portended such dire disaster.

"May the Divine Mother have thee under her protection", said Sethos, holding out his hand in farewell.

"I will obey thine instructions, and mark well thy words, good Father; and from my heart I thank thee for thy kindness", said the prince.

"May the gods preserve you all", answered Sethos, raising his hands in blessing.

Ardas and Maris now followed their guide once more through the black shadows of the silent grove to the place where the slaves were patiently awaiting their masters. Ardas was depressed; he felt that this great sage of Egypt saw before him a dark future, and he longed to feel the sands of the desert beneath his feet, with the free skies of heaven overhead. Turning to Maris, he said curtly: "I shall demand my answer from Pharaoh. We must contrive to take Nicia from Egypt at once, for my heart misgives me. I like not this land of mysteries."

"I agree with thee, my lord. Let us discuss ways and means as we ride home 'neath this starry sky," said Maris warmly.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PRINCESS IS REBELLIOUS.

THE next day, therefore, Prince Ardas gave Rameses a very decided hint that he would like the business in hand brought to a close. He wished to return to Tyre. King Hiram expected the caravan to return promptly, as Ardas was noted

for his expedition in diplomatic affairs. Would he, therefore, settle the date for the departure of the Phoenicians. Rameses gravely regarded the obviously impatient prince, and promised him a reply in the near future, then raised his hand in token that the audience was ended.

An hour later, in the privacy of the royal apartments, he called a family council; for Rameses had decided, with the advice of his ministers and wise men, that a matrimonial alliance with Hiram of Tyre would prove very advantageous to the country; and he summoned the princess to ratify the agreement.

Ranee swept into the presence of the Pharaoh with her usual grace; and having reached the king's chair, she dropped to her knees.

"What is thy pleasure, most noble son of Light," she said with a winning smile.

"Fair daughter", he said, holding out his sceptre as a sign for her to rise, "I do but wish thee to incline thine ear favorably to my purpose and plans."

She bent her head and kissed the hand lying on the arm of the chair nearest her, as a sign of obeisance.

"We have decided, Oh Princess," said Rameses, "to give our consent to thy marriage with Hiram, King of Tyre."

Then Ranee arose. Holding her head proudly erect, she answered decidedly: "Most noble king, but I do not give my sanction. I decline the honor; I will not wed a man whom I have never seen. If he cannot woo me in person, then I will not have him. I prefer the ambassador he hath sent", she said with a low laugh. "He is young and well favored. I prefer the prince, whom I have seen, to his distant kinsman. For aught I know, king Hiram is old and ugly, bad tempered and cruel. So once for all, I will not have him", she said with a stamp of her sandalled foot.

This act and answer caused consternation. The Queen was shocked. Rameses had never denied Ranee any wish her heart desired; but, in the choice of a husband, he was in a quandary, and he gave his wife a glance as if seeking her aid. But Tahpenes would not aid him. She was no match-maker, and had only assisted in one, that of gaining the king's consent to the marriage of her sister Ra-meri with Hadad, the Israelite, who had been brought up at the court of Pharaoh.

She therefore shook her head, leaving Rameses to manage this matrimonial tangle alone. At length he said with a frown:

"My daughter, a royal princess cannot marry the ambassador. He is but the messenger of Hiram in this affair. Wouldst thou marry the servant when thou canst have the master?"

"I certainly will", said Ranee with a smile. "I have my own ideas about the man I want to marry. Therefore, I have chosen this handsome prince. I will wed him and no other. The man to whom I give my hand must be greater, firmer, of a more determined character than I. He is of this loftier stamp, Oh Pharaoh, and I intend to have him."

"My daughter, in ancient days such heroes lived, but they no longer exist", said Rameses with a smile of superior wisdom.

"The prince hath pleaded the cause of king Hiram so well that I am sure he will make an ideal husband; so I have decided against Hiram, the king, in favor of Ardas, the prince. I would not have the king were he as handsome as Osiris and as rich as the mines of Ophir."

Then Rameses tried to show his wilful daughter the advantages to be gained from a marriage with the King of Tyre. For reasons of state this must be regarded with consideration. By the Phœnician alliance, Egypt would be protected on her coast. This was no mean advantage, as they were the greatest mariners and merchants of the age, and traded slaves and merchandise to every part of the world, as far as Bratania, the tin islands of the north. They also held the caravan routes, exchanging gold and gems for the beautiful pottery and gold embroideries of Babylon. From Arabia they brought spices and perfumes, while Persia supplied them with the choicest fabrics of her looms. And above all, they held the two great secrets of the age, namely, where lay the land of Ophir, and the famous Tyrian dye; and, in case of war, they held the gateway to Egypt.

"All this I know, Oh Rameses," said Ranee, as she sat on the floor at the feet of Pharaoh. Then laying her hands on his knee, she lowered her voice to a confidential whisper as she said: "But thou wouldst prefer to keep thy daughter in Egypt, for thou hast forgotten Oristan, Sire."

A shade of sadness came over the face of Rameses.

"With prince Ardas as my husband, Shishak would never stand a chance of wearing the two crowns of Egypt."

At the sound of this name Rameses was considerably moved, for he detested his young nephew, the son of his sister. He was well aware that his beloved son, Oristan, stood little chance of being ruler of Egypt, as he suffered with a disease of the lung,

which all the magicians and physicians in the kingdom had tried to cure without avail; and they had warned Rameses that in all probability he would outlive his delicate son. He thereupon resisted no longer, but laid his hand tenderly on his daughter's head and said: "Oh my daughter, when could I refuse thee anything on earth?"

Rameses spent much time in studying to please this lovely daughter. Perhaps it was love, perhaps it was fear; at any rate this great warrior was as wax in her hands. She rose joyfully to her feet, threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him warmly; and he there and then made up his mind that unless Ardas complied with Raneë's wishes, he would find an implacable enemy in the mighty Pharaoh.

"Most noble son of Ra," said Raneë, "I want thee to let me manage this affair in my own way. I want to be wooed just like any ordinary woman, for love-mating is the happiest time of a maiden's life, be she princess or peasant. When the noble prince comes to ask thy gracious permission to pay his addresses to me, then 'twill be time enough to play the parent", and with another kiss she joined her mother and sister.

Ardas was not informed of the honor awaiting him; and for the next two weeks the princess invited him daily to escort her on all occasions. She entertained him in a charming manner; and devised new plans for his amusement.

Banquets and fêtes, attended by all the nobles, were given in his honor. The most beautiful and brilliant women in Egypt graced the feasts at court, but above them all, in beauty as in rank, was the fascinating princess Raneë. She arranged no end of pleasures for the prince; while all he craved was freedom to steal away to a beautiful garden not far from the palace, and there spend the blissful hours with his golden-haired Nicia.

In the sunny mornings, the great gilded barge of Rameses, its purple sails embroidered with the winged globe, was always waiting to take the princess and her guests up or down the river. First there was a voyage up the Nile to Tauba (Thebes) to visit the Temple of Karnak, or down the river to Sais or Bubastis, to the Temple of the cat-headed Goddess. Under the silken canopy on its deck the princess would recline on her sumptuous divan of ivory and gold, while slave girls with flower-wreathed heads would wave the great plumes to and fro, or hold an enormous green parasol to shield her from the sun, and beautiful maidens sang the river chants as they plied the oars of the sumptuous

craft. Another time it would be a camel ride to the wonderful lake of Moeris or a trip to Medinet Abou, the great temple founded by Rameses, her father.

The princess Avaris usually accompanied her on these excursions. Avaris was needed to take away Maris, whom the prince always endeavored to have close at hand. As yet Ranee could not admit to herself that she had made much progress in the affections of Ardas. She had tried every device known to woman, to win his heart; but he only talked of Hiram, the king, till she was sick of the name. All her glances of love, all her fascinating ways, he interpreted as a capitulation in favor of Hiram, never dreaming, in his blindness, that they were meant for himself. As Ranee said to Avaris, "He always manages to have that grave-faced old sphinx near by", and when Avaris, obeying her instructions, obligingly took Maris away to beguile the hours for her with his stories of travel in unknown lands, Ardas was found to be impervious to all her charms.

At first Ranee was pleased. This was the first man she could not bring to her feet with a glance of her topaz eyes. Opposition only fanned the flame of her desires. She felt all the wild exhilaration of the hunter stalking his prey. That she would bring him to her feet eventually, she did not doubt; in the meantime she played with him as a cat does with a mouse. One day she would be all smiles and graciousness; the next, sulks and frowns. This latter mood Ardas would gladly welcome with a sigh of relief, thinking, alas, that perchance he would be banished from her presence; but next day she would be sweeter than ever. With a smile she would command his presence, and hope would vanish for him.

One day she smiled most sweetly upon him, saying: "Tell me, noble prince, why dost thou leave the banquet at the tenth hour? Art thou under a vow to leave the festive board ere the hilarity hath well begun?"

"I go, most charming princess," he said solemnly, "because Aryas hath warned me not to be abroad after the tenth hour. I must be in my bed. If I am careless and disobey, death is liable to claim me as his own."

"Now I understand", she said with a slight shudder. "I will myself speak to Rameses, and see that thou art dismissed before the fatal hour."

So the way was made easy for his departure every evening, for no Egyptian would dream of disobeying the injunctions of a

sooth-sayer; and every night at the tenth hour, Ardas and Maris were free, so that the prince might join his beloved wife, and the same programme was invariably followed.

Having robed themselves as Egyptians, in white linen with folded headdress, Maris would row Ardas to the villa, and leave him. Then he would let the boat drift down stream, and leaving it in the care of Teta, he would sleep in his tent in the camp of the Phœnicians.

Just at daybreak, when the sun began to gild the Eastern skies, he would return and sound the melodious horn; then Ardas would join him and the two would row up the river to the palace of the prince, where faithful Nebo would be waiting with a light repast; and after a few hours' rest, they would sally forth once more to the royal palace, to be entertained by its gorgeous pageants.

CHAPTER X.

THE MAKING OF THE PYRAMIDS.

ON the night of the twenty-seventh of Payni (June), Sethos called Una to his side and bade her get ready to accompany him to the Temple of Athor at the ninth hour.

"I will be with thee promptly, grandsire", she answered, for she was used to his midnight vigils at the temple.

At the time appointed, therefore, I saw Sethos making his way to the shrine of Athor. All was still in the great temple; the flickering torch he carried illuminated only a little space in the brooding shadows, and the painted figures of the sumptuous frescoes seemed to dance as if imbued with life.

He made his way through the dim passages, accompanied by Una. The patter of her sandals sounded wierd and ghostly in the silence of that vast chamber, as her footsteps re-echoed from the great walls. The torch Sethos carried was in a bronze holder, the foot of which was in the form of an eagle's claw. This he set on the floor, and bade Una wait until he summoned her to his presence. Then he stepped to a curtained doorway and softly drew back the draperies, which were suspended from golden rings on a pole embedded in the masonry.

This was the Sanctuary of Athor; never entered except by a hierarch. Before him was a comparatively small room, surrounded by alabaster pillars. From the centre of the ceiling hung an

enormous white egg, with the sun serpent coiled around it. This was to represent the Egg of Seb, the Sacred Goose, the primordial life cell. The sun serpent, heat, was supposed to hatch the egg.

To his right was an alabaster altar, white as snow, heaped with flowers, and the intoxicating perfume nearly overpowered one. On a marble pedestal in the centre of the room stood a large statue of Athor. She was carved out of a single block of pale pink marble, with a face divinely beautiful. The hair, which flowed over her shoulders, was painted with gold, and the crescent horns were just visible beneath the golden wreath. In one hand she bore a tambourine, in the other she held the emblem of life (the crux ansata), the first symbolical of the captivating power of music, and the other representing the power and pleasure of love.

The statue wore an apron, studded with magnificent jewels; and covering her was a wonderful veil, which was adjusted to her head and fell in folds to her feet. It was of a pale luminous green, shot with iridescent colors, in which gold, silver and purple seemed woven together in one harmonious whole. An observer on one side would have pronounced the veil green, typifying spring; another, on the other side, would have said it was brown, like autumn leaves; and one in front would have declared it reminded him of golden sunshine; but few ever saw this wonderful veil, except Sethos and his attending priests, for to look upon Athor's veil was sacrilege; only at the Spring Festival were the people allowed this privilege.

On the pedestal at the feet of the goddess, were inscribed these words: "I AM ALL THAT WAS, AND IS, AND EVER SHALL BE, AND NO MORTAL HATH EVER LIFTED MY VEIL."

Sethos was dressed in his priestly robes of office. He wore a tiara, adorned by a winged sun, sparkling with jewels; and the sacred serpent was coiled around his brow. In his flowing robe of white linen and his mantle of leopard skin, heavily fringed with gold, hanging from his shoulder, he made an imposing figure of majestic appearance.

Sethos proceeded to light the censer with palm wood, then swung it up and down, backward and forward, until the room was filled with the fragrant incense. He then summoned Una, who was arrayed in a white robe, and wore a vest embroidered with the winged globe. Round her head was the uræus, and over it she wore a veil of gossamer, tinted with rose and gold, like the dawn of morning. On either side rose a feathery white ostrich

plume, the emblem of truth. In her hand she carried a jingling systrium, which she now shook with a tinkling melody, and Sethos intoned a low monotonous chant, while he led her into the Sanctuary where only the initiated could go.

After a few minutes spent in prayer, he seated Una in an ivory tripod; then he detached his sapphire amulet, the image of the goddess, and putting it into Una's hand he bade her gaze thereon. He sat opposite her and fixed his eyes on her face, passing his hand backward and forward several times. Gradually her breath became fainter and fainter, her features grew pale and cold, her lips parted, and the maiden slept.

"Oh, thou Benificent One! Thou beloved of all women. Thou who takest under thy protection all the mothers of earth. Thou who art the Fountain of Knowledge, from whose source I draw my inspiration, tell me, I pray thee, have I read the stars aright?"

"Thou hast", came a voice like a long-drawn note of music.

"Oh great and glorious goddess, will I be able to safeguard these two mortals, who have ventured into the jaws of death? Will his great love suffice to draw them out of the deep waters, or must they sink and inevitably perish?"

And again in the profound silence, seeming to issue from the lips of the goddess, came the answer:

"Death cannot part the twain,
No power on earth his love shall sever.
Kingdoms shall rise and wane,
But still his love shall live forever."

Sethos now arose, and, bowing to the four cardinal points of the heaven, he began to chant the hymn of farewell to the oracle. Then he passed his hands over Una's face, bade her awake, and together they passed out of the temple and were taken to their home in the waiting litter.

The roof of the Villa Amentu was a very pleasant one. There I saw Nicia in the morning sunshine. Her bright hair was tucked away under her Egyptian head-dress, for only in the privacy of the mandara were the long golden braids let down. She was leaning over the parapet, watching the busy scene below. The great river was alive with boats of all descriptions, and gay voices were chanting and singing, the music being borne up to her on

the breeze as she watched this ever-varying panorama. The roof was at all times an inviting place to spend a pleasant day, and a cool place on which to sleep at night, with only the sky for the roof of one's chamber.

The gaily striped awnings, supported by graceful pillars, cast a cool shade on marble settees and easy chairs. The floor was covered with mats of braided reeds, while oleanders, set in great porous jars, placed at intervals, threw out their pleasing fragrance.

To the north was An* with its temples and towers, the Temple of the Sun being conspicuous in the morning sunshine. To the west rose the Lybian hills, near which lay the great Necropolis, with its numerous pyramids, great and small. Here one caught a glimpse of the Lake of the Dead, just visible through the trees, with the silent Sphinx keeping watch over all.

In the afternoon those great pyramids were blue as the atmosphere; but in the morning, their polished sides reflected the sun's rays with dazzling splendor. To the south lay Memphis (Menefer the Good), with her temples, obelisks and monoliths. Here was the Temple of Osiris, and its near neighbour, the Temple of Ptah; while in the far distance could be seen the tall golden pinnacle of the Observatory of Athor; and close at hand was the Temple of Thoth, the God of Wisdom. This temple had a dome of silver which shed a lustre of its own, especially at night, beneath the light of the moon. Its bright dome was supposed to attract the moon's benificent rays, and the shadows of its sacred grove were a favorite spot for young lovers, who desired the course of love to run smoothly.

Nicia heard the welcome sound of Una's voice in the courtyard below, as she called lovingly to the black cat. "Come, mie, mie."

"Good morrow, Una dear; come up, but leave that cat below. She fairly haunts me; I like her not. The roof is my domain, where no sacred cats are allowed." Laughing heartily, Una joined her friend, and the two girls sat happily together. Nicia brought out a small round pillow, and pins of ivory, and her busy fingers flew swiftly as she wove a piece of filmy lace, so fine in texture that it resembled a cobweb. Una was trying to learn the intricate Greek pattern, but Nicia always wanted her to talk, for she was determined to learn all the legends of this wonderful country.

*Later called Heliopolis; the name having the same meaning as the Hebrew Beth-Shemesh.

"The first pyramid," said Una, "the Splendid, is the tomb built for Khufu, of the Fourth Dynasty. The one to the south, the Great, is the tomb of Chafre (Cheops), of the same Dynasty. The third, the Superior, is the tomb of Men-Kau-Ra, and also of Nitocris; and today I will tell thee of these great men, who lived and died so long ago. All the smaller pyramids are the tombs of princes, noblemen, commanders, priests and distinguished men; and the small temples are those erected for some especial purpose, to commemorate some victory, or as an act of Thanksgiving to the Gods.

"We do not know much about Khufu, save that he must have been the most egotistical person that ever lived, for he decided to have erected to his memory the largest monument on earth; and his son-in-law followed his example; but I think Harmachis outdid them both, for she left her monument to be gazed at in silent wonder. Like thee everyone asks what is the meaning of that woman gazing forever at the East. So as long as she shall guard the valley, her monument will strike the beholder with awe.

"Human labor was abundant in those days of long ago, for it was supplied by slaves and captives, and even the third caste were not quite free. They had to leave their fields and flocks and give a share of their labor.

"The huge masses of stone required for the building of the pyramids were dragged from the quarries by thousands of men, harnessed by ropes to rudely constructed cars, and goaded by the lash of the task-masters. If they fainted or fell, they were left to die; for life was cheap then, as it was at the time of the Hebrews. Now we have comparatively but few slaves.

"Layer by layer that great 'Mer' grew; year after year the slaves toiled on, laying course after course of masonry, each one of smaller area than its predecessor, until at length the pyramid was completed, and Khufu has the greatest monument the world will ever know, for I don't suppose another man of such colossal vanity will ever be born again. Next time he will have a task to think of something more imposing.

"As the work progressed, the original chamber was abandoned for some reason, and Khufu had two spacious chambers excavated, for himself and his queen. They were constructed at higher levels than the old ones, and he forbade any painting or decoration of his tomb; nothing but the sign of the builder was to tell future ages of his history.

"The great domed chamber, in which the embalmed body of Khufu was to lie, was excavated, and approached by an inclined passage, which points exactly to the north, and inclines at the precise angle to point to the star Gamma Draconis. As you notice, the pyramids face the four cardinal points, so they are not merely tombs, but refer to certain astrological and mathematical secrets. The four sides are highly polished, and beautifully adorned with zones; the patterns are in red, blue, green and rose colored stones, forming a huge mosaic. The summit is covered with a gold-pointed cap called the Lights. Thou canst see the sun glittering on the golden tip and playing on its many-colored surface. On the summit is engraved the horoscope of the king who lies within.

"In one of the chambers of the Splendid Pyramid, Khufu had his sarcophagus placed, and an inscription was painted thereon saying, 'Here lies the body of Khufu'; but his mummy was never laid in his great tomb after all; for before his death he became mad. So terrible were the sufferings of the thousands of slaves who built that pyramid, under these burning skies, that they rose in revolt and threatened to pull it down stone by stone. Khufu's cruelty and tyranny rendered his name odious to all posterity; for he closed all the temples, and forbade worship. Then suddenly he became possessed, and died writhing in agony.

"The priests and nobles concealed his death from the people for a long time. They buried him in a subterranean chamber, which he had for a treasure house, under the Nile. It took forty years to build that pyramid, and inscribed on it is the sum expended in feeding the workmen, sixteen hundred talents being the amount required to feed them on onions, garlic and radishes alone.

"Seven million slaves were engaged in making the great Causeway, by which they brought the huge stones from the distant quarries. All building was suspended throughout Egypt during that time; the tomb of Khufu being the one great achievement of his reign.

"Chafre, who married Khufu's daughter, the Princess Merenka, a priestess of Thoth, then became king, and he built the Great Pyramid for his tomb. He also built the Temple to Osiris near the pyramid, and adorned it with the statue of himself and his wife, in green basalt. They are beautiful; perhaps I may show them to thee some day.

"The third pyramid is the tomb of Men-Kau-Ra. He is said

to have found some tablets supposed to have belonged to Harmachis, which told of her worship of the God of Light. At any rate, he tried to restore the worship that had prevailed during her reign. He had the beautiful face of her God, from the vase in her temple, made into a statue of Kutesel or Ku-a-ten. He was very pious, and when he died he was buried under the name of Osiris; and hoped in time to be incorporated with that god. His sarcophagus of red granite is covered with a prayer to that effect, and his tomb is painted with the legend of the god. When struck, his sarcophagus sends forth a sound like a deep-toned bell."

"And doth he still lie in that vast pile, Una? Waiting for what?"

"For his reincarnation, but he might have to wait for thousands of years. It all depends on the manner in which his soul was judged. It is hard to live this mortal life so that our souls shall balance the Feather of Truth. Now, in that same pyramid lies Nitocris, the beautiful one. But look, I am getting this leaf all wrong, see how the threads are tangled."

"Oh, never mind thy lace-making. Go on with the story, said Nicia. "I am all impatience to hear more."

"Well Nitocris was the daughter of Meneletus, Chief Commander of the Army of Pharaoh. Meneletus had married a beautiful captive taken in battle. She was from the mountains in the far north; and 'tis said they are the most beautiful women in the world, for they were the children of the stars."

"The children of the stars? How can that be, Una?"

"Why, long ago, the sons of the stars came down to earth in the form of great snow-white birds with shining wings, and mated with the daughters of men; and behold, these women became so beautiful that men feared to look upon them. Their faces shone with unearthly radiance. I think thou must have come from that race, Nicia."

"Oh, I trust not for I am very human."

"After these visitors from the stars had flown away, the women bemoaned their lovers and wept for them, until one by one they died of grief; but the children of these women were wonderful to behold, and the mother of Nitocris was one of them.

"Meneletus worshipped this beautiful creature; but she always seemed sad. She had two children, a boy and a girl. When

Nitocris was about ten years old, Meneletus was coming from Abydos to Memphis, and camped for the night in the desert. He missed his wife from the tent, and went out to seek her. He found her, far from the camp, standing with hands outstretched to the sky, her head bent in a listening attitude. She did not seem to hear him when he spoke to her. He led her back to the tent, spread the skins, and bade her lie down while he summoned her women. When he returned, the tent was empty. She had gone.

"All around them stretched the limitless waves of sand. On the great plain not a living thing was in sight. The moon flooded the vast expanse with its silvery light, making it light as day. Every object was visible for miles, but there was no sign of her."

"Perhaps a lion had carried her off", said Nicia.

"Nay, then the lion would have been seen, or its tracks found in the sand. Nay, Nicia, her father had swept down and carried her away to the realm of the stars. Meneletus now lavished all his love on his little daughter, who was the image of her mother. In time he wedded the Lady Thebia, an Egyptian of high rank, so that the child would not lack a mother's care, but she had two daughters much older than the little Nitocris. Meneletus was called away to war, and was taken prisoner. He was held in bondage for many years. When the Lady Thebia heard of this she made a slave of Nitocris and gave her as handmaiden to her two daughters; and the boy, Meori, she drove from his home.

"Athyr and Lybia had seen twenty inundations and were old and ugly, and lovers ceased to run after them (if they ever had any), so they hated the little maid who, like the budding lotus, was just unfolding her wondrous beauty. She had golden hair and fair complexion, with rosy cheeks; and her brown eyes shone with wondrous light, for was she not a daughter of the stars?

"The young prince, Sethenes, who afterward became king, gave a great banquet, to which all the eligible maidens in the kingdom were invited, so that he might choose a wife and a queen for Egypt. The two sisters robed themselves in gorgeous array for the feast, and went to the palace, leaving Nitocris sitting disconsolately by the burning brazier.

"She was wishing that her dear father was with her; then she, too, would have gone to the palace, for she would have liked to have seen the prince, who was young and handsome, when looking up, she beheld a very old woman, leaning on an ivory

staff and wearing a tall pointed cap. Her robe of white linen was bordered with stars wrought in tissue of gold and blue; on her cap was a moon, encircled with cabalistic signs; the clasps of her sandals, her bracelets and amulets, all bore the mystic circle with its winged figure."

"Dost wish to go to yonder palace, fair maiden?" asked the stranger.

"Aye," replied Nitocris. "Indeed I do, but I have only this one ragged garment, and my anklet doth proclaim me slave to Thebia."

"Thou shalt have thy wish. I will change thy robe and unlock the anklet; but thou must promise that thou wilt hasten to thine home before the twelfth hour strikes from the tower of the palace, for at that moment my power ends, and thy robe will turn to rags, and thou wilt stand as thou art now, in the midst of the gay company."

"Good dame, I promise thee but to glance at the grandeur of royalty. I want but to see the wonder of it all, and then I will fly back on winged feet."

"Then the old woman touched her dress with her wand, and behold, she was clothed in shining gauze, that looked like misty moonlight, with stars shining through. Her hands were covered with jewels, and on her head was a diadem of stars that sparkled with a living light. Her tiny feet were encased in sandals of frosted silver, with cunning embroidery, and clasps on which were engraved the mystic circle. No mortal ever saw such foot-wear before, for they were magic sandals, Nicia.

"She led Nitocris to the door, and there she turned the water jar into a splendid litter of gold, and the cat and her kittens into four black slaves to bear her to the palace; and when she arrived, everyone was amazed at the beauty of the maid, and the men could not show her attention enough. The prince himself bowed low before the mysterious stranger, and led her to the dais at his right hand.

"After the banquet he took her into the starlit court to tell her how much he admired her marvellous beauty, when suddenly the twelfth hour was heard pealing from the great brazen gong in the palace. The prince turned his head to listen, and lo! the maiden was gone! But lying on the marble pave was one of the magic sandals. He looked for her everywhere; he sent the slaves all over the gardens; but she could not be found; so he issued a

proclamation, saying that he would wed the maiden who could wear the wonderful sandal.

"So every maiden who had attended the banquet that night came to the palace to try on the sandal. After all had been there the prince sent officers to every household, and when they came to Thebia's the two sisters tried every means to crush their feet into the tiny sandal, abusing the little slave who waited so patiently upon them. One of the officers, a young man, who had noticed the beautiful maiden at the banquet, insisted on trying the sandal on the foot of the slave, and lo! it fitted perfectly. She was then taken to the palace, and in due time she became the bride of the king, and queen of Egypt. Her young husband was killed in battle not long after, for her love was fatal to mortal men, and so she became sole ruler of the kingdom, and men went mad for love of her beauty, and her rosy cheeks were the wonder of Egypt; and to this day she is known as the "rosy-cheeked queen." She was the most beautiful queen since Harmachis. She was witty and wise, and many of her sayings have been handed down to us."*

"Now her brother, Meori, whom Nitocris loved very much, was murdered by nobles, friends of Thebia; so for revenge, the queen invited them all to a state banquet, and Thebia and her daughters as well; and when the guests arrived they were led through a secret passage to the underground chamber where lay the sarcophagus containing the mummy of Khufu. The chamber was brilliantly illuminated with torches. Here the banquet was spread. Among the guests were some of the great men of Egypt. The queen entertained her guests royally, but just as the mummy was being carried around, a rushing and roaring sound was heard overhead, and a deluge burst into the hall. A trap door in the roof, which had been opened at the queen's command, let in the waters of the Nile, and all were drowned at this feast of death. She herself escaped, having left the doomed chamber a few moments before, but the papyrus tells that Nitocris was troubled by the souls of the dead, who had not been embalmed.

"She had a chamber cut in the pyramid of Men-Kau-Ra, because he, being almost a God, could save her from Tuat; but at last she killed herself for fear; and now she doth bewitch all who approach the pyramid at night, and they become mad. Nitocris had the most beautiful mummy case in all Egypt. Her sarcophagus

*This is the original story of Cinderella, as told by the Arabs.

is of blue basalt. The greatest artists in the country worked for years in painting the case. Round the edge is painted a curse on those who shall disturb her sleep and try to take her case out of Egypt; if by caravan, a simoon will blot them off the face of the earth; if by sea, then the ship and all in her will go to the bottom of the ocean; for the magic sandal is buried with her.†

"And now I have talked enough for one day," said Una, "and my lace it goeth but slowly." She held up about an inch of work.

"Thy lace! If thou wilt promise to entertain me with thy delightful stories, I will make thee a robe that Nitocris might have worn, so fine shall it be, and I will weave garlands of flowers all over it. Thou canst wear it for thy wedding, Una."

"By the Gods, 'tis a rash promise! I will come in two days and bring thee the thread. Shall it be of silk or linen?"

"Of Persian linen, I think. Una, where dost thou get thy store of lore?"

"From the papyri in the temples. Every temple hath its room of learning, and we Egyptians have more than any other nation; for, as we drink of the sweet waters of the Nile, we drink the mysteries of life and death, the knowledge of the immortality of the soul; and we study the occult and mysterious."

The two girls bade each other good morrow, and Nicia went back to her work, singing gaily, for she was practising a song for Ardas. Every evening, at the tenth hour, the prince would arrive at the villa, and it was her delight to wait upon him. After Amrah had cleared away the light repast, which Ardas would make pretense of eating, for the sake of the pleasure Nicia took in providing it, she would bring the great gilded harp, and play for him, for her arm was now quite recovered. Nicia possessed an exquisite voice, that thrilled the listener to the heart. She could not sing the Phœnician songs he loved so well; but she sang in Greek, and accompanied herself on the harp, with a low rippling melody that held Ardas entranced; and while she played, his spirit seemed to wander through a world of flowers and sunshine, and he would awake as if from a pleasant dream.

"Thou dost play so cunningly with those strings, Nicia, that thou hast twined them around my heart. Methinks if I had passed to the shades, and thou wert to play thy divine music, thou couldst call me back to earth", he said, as he took her in his arms in a warm embrace. "Now for thy lesson in my tongue.

†The Pyramid was rifled in 1880, and the mummy case of Nitocris was shipped to England. The ship foundered at sea, and not a soul was saved.

Thinkest thou I must always talk in Greek? Suppose we try the song"; and he blythely carolled a Phoenician love song which he was trying to teach her, his fine tenor voice making the date-wood rafters ring, for he was a wonderful singer himself; and together they would spend hours with music and song.

At other times he would bring a cushion and lie at her feet, while she embroidered cloth of gold in flowers made after the manner of the East, with gold and silver wire, on which were strung glass beads.

He would tell her of his people, or stories of hunting and battle; and all too soon would they hear the melodious call of Maris, that would remind them the day was at hand. Thus they lived in a dream of bliss, meeting daily, and in secret, and the tie that bound them was known to none but the few friends who had assisted at the nuptials.

Ardas worshipped Nicia; he adored her, idolized her, loved her with an all-absorbing devotion. Few men loved as he did. She was his loadstar, his monad seeking for her dyad. Side by side through life she should share his honors, as his only wife and consort. "Is she not the crown jewel of my heart?" he would say in raptures to Maris, who frankly told him he had never seen any one so deeply in love as he, and in many ways tried to make Ardas realize that Nicia was only a human being, subject to all the frailties of human life.

To be continued.



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GHOSTS

Desire Ghosts of Dead Men

DESIRE is a part of the living man, a restless energy which urges him to action through the form body of the physical.¹ During life or after death, desire cannot act on the physical body except by means of the form body of the physical. Desire has in the normal human body during life no permanent form. At death desire leaves the physical body through the medium of and with the form body, which is called here the physical ghost. After death the desire will hold the thought ghost with it as long as it can, but eventually these two are disjoined and then desire becomes a form, a desire form, a distinct form.

Desire ghosts of dead men are unlike their physical ghosts. The desire ghost is conscious as a desire ghost. It concerns itself about its physical body and physical ghost only so long as it can use the physical body as a reservoir and storehouse from which to draw force, and so long as it can use the physical ghost to come into contact with living prsons and to transfer the vital force from the living to the remnant of what was its own physical body. Then there are

¹What desire is, and the desire ghosts of living men, have been described in THE WORD for October and November, 1913, in the articles dealing with DESIRE GHOSTS OF LIVING MEN.

many ways in which the desire ghost acts in combination with its physical and thought ghosts.

After the desire ghost has separated from its physical ghost and from its thought ghost it takes a form which indicates the stage or degree of desire, which it is. This desire form (*kama rupa*) or desire ghost is the sum, composite, or ruling desire of all the desires entertained during its physical life.

The processes are the same in the separation of the desire ghost from its physical ghost and from its thought ghost, but how slow or how quick is the disunion depends on the quality, strength and nature of the desires and thoughts of the individual during life and, on his use of thought to control or to satisfy his desires. If his desires were sluggish and his thoughts slow, the separation will be slow. If his desires were ardent and active and his thoughts quick, the parting from the physical body and its ghost will be quick, and the desire will soon take its form and become the desire ghost.

Before death the individual desire of a man enters the physical body through his breath and gives color to and lives in the blood. Through the blood are the activities of life experienced physically by desire. Desire experiences through sensation. It craves satisfaction of its sensibility and sensation of physical things is kept up by the circulation of the blood. At death the circulation of the blood ceases and the desire can no longer receive impressions through the blood. Then the desire withdraws with the physical ghost from the blood and leaves its physical body.

The blood system in the physical body is a miniature of and corresponds to the oceans and lakes and streams and rivulets of the earth. The ocean, lakes, rivers, and underground streams of the earth are an enlarged representation of the circulatory blood system in the physical body of man. The movement of the air on the water is to the water and the earth what the breath is to the blood and the body. The breath keeps the blood in circulation; but there is that in the blood which induces the breath. That which in the blood in-

duces and compels the breath is the formless animal, the desire, in the blood. Likewise the animal life in the waters of the earth induces, draws in the air. If all animal life in the waters were killed or withdrawn, there would be no contact or interchange between water and air, and no movement of air over the waters. On the other hand, if the air were cut off from the waters the tides would cease, the rivers would stop flowing, the waters would become stagnant, and there would be an end to all animal life in the waters.

That which induces the air into the water and the breath into the blood, and which causes the circulation of both, is desire. It is the driving-drawing energy by which is kept up the activity in all forms. But desire itself has no form in the animal lives or forms in the waters, any more than it has a form in the animal lives in the blood of man. With the heart as its center, desire lives in the blood of man and compels and urges sensations through the organs and senses. When it withdraws or is withdrawn through the breath and is cut off from its physical body by death, when there is no longer the possibility of its reanimating sensibility and experiencing sensation through its physical body, then it parts from and leaves the physical ghost. While the desire is still with the physical ghost the physical ghost will, if seen, not be a mere automaton, as it is when left to itself, but it will seem alive and having voluntary movements and having an interest in what it does. All volition and interest in its movements disappear from the physical ghost when desire leaves it.

Neither desire, and the process by which it leaves the physical ghost and its body, nor how it becomes the desire ghost after the mind has left it, can be seen with physical vision. The process may be seen by well developed clairvoyant vision, which is merely astral, but it will not be comprehended. In order to understand it as well as see it, it must first be perceived by the mind and then be seen clairvoyantly.

The desire usually withdraws or is withdrawn from the physical ghost as a funnel-shaped cloud of trembling energy. According to its power or its lack of power, and the direction

of its nature, it appears in the dull hues of clotted blood or in hues of golden red. The desire does not become a desire ghost until after the mind has severed its connection from the desire. After the mind has left the mass of desire, that desire mass is not of an ideal or idealistic nature. It is composed of sensuous and sensual desires. After the desire has withdrawn from the physical ghost and before the mind has disengaged itself from it, the cloud of trembling energy may assume an oval or a spherical form, which can be apprehended in fairly definite outline.

When the mind has left, the desire may by well-trained clairvoyance, be seen as a quivering, rolling mass of lights and shade stretching itself into various indefinite shapes, and rolling together again to coil into other shapes. These changes of rollings and coilings and shapings are the efforts of the mass of desire now to shape itself into the form of the dominating desire or into the many forms of the many desires which were the activities of life in the physical body. The mass of desire will coalesce into one form, or divide into many forms, or a large portion of it may take on a definite form and the remainder take on separate forms. Each spark of activity in the mass represents a particular desire. The largest whorl and the fieriest glow in the mass is the chief desire, which dominated the lesser desires during the physical life.

To be continued.





THE SCARAB OF DESTINY*

By Maris Herrington Billings

CHAPTER XI.

THE MAKING OF THE MAGIC SCARABS.

THE southern night had fallen, and the stars were out in countless thousands in the deep purple skies. About the tenth hour, the litter of Sethos might have been seen moving swiftly through the crowded streets, drawn by four tall Nubians in scarlet tunics, and preceded by a couple of runners, who shouted, "Make way for Sethos. Make way for the High Priest."

Sethos bore in his hand a bunch of freshly gathered lotus flowers, which he was very careful to preserve with superstitious reverence. His calm face wore a rapt expression, and his dark eyes gazed skyward with a far-away look in their misty depths. He was concentrating his will to enable him to invoke the power that should control the destiny of the two he sought to aid.

He was on his way to the Temple of Imhotep, the Physician God. This temple was not a large one, but it was the most popular shrine in Memphis. It had been built by Amenophis III in gratitude for the restoration of his sight.

In a shaded grove, with a circular lake where the purple mullet swam and gold fish flashed like streaks of fire, stood the temple of green marble. The statue of Imhotep stood on a pedestal near the entrance. This statue was in human form, with serene

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and passive countenance and closed eyes. In one hand he held a bandage; in the other, a pair of scales. The popular belief was that the bandage, removed from the closed eyes, signified recovery from blindness, one of the worst scourges of Egypt; and that the scales represented the balance between life and death, sickness or health; the God alone knowing on which side the balance would fall. They also signified the weighing of the soul against the Feather of Truth. So to this shrine came the blind, the halt, the lame, and into the great marble vases on either side of the statue they poured their offerings. These vases contained every imaginable article; for in them were offerings from noble and peasant, rich and poor, prince and slave. Only that morning had Oristan, the Crown Prince, brought his gift of a costly golden cup covered with gems, and offered a prayer for his failing health. A mother had thrown into the jar her bracelets and ear-rings for the recovery of her babe; a husband, his string of golden rings, with a prayer for his dying wife; and the blind, who came in long processions, threw in everything that they considered worthy of exchange for the blessed boon of sight. So the jars were filled daily with rings of gold, copper and silver, boxes of precious ointment, charms, scarabs innumerable, images of the gods in burnt clay, and small jugs of costly wine for libations.

On the other side of the entrance stood the statue of Aes-Klep, the God of Medicine. In his hand he held a caduceus, different from that of Mercury,—his being a serpent coiled round a pole. Moses used this symbol when the Israelites were bitten by the serpents in the wilderness. It was the sign of the hospital tent of the camp, and was used in the same manner as the Red Cross of to-day. If anyone was bitten by the serpents, he could find relief at the sign of the brazen serpent Nehushtan.

Sethos left his litter not far from the statue, and bade his attendants withdraw and come back for him in the morning. The grove was now silent, the last fervent worshipper having departed with the setting sun. Sethos was met by Senefru, the priest in charge of the temple, to whom he gave instructions and bade him repair to the Temple of Athor, saying: "I will remain here this night and seek wisdom from the Gods. I will see to the closing of the gates. Farewell; may the Gods guard thee through life."

Sethos accompanied Senefru to the gates of the grove, and returned to the statue of Imhotep. Long he communed in silent prayer, then made his way to the sanctuary. This was in the

form of a peristyle, with twelve massive pillars supporting a domed roof, the centre of which was open to the sky. The ceiling was dark blue, and the various planets were painted on its surface, which was ruled off by lines of gold to represent the different houses. In the centre of this open air room was a round table or altar of marble. On the pillars which faced the four cardinal points were brackets holding seven-branched candlesticks, which Sethos proceeded to light. Then from an elaborately carved chest he took twelve small golden images of the gods. This chest was of porphyry of a dark violet hue, and so fine was the grain of the stone that it had the soft rich lustre of velvet. Around the edge were small raised figures in gold, representing *Ushebeti*,* or gods who were supposed to carry the prayers of mortals to the Divine Ones; and sculptured on the four sides of the chest were figures depicting the service of the temple. Sethos placed the miniature gods in a circle on the altar, with Athor in the centre. In this group were Osiris, Isis, Horus, Ra, Mennu, Thoth, Ptah, Imhotep, Ma-t, Anubis, Hapi, and Athor.

Now Sethos took up a short wand, the head of which was in the form of a Tau or cross, surmounted by a ball; the whole being the emblem of life. On his head he wore a broad band of gold, which held a conical cap of red silk, on both sides of which rose magnificent white ostrich plumes, while in front blazed a blood-red ruby, whose facets, catching the fitful gleams of light, seemed to burn with living flames.

He advanced to the altar and bowed first to the east and then to the west; then raising his wand in his right hand, he turned slowly round, pointing it heavenward, until he had swept the horizon, chanting meanwhile in a low tone a hymn to the gods. This was the invocation to the assembled gods, to crave their aid and protection in the work before him; then in the profound silence of the night he took in his hand a golden cup, and filled it with wine from an amphora standing near. He elevated the cup for a moment, then bowed four times and poured the libation at the feet of the gods.

Taking a censer of pure gold, he now threw upon the live coals of palmwood a quantity of fragrant incense. Approaching the altar, he slowly waved it to and fro, then walked around the circle. Clouds of smoke arose in the air and enveloped his tall

*These images are found in almost every tomb in Egypt today.

figure and the sanctuary in a bluish haze. These ceremonies concluded, he took from his robe a sheet of delicate papyrus and a silver box filled with clay. Taking a fine stylus, he dipped it in red paint and covered the sheet with minute hieroglyphics, then shook sand over it to dry it. Now he rolled it into a tiny quill and divided it into two sections, and then laid them in the arms of Athor. Then he took some moist clay from the silver box, weighed on the scales of Imhotep two exactly equal portions, and knelt down and said a prayer to each divinity in turn. Now he took the rolls from Athor, and making each into a tiny ball, he enveloped it in a covering of the clay; and laying these two balls of clay on the altar, he made the marks of the sacred beetle on each.

Between the eyes he placed the winged globe of Ra; and on the flat side of the scarab he put the sign of each god present, the sacred eye of Osiris, the feather of truth, the emblem of life, the sun's disc of Ra, the crescent moon of Thoth, the horns of Athor; then he took a powerful magnifying glass, set in a ring, and round the entire scarab he marked, in Phœnician and Egyptian characters, the magic words which Athor had spoken in her temple. So minute were the letters that to the casual eye they looked like an ornamental border. He then put the two scarabs into a gold band, thus forming a perfect whole, with a tiny gold plate between so as not to mar the engravings, and laid the ball at the feet of Imhotep, craving that he would heal all wounds in the coming trials which, through his astrological knowledge, he could foresee would take place. He prayed for the blessing of the gods on the recipients of the scarabs, and asked that they would preserve them from the darkness of death. Then he placed the newly made scarabs on a burning brazier, and baked them to the hardness of stone, waiting through the long night for the dawn.

At last the sun rose, throwing a long shaft of light on the golden image of Athor, bathing it in effulgent light. This was the omen he had hoped for; and when he saw it, he left the temple and went to his litter. He bade his slaves take him to an artificer, by whom he had each scarab set in a gold band with a ring attached, through which was passed a fine gold chain. This done, Sethos was carried to his home, where Una, fresh as the morning, stood waiting to greet him with a fond caress.

CHAPTER XII.

THE NEW YEAR IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

NEW YEAR'S DAY! Memphis had put on her gayest dress. For days decorators had been at work looping bright-colored draperies across the fronts of buildings. Every pillar and column was wreathed with garlands of flowers, and festoons of trailing vines were everywhere in evidence. From every balcony hung bright rugs, and pennons and flags waved from the flagpoles of the houses. Here a blood-red banner, with head of wolf, lion, ibis or crocodile embroidered thereon, or a purple flag with hawk's head in silver, fluttered on the breeze. The whole city wore an air of pleasure, and the spirit of enjoyment was abroad. The avenues were filled with gay and happy people, who joyfully greeted each other in pleasant tones with, "Hail, Hapi! May Zefa give thee abundance throughout the year!" To-day all enmity and petty quarrels would be laid aside, and friends would pay each other the New Year's call.

It was the custom, just at sunrise, for the nearest neighbour to call and present the householder with limes, oranges, peaches and grapes, and lumps of dried Nile mud; then the donor would be invited to enter and would be served with delicious little cakes made of dhurra flour, and with wine. Before night the streets of Memphis would be filled with hilarious roysterers, returning to their homes, shouting hymns and trying to hold each other up; while the better class would stay at banquet, and dance and drink until the flowing cup had rendered them unable to move of their own accord.

The river was a blaze of glory, with its gaily decorated boats, which at night would be lighted with flaming flambeaux. Each boat was garlanded with flowers, every rower wore a chaplet on his head, and a general air of festivity reigned everywhere.

About the twelfth hour of the morning, Sethos, accompanied by Una, brilliant, beautiful, changeful as the will-o-the-wisp, entered a four-oared baris, and was rowed to the steps of the Villa Amentu, where they were to lunch with the prince and Nicia. Maris was there, and a happy party they were.

After the little feast, which Nicia had made as Egyptian

as possible, the friends exchanged gifts. Sethos joined the hands of Ardas and Nicia, and with a prayer he fastened a gold chain with pendent scarab around the neck of each.

"My children," he said, "these are not ordinary New Year scarabs, such as all Egyptians will exchange to-day, but magic talismans, made under the rays of Talitha. Do not take them off your persons, for they will safeguard you through many trials. Shouldst thou fall into a fire and burn thyself, Nicia, apply the scarab; it will heal thee; and Ardas, shouldst thou be wounded in battle, remember the scarab; it will not fail thee, for it possesses the gift of healing."

"Good Sethos, we can never thank thee enough", said Nicia in her pretty way. "Of a truth, methinks thy scarabs are useful as well as ornamental, good Father."

Nicia then gave to Una yards of the filmy lace which she so much admired, and showed her visitors the gifts Ardas had given her. There were some pretty trinkets and rings of gold, but what she prized above all was a tiny brown bird in a gilded cage, with a voice so melodious that its high shrill notes kept ringing through the air long after the bird was silent. It was a lark; and Nicia, with her music-loving soul, sat entranced while the bird carolled its song in the morning sunshine. She delighted in its wonderful thrills and roulades, for she herself sang as spontaneously as did the bird, and would clap her hands and cry: "Well done, well done, birdie!" in very glee.

Nicia entertained her friends in the great mandara, where she sang and played the harp, holding her listeners spell-bound as the melody flowed from under her nimble fingers. Ardas joined her in her great triumph, the Phœnician Love Song; their voices blending in perfect harmony; then Una played gay Egyptian airs and river chants on her guitar.

The music being ended, they went to the roof, and Ardas persuaded Sethos to entertain them with some of his lore. Nicia passed the sherbet, and all sat on cushions at his feet, while the graceful doves flew round them, seeking the corn Nicia scattered along the parapet. These beautiful birds, with black rings around their reddish grey necks, were quite tame, and fluttered down to the graceful girl, who called them each day to be fed.

"Now, good Sethos, thou art master of the world's wisdom in Egypt," said Ardas, "and I would learn of thee, for thou art far beyond the rest of the world in all things pertaining to religion and science. Let us hear, today, about the priests."

"In Egypt, the priestly caste is divided into families, each restricted to a separate temple and a particular grove. Over each of these sacerdotal divisions, a high priest presides, whose office is hereditary; our influence being further strengthened by our monopoly of every branch of scientific knowledge. The high priests of Thebes and Memphis enjoy authority equal to that of Rameses.

"We are not only priests, but physicians, astrologers, judges and mystery teachers also; and while we could not gainsay a judgment of Rameses in public, we can mould him in private. We do not reveal these things to the people; but we believe in the existence of a Supreme God, veiled under many forms. We believe firmly in the immortality of the soul, moral responsibility, judgment after death, and a resurrection, with the reunion of the body and soul. Hence our practice of so carefully embalming the dead and depositing them in rock-hewn sepulchres. We believe in the transmigration of the soul, and that each one who passes the judgment of Osiris will be born again,—I have known of such cases myself—hence the dread of the judgment of the Forty-two. That is why we have such elaborate funeral rites, and why the tribunal decide whether the body shall be placed in the tomb or left to natural decay.

"The belief in a future life influences the whole of Egyptian life and thought; but the nature of the creed is difficult to explain to the uninitiated. The soul will endure as long as the body lasts; and as long as that body shall endure, so long will the soul stay by it. We have reached the highest perfection in the art of embalming, and the bodies of our dead will be found as perfect five thousand years from now as they are to-day."

"By all the Gods!" said Ardas, "'tis a long time for the soul to wander on earth. Methinks I would rather go to the starry kingdom at once."

"Nay, Ardas, thou hast to wander through infinite space for a thousand years; that is the cycle of a soul; and then thou art permitted once more to visit this earth in human form. If thou hast lived a brave and noble life, upright and honest in all thy dealings with thy fellow-man; if thou hast followed the light given thee, and worshipped according to thy knowledge—for thou canst only follow as far as the light is given thee;—if thou doest these things, thou mayest come back into thine own sphere. Now, thou art a prince. In thy next life thou mayest be given

higher powers and become a king; or, for some offence against the great Creator of all things, thou mayest be a common soldier, or a slave to the one against whom thou hadst sinned in this life."

"How now, Maris? Dost thou hear that? Thou must have been my slave in another life; and I think thou art doomed forever to be my slave, for Maris would not be happy in the starry realm, oh Sethos, unless he interfered in all my pet schemes. Is it not so, Maris? But how if we miserable mortals disobey these rules, oh noble sage?" said Ardas.

"If thou dost refuse to read, mark, and learn by the way, thou must wander in great darkness. Thou art competent to judge whether it be good or ill to follow thy convictions. Thou art blessed with human intelligence, and canst plainly see the good from the evil; and if thou transgressest the laws of the great Creator, thou wilt have to pay, if not in this life, then in the next."

"Good Father, doth thy learning teach thee who thou wast in the past?"

"My son, 'tis given to but few to remember the past; but there is a shining Way of Truth, and if thou but knew its secrets, thou couldst read it, like the pages of an open book. Now I can remember when I was a priest before, and much of my knowledge is retained from that former life. A little child, up to its seventh year, retains the memories of its former life. It will, if encouraged, tell thee wonderful tales, which the listening mother will rebuke, as it tries to grasp the fleeting pictures that pass before its mental vision. It has not learned the knowledge of the world, so cannot express these pictures unless something brings them out in a forcible manner. When the child has absorbed worldly knowledge, it will crowd out these visions of the past. We bury with the dead all manner of things, trinkets, rings, scarabs, vases, arms, everything in fact that they loved most in life, even to their pet animals. With certain crafts of artisans, such as artists, sculptors, builders, architects, masons, we bury the steps, the level and the square, for use in the future life; so that a soul, returning after the cycle has ended, and finding these articles, would remember its former life. It has then a chance to model its next life so as to gain a higher plane."

"And in what way would the man be able to reach that plane?" asked Ardas.

"By following the precepts, praying to the Gods to honor the dead, respecting the aged, giving bread to the hungry and water to the thirsty, clothing the naked, pitying the unfortunate, and passing through life without falsehood. Good works shine more than the emerald, and are the passport to happiness in the unknown world beyond the grave."

"He would be more than mortal man who never broke one of those rules", said Ardas.

"Aye, but his reward would be great; he would till the ground, and harvest the grain in the fields of Aalu, which lie beyond the stars, where dwell the blest", answered Sethos solemnly.

"Then Egyptians become celestial farmers? How about the military caste? Baal doth promise rare fighting—the hosts of Good do battle against those of Evil", said Ardas. "Maris, methinks we will stand by the God of Battles. For a good soldier the reward of the Egyptians strikes not my fancy. Sethos, after thou hadst been dead for a thousand years, thou wouldst stand a poor chance of finding thy body."

"Not if thou wert an Egyptian, my son. Suppose thou wert buried in the catacombs, or in yonder pyramid; thy soul, being ever near thy body, would in all probability be re-born right here in Memphis. If thou didst go to the tombs of thine ancestors to pray to Osiris, thinkest thou 'twould be hard to come across thy former body, surrounded by its intimate associations? Nay; in a moment thou wouldst see thyself in that other life."

"Well, I think very few of us will ever have that pleasure, Sethos."

"Who knows, my son? Perchance in a future life thou mayest find the talisman I have just given thee. If that time ever comes; *I promise thee, by the magic it doth possess, that thou shalt see Egypt as she is today.* These walls, the river, this garden, and all will return,—that is, *if thy life is pure and holy.* Otherwise thou wouldst get only fleeting glimpses. The picture would not remain with thee."

"What makes thee remember thy past life?" asked Nicia. "Hast thou found thy former body?"

"Nay, I found but a little charm that belonged to me in the long ago. I will show it thee."

Sethos put his hand in his robe and drew out the amulet; and every face expressed horror as they looked at it.

"I should think, Sethos, that that was the worst luck that could befall a man. I would not wear it for a kingdom", said Ardas.

"'Tis the sign of death"! said Nicia with a shudder.

"'Tis a gruesome object, surely", said Maris.

The dreaded amulet was only a tiny cross of green jade, its ends tipped with gold.

"Nay," said Sethos, "I feel a strange veneration for this little charm. I feel that some day this sign will rule the world. I know it doth ward off evil spirits. And now, good children, we must away. May the New Year bring you all happiness, and may the Gods send you blessings untold."

CHAPTER XIII.

A MYSTIC DANCE.

THE stars shone high in the velvet depths of Heaven, and the moon was trying to outshine the brilliant illumination on the river, as Ardas, accompanied by Maris and a dozen of his favorite officers, made their way through the densely crowded streets to the royal palace. A thousand torches flared from clay scones set in the walls, throwing a vivid glare over the great courtyard as they entered. The ruddy light brought out in strange relief the elaborate sculptures on friezes and walls, playing in light and shadow on the massive columns of basalt and marble that supported the roof, enhancing with a rosy glow the marble cornice and the exquisite carvings of the balconies, that looked like fretted lace-work, while it blackened the remote recesses of the lofty chambers behind them.

At last the royal banquet of the New Year was at hand. It had been the theme of general conversation for days, for all Memphis was interested in the great fête of the year. All the nobles of the realm had been invited, and priests, soldiers, and people of distinction, among them successful architects, great artists, and famous scholars, shared this honor.

The great palace, with the exception of the private apartments of the royal family, was thrown open on these occasions for the inspection and delight of the guests, who loved to view its treasures and to roam through its vast corridors. They were

free to wander into the beautiful gardens, now flooded with silvery moonlight, where gigantic statues cast grotesque shadows on the marble walks. The gardens of Pharaoh were a close rival to those of Babylon. Here rare shrubs, laden with blossoms, filled the air with fragrance; and in the artificial ponds, where the fountains splashed with a sound like fairy chimes, the water lilies were trying to entice stray moonbeams from the world of shadows.

Within the palace, all was bustle and excitement. Each guest was received by the chief steward, and the butler superintended the slaves who, with ewers of water, stood ready to wash the feet of the guests. Other slaves dried them on fringed towels, and handed round crimson sandals embroidered with gold; after which slave girls anointed their heads with oil, crowned them with flowers, and presented each guest with the sacred lotus flower for good luck.

The great banquet hall, ablaze with light, was lined with officers and courtiers. In that vast pillared chamber the royal table was spread with a cloth of fine Damascus weave that shone like beautiful flowered satin. This was heavily fringed with gold. The lights sparkled on massive chalice, jewelled flagon and cups of burnished gold. In the centre stood great golden baskets, heaped high with fruits of all kinds; tall vases filled with gorgeous flowers were placed at intervals, and around the table were strewn garlands of pink lotus blooms. At the lower end of the board were huge platters, loaded with wild and tame fowls, steaks of antelope and gazelle, and the much prized meat of the wild ass; at each end were placed bowls of salad composed of cucumbers and onions, with a garnishing of goose eggs and garlic.

On a gilded dais at the end of the hall sat Rameses and his Queen; and grouped around the Pharaoh were his family and the more distinguished guests. The brilliant gems and costly robes, the stately figures of the noble guests, and the gay uniforms of the army officers, made a scene not to be forgotten.

As the guests entered the hall, they were greeted with a burst of tuneful melody played from harps and guitars, accompanied by women with tambourines and men with double flutes. After making obeisance to the throne, the guests

were seated according to rank. Rameses then poured a libation to the Gods from a great jewelled flagon, and each one present lifted his cup of crystal or goblin-blue enamel, and drank success to the New Year, while the minstrels stationed behind the chairs of the royal pair played softly on harps and chanted historical ballads.

Rameses was in a gay mood, for his kingdom was at the height of its prosperity. Egypt was in a flourishing condition. Peace brooded over the land of flowers. He had just finished the great Temple of Medenet Abou, and his favorite Temple of Ptah was the most gorgeous in the world. His tomb in the valley of kings had also been completed by the most skilled artisans in Egypt, and he was assured that no tomb in all the land would rival his. It was gratifying to the monarch to know that such a resting-place awaited the time when he should lie there in state; and it was a favorite occupation with him to watch the sculptors at work on his magnificent sarcophagus,* which he inspected daily; for a man's funeral in Egypt was the great event of his life. The house is but the temporary abode of man, but in the tomb his body dwells forever; so rich and poor decorated their tombs, and lavishly adorned these homes in which their bodies were to lie throughout the ages.

Every Pharaoh began work upon his tomb as soon as he ascended the throne; yet the Egyptians were not given to thinking gloomily of death. On the contrary, they were a happy nation, and no people could be gayer or more luxurious. They loved life with all their hearts, and enjoyed every moment of their earthly existence; but they made every preparation for a final exit in a blaze of glory. They laid up treasure in life to be spent in a grand funeral after death.

The Pharaoh's only sorrow was occasioned by the ill health of the Crown Prince Oristan; but so slow, so insidious was the disease in this dry climate, that Rameses sometimes doubted the verdict of his wise men. Indeed, but for a slight cough and the hectic flush on his face, no one would dream of saying that the prince was not in perfect health. To-night Oristan was happy; for beside him, bright and gay, was Una. She was in a merry mood, for far down the table sat Hophra. They had formulated a secret code by which they exchanged signals in the midst of this gay company. They were now

*Now in the British Museum.

thoroughly enjoying themselves, using their little code under the eyes of the great Pharaoh, and under the very nose of Oristan; for Sethos had given these two great comfort by telling them that all would come right for them.

Out of the corner of his eye Rameses watched Raneë. While priest and warrior paid their homage at her feet, her lustrous eyes were shining with a glad light, and he noticed that they were often turned on the Tyrian Prince, who, as Rameses could see, was not as responsive as he might be.

The queen was a typical Egyptian. She was a woman of about forty years of age, with rich, dark hair showing just a glint of silver; and her sunny brown eyes were thoughtful and earnest. She lived only in the smile of her great Lord. To-night she was dressed in a robe of Persian silk gauze, with wide sleeves, and wore a chiton of cloth of gold so besprinkled with jewels that it flashed at every movement. It was a mixture of those rare colors woven only by the looms of Damascus for royalty, the manufacture of which required years of labor. Her head-dress was a golden vulture with out-spread wings, the bird's head projecting over her forehead, the wings falling on either side. She wore also the jewelled asp, and a necklace of shimmering pearls, in the shape of a collar, worth a king's ransom. The queen was an imposing figure, as she sat beside the king. She was now watching Avaris with a mother's eye, and noted that her daughter was far too attentive to the Tyrian nobleman, Maris, who sat by her side, when, according to his rank, he ought to have been very much lower down the table.

The Princess Avaris, so dazzling, so bright that she looked like a flower in her fresh young beauty, was dressed in a robe of pure white silk gauze, fine as mist; her over-dress of blue and gold needle-work was secured by a girdle of gold, and she wore sandals to match.

Tah-penes saw that far too often that laughing face was turned to Maris, and only from the depths of a young girl's heart, happy in her innocent love, could rise such a smile as she saw upon it. There was a light in her eyes that told too plainly of the spark so often kindled to be quenched in sorrow; and the queen hoped that the sharp eyes of Rameses would not see this affair, for she knew his views with regard to the little princess.

Ranee was radiantly happy and beautiful as a dream. Her robe was of transparent linen, her overdress of white gauze striped with narrow lines of gold, her zone a broad band of gold embroidery, girdling her beneath the breast and again around her hips, and fastened in front by a diamond clasp. She was gracious to every one; and the whole company voted her the loveliest woman in Egypt, as they bowed over her graceful hand. Even Ardas smiled as the banquet proceeded, and was merry in spite of himself.

Scores of lamps were flashing their radiance over the revellers when the slow sad dirge announced the procession of the mummy, which the Master of the Feast bore to the feet of Rameses much earlier than usual. Then the guests filed in a glittering procession after their majesties into the great room, where they were to witness the performances of the evening. Low divans surrounded this room, on which the older guests lounged at their ease, while the younger ones sat on cushions on the floor. In the general exodus, Ardas had missed Ranee. He had seen her go up to Rameses and kiss his hand, but had not heard what she said. The beloved daughter of Pharaoh was asking permission to dance. She knew that she could dance divinely. When all else failed, the princess had but to dance before the king and he would promise her anything, even to his kingdom, were that possible. This one charm she kept to reduce Rameses to wax in her hands.

Very seldom was the princess allowed to do this in public, and at first Rameses demurred; but she whispered, "'Tis a new dance, oh! Sire,—the Fire Dance of the Persians." Then he nodded acquiescence, and she disappeared. Ranee had made up her mind that to-night she would win Ardas. She had one more arrow in her quiver; if that failed something was radically wrong; and her lips came together in a thin line, and an ominous frown was on her brow as she thought of the possibility of failure.

The king and queen seated themselves in the royal arm-chairs, which were upholstered in grey damask. In the centre of the room a large square of crimson carpet formed the stage, and Arabian dancing girls, Acherra, belonging to the palace, opened the entertainment. After them came gymnasts, famous for their agility, then wrestlers and combatants,

and blue-eyed, fair-haired dancers from Lybia, famous for generations at the court of Egypt. Then came the magicians, tall, lean Hindus, who performed all manner of wonderful feats, such as throwing down a willow wand and picking up a flowering branch of almonds, or taking an empty helmet and pouring streams of fresh roses out of it.

Finally a burst of music, loud and jubilant in its clashing vibrations, caused all eyes to turn expectantly toward the curtained recess, whence the performers entered, and Ardas beheld a dancer coming toward Rameses. She was dressed in a flame-colored under-robe of silk, and her feet were encased in greaves of the same fiery hue, laced up to the knee. On her slender arms were long gauntlets of the same color, reaching to the shoulder; her over-dress was a cloudy grey gauze, belted with a flame-colored girdle, and two long scarves, one of flame-colored tissue, another of grey, were over her shoulder. As she knelt and kissed the hand of Pharaoh, Ardas noted with some surprise that the dancer was none other than the princess. Blazing in jewels, and robed in the light of her incomparable beauty, Ranee stood forth a shining vision.

He noticed that she wore on her forehead a great white jewel that shone like a living flame. As her graceful body arose from her obseance before the royal pair, she laughingly turned to Ardas and called his attention to the jewel; and when he turned his eyes to gaze upon it, she gave him a long, steady glance from her wonderful eyes, that seemed to hold him under a spell; then with a laugh she tripped lightly to the carpet.

The music from an unseen orchestra began to play softly, and Ranee began to dance. There was unearthly grace in her movements. She danced with charm of attitude and harmony of motion.

As Ardas watched her, the great hall with its lofty pillars faded away, and before his mental eye arose a vision. He saw the primæval forest, and the trees growing down to the shores of a shining lake, enclosed between two high banks. At first he could distinguish little but the tall palms in this verdant valley; then he heard the birds' faint twittering as they awakened in the forest and called sleepily to their mates. It was the dawn of day. Rosy light flooded the eastern sky.

A gentle breeze sprang up, and the birds awoke and filled the air with song. The sun arose, dispelling the shadows, and its warm beams fell on the sleeping flowers, which lifted their heads, all bathed in sparkling dew. The wavelets ran up the beach, kissing the golden sands, and retreating in laughing rills. The great palms nodded and bent to each other. The wild turtle-doves cooed lovingly in the trees; and a great eagle, soaring free in the limitless blue, cast his glance around the boundless horizon in search of his mate, and soon she answered his love call. Now came the antelope to drink at the edge of the lake, his graceful mate timidly approaching at his love note. The sun rose higher. Out of his lair stalked the stately lion, and his mate came bounding into the sunshine. All nature seemed singing in unison a great pæan of love.

The shadows began to lengthen, and he saw a man emerge from the forest. Then a form of wondrous beauty stole out from the dusky shades. There was a flash of black and gold. Was it the glitter of his shining armor? Ardas could not decide. Then he heard the sound of rippling water, joyously making its way to the lake; and in its laughing music, he could distinguish a voice, singing softly, in sweet, caressing tones of love.

Enthralled I hold thee through this dance,
May love for me thy soul entrance;
With a sweet and fond emotion
Thine heart respond to my devotion.
Every shadow hath its mate,
For love rules mortals. 'Tis *thy* fate.

The sunshine kisses hill and dale,
The flowers bend to the southern gale,
The moonbeams kiss the rolling sea,
Waves clasp each other in their glee.
These nature kisses, what's their worth,
If *I'm* not loved, Oh! Son of Earth?

The stars in heaven love each other,
The moon is earth's devoted lover;
All things on the earth do mingle,
Nothing in this world is single.
A ring of love girds earth and stars,
Then mate with me, Oh! Son of Mars.

The female form approached the mortal man, and taking him in a warm embrace, its draperies seemed to wind round and round him; but instead of a woman, Ardas saw that it was the glittering form of a serpent, with eyes of fire. His very soul shrank in aversion; and he awoke as if from a dream, and muttered to himself, "Methinks that was a taste of the far-famed Egyptian magic?"

There before him, swaying lightly with each seductive note of the music, was Ranee, her filmy scarf held gracefully above her head. To the prince, the dance had suggested the dawn of love, but to everyone else in that vast room, Ranee had personified the spirit of fire. Her twinkling feet, in their flame-colored sandals, had seemed like living flames, and the waving scarves seemed to surround the dancer with fire. Poised on one foot, with the grey scarf whirling aloft in spiral curves like clouds of smoke, the flame scarf would shoot up from time to time with a quick movement of her arm, until the illusion was perfect; the dancer was enveloped in flames, and her feet were like tongues of flame as they moved amid the clouds of grey tissue.

Thunders of applause greeted the royal dancer as she made her way to the chairs of her parents. The Pharaoh was delighted. Nothing he had ever seen had pleased him half so much as this new dance of the princess; and the guests were wild with delight as they crowded around her.

Rameses held out his sceptre, saying: "Name thy wish, oh! Princess. Were it the greatest boon within my gift, thou shalt have it."

Ranee gave her father one of her bewitching smiles, and answered sweetly:

"Then I will claim the boon of thee another time, oh, Sire."

"Princess, thou art the most wonderful dancer in the world", said Ardas.

She bent toward him, seduction and coquetry in her face, and the love-light shone in her amorous eyes as she fixed them upon him. Smiling, and bewitchingly beautiful, her eyes dared him, her lips invited him; all her charms were put forth to win him. There was a spell in those languorous eyes that for the moment seemed to render him powerless. He felt as if his will had forsaken him; then he roused himself, saying:

"Nay, nay, thou shalt not conquer me." His eyes narrowed, and a dangerous gleam shone in them like a point of light, as he calmly held her gaze until she let her eyelids droop. Raneë knew in a moment that their wills had clashed, and saw that she had failed to hypnotize him, for his was the stronger power when he chose to exercise it.

"And yet the Dawn of Love hath not awakened thee!" she said, significantly, then turned with a smile to receive the congratulations of her ardent admirers.

The queen was looking with anxious eyes for Avaris. That gay little butterfly had not been seen since Raneë began the dance; for with the first strains of the soft melody that accompanied the dance, she had stolen out to the court-yard. The stars were shining down in their eternal splendor on the royal magnificence of this feast of the Pharaoh; and here, by the marble basin of the great fountain, I saw Avaris and Maris. She had glided like a shadow among the guests, and Maris had followed the inviting wave of her fan. He was far from blind, but he was cautious, and he was just asking himself if it could be possible that the stars had this happy destiny in store for him. A thousand wild fancies filled his brain. Would he have the remotest chance of winning the daughter of Rameses? He feared not; and yet his heart was loth to give up without a trial. From the moment when he had first looked upon her winsome face he had found in it a charm his heart was powerless to resist; and to-night he was happier than he had ever dared hope to be, for the dainty maid had openly showed her preference for him. He followed her to the fountain, and she put her hands in his with an unabashed look.

"Is it not glorious out here, Maris, 'neath the light of the stars?"

"It is heaven wherever thou art, Princess", he said gallantly.

"I think, Maris, thou dost love me a little", she said archly.

"A little, Princess! That were a poor word to express the love I have for thee. I could not begin to tell how much I have dared to aspire in presuming to love thee. Dear Heart, if I cannot have thee, I shall never seek a mate on earth. I will vow never to wed, for I know thou art the one woman for me; but I also know that thou canst not love me."

"Of a truth, I have learned to love thee far too well for

mine own peace of mind, Maris. But perchance the Gods will relent. 'Tis predicted that I shall marry a very wise king. Hast thou the remotest chance of a crown, Maris?"

"Nay", he said sadly, "I am only of noble birth; but the Gods do not require royal blood to elevate a man to a throne. Ofttimes he mounts the steps by wading through streams of the red blood of the people, and the God of Revolution seats him firmly thereon. But I hanker not for such baubles, Princess. The one jewel worth securing is perfect happiness in life, with love as the corner-stone of the home. A goat's-hair tent in the wilderness is preferable to a palace without true love to gladden life."

She thrilled through every fibre of her being. "I wish I were not the daughter of the ruler of Egypt. I would I were like Una—free to wed whom I would. I cannot wed thee, Maris, but I will love thee all my life, and pray to Isis to protect thee."

"Dear Heart, and I will love thee through eternity. In life and in death I give thee my pledge. I am thine forever. In death I will join thee, Oh mate of my soul! In a future life I will seek thee, *and I shall know thee.*"

"Maris, if ever thou art in trouble, promise me that thou wilt not hesitate to call on me. I would give my life for thee."

"I know it, my Love", he said earnestly. Oh! cruel fate that gave him such a dream, and then placed her out of reach. He took her hand and kissed it passionately, as he said, "Alas! for us the dream must end, Princess."

Floating on the still air he could hear the monotonous strumming of the painted musicians, making the air vibrant with the music that usually accompanied the departure of the guests. So they strolled toward the palace. In the great corridor they came face to face with Rameses, and a dark frown gathered on his face when he saw them.

"My daughter", he said sternly, "the company hath long been dismissed, and the ladies have retired. My lord Maris, the prince hath sought thee in vain. 'Twill be well for thee to retire—*permanently*," he said in a low voice, and with a significant gesture—"from the palace, I mean."

Maris bowed low as Rameses turned to the princess and said: "I will see thee in the morning, Avaris, in the Hall of Judgment."

Maris joined Ardas with a heavy heart, for well he knew that the sentence was almost equivalent to banishment.

When the two friends were walking home he told Ardas, who realized how serious it was, but could not resist laughing. "To think of *thee* getting into trouble over a love affair! To think of *thee*, Maris, being threatened with banishment! By the Gods, 'tis too good"! and he laughed joyously.

However, they decided that it was now time to leave Egypt; so Ardas determined that on the morrow he would demand his final answer from Rameses, and if there should be any further delay, he would send his caravan on the way home, bidding them wait for him for one moon at the Well of Palms. If he did not come by that time, they were to go on to Phœnicia, he would sail down the Nile some fine evening with Nicia as far as Sais, and there meet Maris and the slaves. They could then take a larger vessel, and, sailing to the coast, he hoped to fall in with a Phœnician ship and make his way to Tyre by sea.

After the dance, Ranee made her way to her own apartments. Ladies-in-waiting stood around to do her bidding. She waved them all aside.

"Go; I would be alone!" she said imperiously.

A flaring torch of pine-wood dipped in pitch was fixed in a ring of bronze against the wall. It shed its wavering light over her superb figure, playing on her festive garments and sparkling jewels. She surveyed herself in a shield of polished silver, and noted that she was flushed, with shining eyes and heated cheeks.

"What is it"? she said slowly. "The dance hath failed me! Ye Gods; what manner of man is this?" she cried, clenching her hands. "Is he flesh and blood, or a bronze statue?"

She paced up and down the room and clasped her hands together, while tears of mortification came into her eyes. As she walked she laid deep plans of vengeance. For a while she was desperate; for she confessed to herself that, without Ardas, life would be unbearable. Then she sat down and calmly surveyed herself again in the mirror.

"Now what is it? I am the fairest woman in Egypt. I am a royal princess. Doth he hate all women? Or hath one of them won his heart before I saw him?"

There are women whose love it is very dangerous to rouse. Such an one was Ranee. Her eyes shone with a soft lustre as she continued.

"He is not wedded. He told me that on the first night of his arrival. But he might be under the dominion of some favorite slave. Of a truth, *that* matters not," she said, as she leaned her chin on her hands; "but I will find out, and I will speak quite plainly to him—and let the prince beware how he treats me!"

She stretched out her white hand, and the gesture reminded me of a cat stretching out her claws. Then she struck a silver gong three times, and a sleepy slave appeared.

"Send Naxo to me", said she. The girl disappeared, and soon there appeared a sallow-faced youth.

"Naxo, I bid thee go in the morning to the house of Sunro, and bring him to me at the tenth hour of the night."

"The magician, your Highness!" gasped Naxo.

"Thou hast heard what I said. Bring him through the slaves' entrance; and take all precautions, that thou lose not thy head", and she laughed cruelly as she looked at the frightened slave, who retired with a dazed, helpless look on his face.

Early in the morning Avaris was summoned to the dread presence of the Pharaoh.

"Hast thou forgotten whose daughter thou art, Avaris?" said he. "Didst thou know no better than to be out in the moonlight with a foreigner? Thou hast been taught thy fate since thy birth. Now, Avaris, let me have no more of this. If thou wouldst preserve the Phœnician's life, cease to even speak of the man hereafter; and be pleased to remember that thou art destined to promote the welfare of Egypt, and to wed a king. I will yet be known as King of Kings", he thundered. "Follow not the example of thy sister Ranee. She, at least, hath some method in her madness. Oristan shall marry the young Queen of Sheba; this will protect Egypt on the South. Thy sister shall yet marry Hiram, giving me dominion over the seas; the caravan routes shall all belong to me. What sayst thou, Hadad?" turning to the Israelite, his brother-in-law. "Shall we lose all this commerce for the idle whim of foolish maids? Nay, David hath comely sons who are good soldiers. Which of them, in thy judgment, will sit on the throne of Israel?"

"Most noble son of Ra", said Hadad, "David hath a handsome son, only two inundations older than the princess. His name is Solomon, and he is counted a wise and learned youth. His father's heart doth yearn over him, and 'tis sure that he will be the next King of Israel. In that case thou wouldst gain allegiance on the East."

"Thou hast spoken well, Hadad. David's young son it shall be. Methinks I have heard he possesses the gift of wisdom in matters of statescraft. Get ready a caravan, and a retinue befitting the Pharaoh of Egypt. I hereby appoint thee Ambassador to the Court of King David. See if thou canst arrange this marriage with diplomacy. I bid thee be gone, attend to this affair forthwith."

Hadad looked at Avaris, who stood with downcast eyes, and contrived to whisper. "He is a yellow-haired Jew, Avaris, with dark grey eyes." "I prefer dark brown," she retorted, "they bespeak a loving heart, whose emotions will ne'er depart."

"The Pharaoh hath spoken", said Rameses sternly, and Hadad left the princess precipitately to prepare the caravan for the long journey to the Land of Judæa, to propose to King David that he should ally his son Solomon in marriage with the youngest daughter of the King of Egypt.

To be continued.



THE KNOWABLE AND THE UNKNOWNABLE

By J. M. Bicknell

TO say that any particular thing or relation is unknowable, is not a congruous form of expression. Many things may be thought of that man does not know, but there are no grounds for setting any limitation to what it is possible for man to know.

The great difficulty in considering this question is that man is a slave to the phenomenal world. Philosophers even, while they admit that the external world, as we speak of it, is phenomenal and wholly in the mind, yet proceed to erect theories in which efforts are made to formulate conceptions of noumena as if they were phenomena. It is evident that by considering phenomena one can never reach noumena, pure and simple. Phenomena are based on the relation of different manifestations, and no more resemble the thing manifested than the sound of music resembles a phonograph or the human organs of speech.

All things are divided into "I" and "Not-I." The "I" gets all its information through sense-perception, which gives only phenomena, and through consciousness which gives also original intuition. It is manifest that only two ways are provided by which one may increase his knowledge. On the one hand, he may improve his powers of sense-perception, by which he will acquire a knowledge of relations, while, on the other hand, by an expansion of consciousness he may acquire an intuitive knowledge of so much of the whole as is condensed in his growing individuality.

Now no one can say that man's present organs of sense-perception may not be indefinitely improved, or that man

may not develop new organs of sense-perception. Such conditions may not be applicable to a single earth life, but on the assumption of an unlimited existence they lose much of their apparent audacity. It is conceivable that man might have sense-perceptions different from those he has, and that he might have organs of sense-perception in bodies other than his physical body. For the present purpose, it is not alleged that such things do exist, but that they are conceivable and pertinent to existing knowledge, and that the assertion that there is any limit to man's knowledge of phenomena is made without sufficient grounds. Whether man acts through physical, etheric, astral, mental, or other organs of perceptions, the knowledge so obtained remains phenomenal.

Of course, what philosophers mean is that noumena are unknowable. But they attempt to prove it by analogies drawn from the methods of acquiring phenomenal knowledge. Any knowledge that is acquired by sense-perception or that is recognizable through the senses can only be phenomena. The whole phenomenal world must be ignored, if man is to obtain direct knowledge of noumena. Kant was right when he said that all our knowledge comes through experience; but then he meant phenomenal knowledge. He said nothing about other bodies or other sense organs than the physical. He went farther than he was entitled to go, when he asserted that man could never know anything beyond phenomena.

Consciousness furnishes a kind of knowledge that is not perceptible by the senses. The most elementary fact given by consciousness is the simple allegation "I am." The "I" can not be perceived by the senses; yet it is the most certain information that we have. In the present state of the average man, consciousness gives first-hand knowledge of the "I" and of the will, or the general urge to act. Man is not directly conscious of his reason, memory, and other faculties. When he thinks he is conscious of memory, he is only conscious of the act called memory. He is conscious of memory

only in connection with the facts remembered. Man's consciousness of his mental faculties, or of the results of the action of those faculties arises from experience and development. Now when the faculties of the "I" are spoken of it is not meant that the ego is divided up into separate compartments. The ego is a unit having various powers, each of which is, for convenience, called a faculty. Knowledge that comes from a consciousness based on phenomena may be erroneous, because the data is incorrect; and that is precisely why the ego reasons about such knowledge. The ego never reasons about the "I am," or about any knowledge directly given by consciousness.

There are no grounds for asserting that consciousness can not be so expanded and become so identified with the whole as to give direct knowledge immeasurably beyond what it now gives. It is not now the purpose to show what man does or can know, but that there are sufficient grounds for asserting that noumena are unknowable. The whole question is as to man's latent capacity for knowing. It is not to be inferred that man will ever cease to learn. In fact, the trend of all human knowledge indicates that every existing thing is in a state of eternal change and progression.

The tangle in which philosophers get themselves about space and time arises from the fact that space and time are themselves phenomena. It is said that we can not imagine unlimited space, nor imagine a limit to space. This means only that one can not imagine any limit to man's capacity for creating space or form. When speaking of space, there rests in the mind a space-form as an object, a phenomenon. There is no limit to the capacity to imagine other and larger forms. In the whole discussion of space, conceptions of special forms and mental phenomena have been substituted for powers and capacities of mind. It is frivolous to attempt to measure mental capacity with a yard-stick. Every mental act generating form is the creation of a new space. There is no external thing called space, any more than there is an

external thing called love or hate. The same is true of time. Time is only a mental relation between events. There is no limitation to the number of events that may happen before some other event happens. When the other event happens it becomes limited as to time, but the mind can easily imagine still other events to take place later on. That is, there is no limitation to mind in conceiving the order of events.

Men often find themselves floundering in deep water by trying to consider goodness, wisdom, love, purity, and other abstract qualities, as separate entities, with which one can have personal acquaintance, meet up with, and measure and estimate as one can physical objects. All such things are powers and attributes of an ego. To know wisdom is to be wise.

Talk about the unknowable consists, for the greater part, in attempting to consider a conception in a sense that is not in accord with the nature of the thing to which the conception refers.

The ego is a unit with certain powers and capacities. Those powers and capacities are capable of development resulting in unlimited abilities for acquiring phenomenal knowledge. There are no grounds for asserting that consciousness can not become so expanded and developed as to also have unlimited powers for the acquisition of intuitive knowledge.



THE SWASTIKA IN RELATION TO PLATO'S ATLANTIS AND THE PYRAMID OF XOCHICALCO.

By M. A. Blackwell.

IN the various publications in which the Swastika has been discussed, nothing definite as to its origin has been stated. The most comprehensive account of the swastika is that given by Prof. Wilson of the Smithsonian Institution.

The swastika (and variants of the cross) has many meanings, esoteric and exoteric, most of which convey the idea of good, beneficence. The swastika existed in prehistoric times, in the old and new worlds, among civilized and uncivilized peoples.

In his essay on "The Pyramid of Xochicalco,"¹ Dr. Le-Plongeon draws an interesting parallel between that pyramid and Plato's Atlantis and expresses his belief that that monument was erected to commemorate the sinking of Atlantis and was modelled after the temple of Poseidon and Cleito, built on the sacred hills of Atlantis. Plato tells us "there was an island situated in front of the straits which you call the Columns of Heracles (Gibraltar), the island was larger than Libya and Asia (Minor) put together, and was the way to other islands, and from these islands you might pass through the whole of the opposite continent (America?) which surrounded the true ocean. . . . Now, in the island of Atlantis there was a great and wonderful Empire (see Pl. I.) which had rule over the whole island and several others as well as over parts of the continent; besides these, they subjected the parts of Libya within the Columns of Heracles as far as Egypt and of Europe as far as Tyrrhenia. . . . But afterwards there occurred violent earthquakes and floods, and in a single day and night of rain. . . .

¹Le Plongeon, The Pyramid of Xochicalco THE WORD, October, November, December, 1913.

The island of Atlantis disappeared beneath the sea.²

According to LePlongeon the Greek alphabet reads as an epic in the Maya language commemorative of this event. The Greeks had good reason to grieve over the loss of Atlantis (MU³) as they lost thousands of their best warriors when their victorious army was driving the invading Atlanteans back to their own country when that disaster took place. This epic described the phenomena occurring at the time of that dreadful calamity. LePlongeon says, "when in the year 403 B. C. during the archonship of Euclid, the grammarians rearranged the Athenian alphabet in its present form, they adopted for the names of their letters, words formed by the agglutination of the various vocables composing each line of said Maya epic. In this interesting philological and historical fact will be found the reason why certain letters having the same value were placed apart, instead of juxtaposed as they naturally should be. What else could have induced Euclid and his collaborators, men of intelligence and learning, to separate the epsilon from the eta, and the theta from the tau? to place the omikron in the middle and the omega at the end of the alphabet?"⁴

Greek Alphabet.		Maya Vocables with Their English Meaning.	
Alpha.....	Al	paa	ha.
	Heavy;	break;	water.
Beta.....	Be	ta.	
	Walk;	place.	
Gamma.....	Kam	ma.	
	Receive;	earth.	
Delta.....	Tel	ta.	
	Depth; bottom;	where.	
Epsilon.....	Ep	zil	on-on.
	Obstruct;	make edges;	whirlpool; to whirl.
Zeta.....	Ze	ta.	
	Strike;	place;	
		ground.	
Eta.....	Et	ha.	
	With;	water.	
Theta.....	Thetheah	ha.	
	Extend;	water.	

²Plato's Dialogues, Timaeus II.

³MU, the twelfth letter of the Greek alphabet, is, according to LePlongeon, the name the Maya authors used to designate the lost continent of Atlantis, which they styled "the Life," "the Glory of the Ocean"; see p. 144. Queen Moo and The Egyptian Sphinx.

⁴Le Plongeon, Queen Moo and the Egyptian Sphinx. p. 149 et passim.

Greek Alphabet.	Maya Vocables with Their English Meaning.			
Iota.....	Io	ta.		
	All that which lives and moves;	earth.		
Kappa.....	Ka	paa.		
	Sediment;	break; open.		
Lambda.....	Lam	be	ta.	
	Submerge;	go; walk;	where; place.	
Mu.....	Mu.			
	Mu.			
Ni.....	Ni.			
	Point; summit.			
Xi.....	Xi.			
	Rise over; appear over.			
Omikron....	Om	ik	le	on.
	Whirlpool; whirl;	wind;	place;	circular.
Pi.....	Pi.			
	To place by little and little.			
Rho.....	La	ho.		
	Until;	come.		
Sigma.....	Zi	ik	ma.	
	Cold;	wind;	before.	
Tau.....	Ta	u.		
	Where;	basin; valley.		
Upsilon.....	U	pa	zi	le
	Abyss;	tank;	cold; frozen;	place; circular.
Phi.....	Pe	hi.		
	Come; form;	clay.		
Chi.....	Chi.			
	Mouth; aperture.			
Psi.....	Pe	zi.		
	Come out;	vapor.		
Omega.....	O	mec	ka.	
	There;	whirl;	sediments.	



Freely Translated.

Alpha.	Heavily break—the—waters
Beta.	extending—over the—plains.
Gamma.	They—cover—the—land
Delta.	in low places where
Epsilon.	there are—obstructions, shores form and whirlpools
Zeta.	strike—the—earth
Eta.	with water.
Theta.	The—water spreads
Iota.	on all that lives and moves.
Kappa.	Sediments give way.
Lambda.	Submerged is—the—land
Mu.	of Mu.
Ni.	The peaks—only
Xi.	appear above—the water.
Omikron.	Whirlwinds blow around
Pi.	by little and little,
Rho.	until comes
Sigma.	Cold air. Before
Tau.	where—existed—valleys.
Upsilon.	now, abysses, frozen tanks. In circular places
Phi.	clay—formed.
Chi.	A—mouth
Psi.	opens; vapors
Omega.	come forth—and volcanic sediments.

The similarity of the Greek and Maya languages has also been commented on by the learned Abbe Brasseur de Bourbourg, who was convinced that they had a common origin.⁵

The map on Pl. I. shows where the Atlantean Empire held sway and where traces of their influence are still to be found. Comparing this with Pl. II. the areas are seen to coincide in a remarkable manner. It will be seen that the swastika is found wherever the Atlanteans have held dominion. Was Atlantis then, the birthplace of the swastika? There is a mass of evidence to corroborate the fact that Atlantis did exist and was the center from which emanated the great ancient civilized nations of both worlds. Brasseur de Bourbourg, LePlongeon, Donnelly, and other writers have pointed out striking similarities, such as their traditions, religions, symbols, and the names of their deities. Hydrographic charts of the Atlantic ocean show the existence of an immense submerged mountainous plateau, a few peaks of which terminate in the Azore Islands.⁶

Plato describes the harbor of Atlantis as follows: "Crossing the outer harbors, which were three in number, you would come to a wall which began at the sea and went all round; this was everywhere distant fifty stadia from the largest zone and harbor and enclosed the whole, meeting at the mouth of the channel toward the sea, the entire area was densely crowded with habitations; the canal and the largest of the harbors were full of vessels and merchants coming from all parts." Valmiki in the Ramayana tells of sea-going vessels bearing the sign of fortune, that is, the swastika or cross.

Opinions of various writers differ as to the relationship of the so-called true swastika  (the symbol with its arms bent at right angles) with the cross  and its variants, but upon studying the

⁵Brasseur de Bourbourg, Troano MS. Vol II. p. XXX:

⁶LePlongeon Pyramid of Xochicalco, THE WORD, October, November, December, 1913; also Donnelly's Atlantis, chap. V.

many forms, meanings, and names attributed, whether relating to spiritual, astronomical, or mundane affairs will show their close relationship.

Centuries before Christianity in both hemispheres, the cross was used prophetically, as a symbol of "the resurrection," or "the sign of the life to come." In Assyria, Egypt, Britain, it was emblematic of creative power and eternity; in China, India, Scandinavia, it was the symbol of 'heaven and immortality'; in the Americas it symbolized "rejuvenescence and freedom from physical suffering,"⁷ even among people that we call heathen it was the symbol of the "Divine Unity." It is associated with a stream or streams of water, with luxuriant growth, with a hill or mountainous region, with a land of plenty, with Paradise.

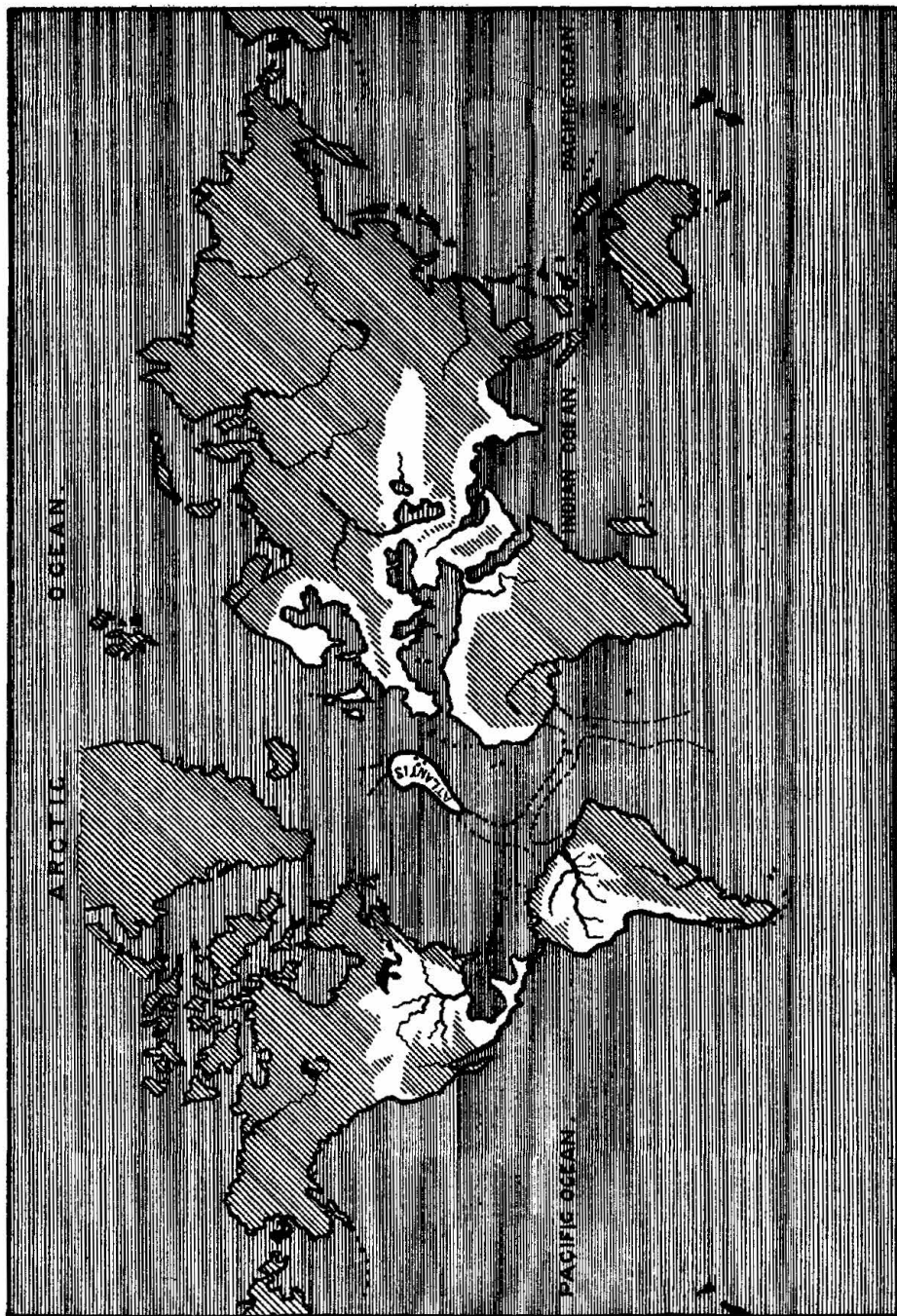
The exact geographical position of the garden of Eden has never been satisfactorily settled, nor the identity of two of the four rivers. Josephus⁸ states that one river, which ran round the whole earth and was divided into four parts, watered the garden of Eden. In this statement, Donnelly identifies the division of the rivers into four as the origin of the Cross, and that river "which ran about the whole earth" as the canal of Atlantis, which Plato states "was carried around the whole of the plain." This canal received the streams which came down from the mountains; it touched the city at various points and from these let off into the sea; and that straight canals were cut to bring supplies down from the mountains, and transverse connecting passages from one canal to another to enable them to enter the city. Plato further describes the fertility of the country, the prosperity of the people, and their form of government; and says that Poseidon married Cleito, the daughter of one of the earth-born primeval men; that Poseidon surrounded with alternate zones of sea and land⁹ the hill on which Cleito

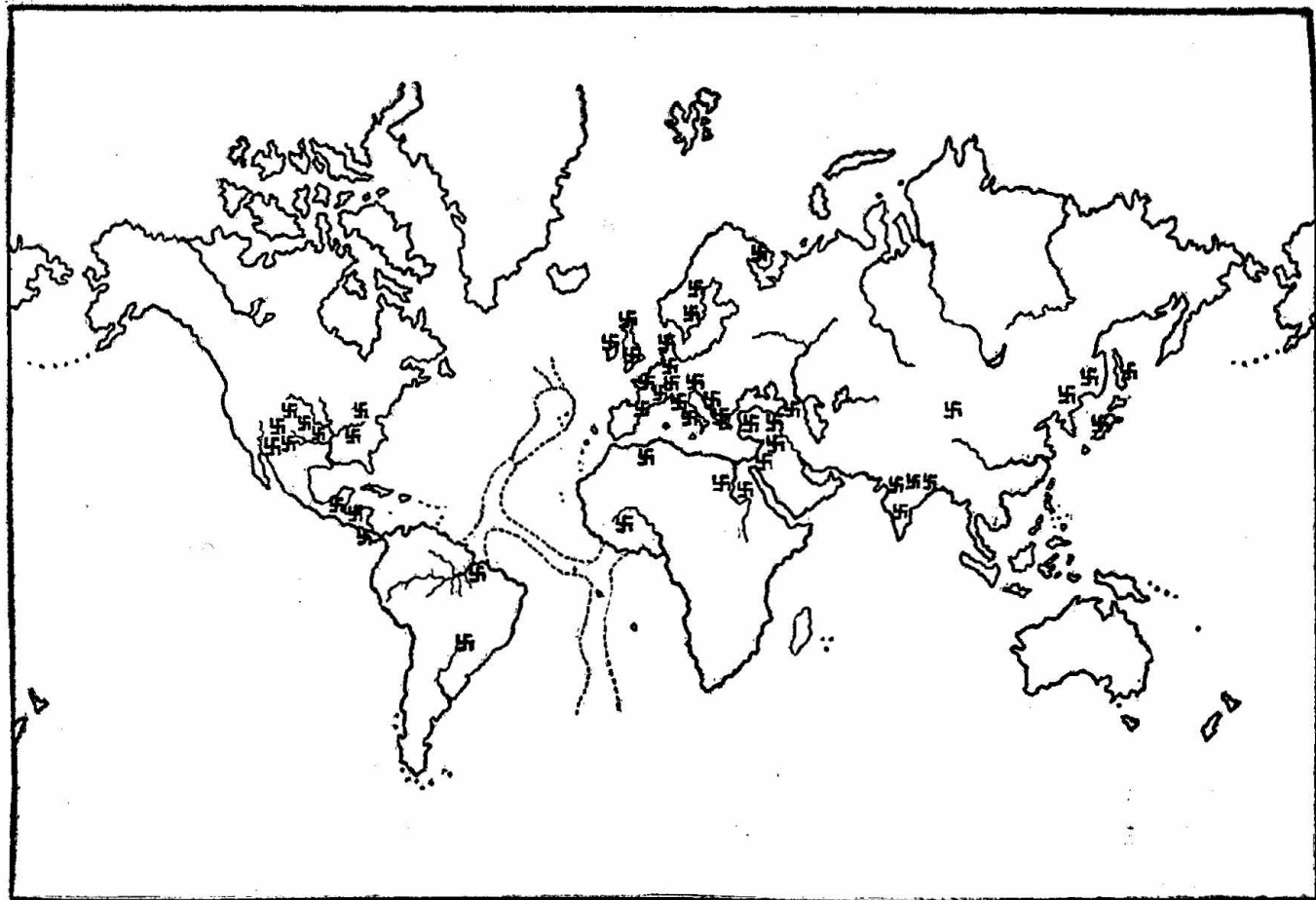
⁷Donnelly "Atlantis" p. 321; also Wilson. The Swastika.

⁸Josephus chap. I, p. 41.

⁹LePlongeon, The Pyramid of Xochicalco "THE WORD," p. 26 et passim October, 1913. See also Jowett, Plato's Dialogues Vol. III, p. 535.

Plate 1.





MAP SHOWING DISTRIBUTION OF THE SWASTIKA; THE CENTER OF THIS MAP HAS BEEN PLACED ON THE MERIDIAN OF GREENWICH TO CONFORM WITH PLATE 1. AND IN THIS ONLY DIFFERS FROM THAT OF. PROF. WILSON'S. THE POSITION OF ATLANTIS IS INDICATED BY DOTTED LINES THAT I HAVE ADDED.—
M. A. B. SEE REPORT OF NATIONAL MUSEUM 1894,—WILSON, "THE SWASTIKA," PAGES 904-906.

lived, so that no man could get to the land; that being a god Poseidon had no difficulty in making special arrangements for the center island, bringing up two springs of water from beneath the earth; one warm, and the other cold.

"The Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there he put the man whom he had formed, and out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil. **And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads.** The name of the first is Pison: that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold; and the gold of that land is good; there is bdellium and the onyx stone. And the name of the second river is Gihon; the same is it that compasseth the whole land of Ethiopia. And the name of the third river is Hiddekel: that is it which goeth toward the east of Assyria. And the fourth river is Euphrates" (Gen. chap. ii, v. 8-15). And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them, that the sons of God saw that the daughters of men that they were fair and they took them wives of all which they chose. . . . There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men, which were of old, men of renown" (Gen. chap. vi., v. 1, 2, 4). This description of the garden of Eden and of Atlantis seems to have been the ideal plan on which the cities of ancient civilizations were laid out in both hemispheres; by enclosing or surrounding a city with water and walls and subdividing it into sections for government (and by extension the surrounding country). A comparison of the following diagrams, maps and descriptions shows a striking similarity.

Beginning with Babylon and Chaldea of old, Rawlinson says there is no evidence that the natural divisions of Chaldea

proper as made by the river courses,¹⁰ were employed in ancient times for political purposes, but that "the divisions which appear to have been so employed was one into northern and southern Chaldea, the first extending from Hit to a little below Babylon, the second from Niffer to the shores of the Persian Gulf. In each of these districts we have a sort of tetrarchy or special pre-eminence of four cities, such as appears to be indicated by the words 'the beginning of his kingdom was Babel, and Erech, and Accad, and Calneh, in the land of Shinar.' The southern tetrarchy is composed of the four cities, Ur or Hur, Huruk, Nipur, and Larsa or Laranha, which are probably identified with the Scriptural 'Ur of the Chaldees,' Erech Calneh, and Ellasar. . . . The northern consists of Babel or Babylon, Borsippa, Cutha and Sippara, of which all except Borsippa are mentioned in scripture."

The ancient city of Babylon was laid out in the form of a square, the sides of which were oriented and divided in half by the river Euphrates. A bridge connected the halves which were again subdivided by a main street leading to the bridge. The city was further subdivided into 625 squares of buildings by other streets crossing at right angles.

In a similar manner other ancient cities of Babylon were divided into four, each quarter ruled by an earthly representative of its divinity, and a central ruler held supreme authority over the four quarters of the capital and also over the four provinces of the country as indicated by the title "King of the Four Regions," given to the Babylonian king.¹¹

In America the ancient dominion of Yucatan (see Fig. 4, Pl. 3) shows the division of the country till about two hundred years before the Spanish Conquest. Here we see the same idea: a circle divided into four, with the city of Ho in its center.¹² The text of this map has been translated by

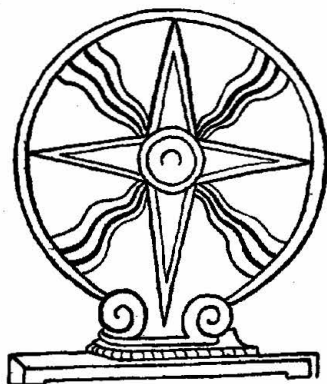
¹⁰Rawlinson Vol. I, p. 15.

¹¹Zelia Nuttall, *Fundamental Principles of Old and New World Civilizations*. Peabody Museum Papers, Vol. II, 1901.

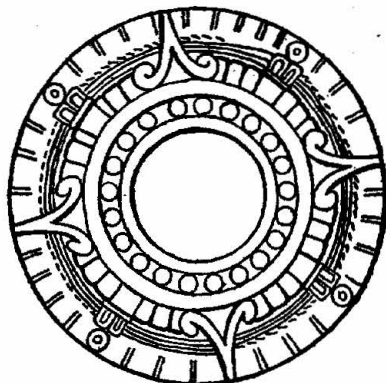
¹²Ho in Maya means five, it is also the radical of hool, the head, chief, king.

Plate 3.

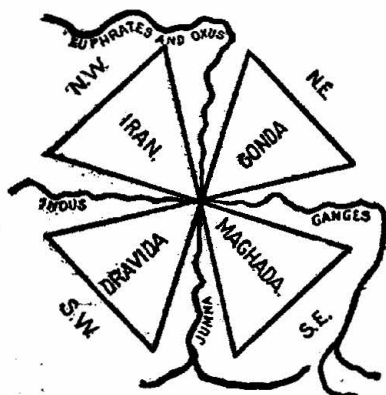
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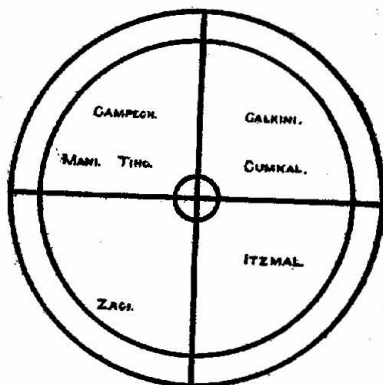
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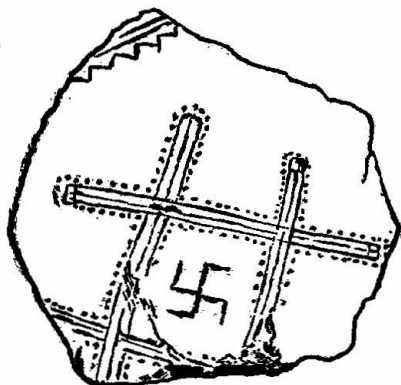
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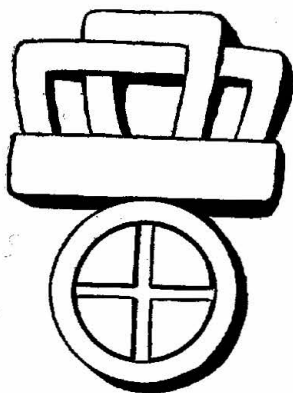


Fig. 1. Wheel of Shamash.
 Fig. 2. Mexican Stone of the Great Plan.
 Fig. 3. Diagram of Ancient Races (India).
 Fig. 5. Piece of Neolithic Age Pottery.
 Fig. 6. Glyph Carved on Pyramid of Xochicalco.

Fig. 4. Ancient Map of Yucatan, the following is the text: "He Manie:—Chumpeten Campech.—U ni xik peten Calkini.—U chun u xik peten Itzmal.—U chumuc u xik peten Zaci.—U ni xik peten cumkal.—U pol peten chumuc cah ti Ho."

Crescencio Carillo y Ancona, Bishop of Merida, from the "Codice Chumayel"; Aqui Mani; el principio de la tierra o' su entrada (puerta), es Campeche; el extremo del ala de la tierra es Calkini; el nacimiento del ala es Izamal; la mital del ala es Zaci; el extremo del ala es Cumkal; la cabeza de la tierra es la ciudad capital HO'. The Maya text from which the Bishop made this translation is shown below Fig. 4, Pl. 3. The English of this may be rendered as—Here is Mani.¹² The beginning of the land or its entrance (port), is Campeche; the extremity of the wing of the land is Calkini; the beginning of the wing is Izamal; the middle of the wing is Zaci¹³; the tip of the wing is Cumkal; the principal city of the land is its capital HO'.

Dr. LePlongeon says that Maya was the sacred language of the Chaldeans and that they were the descendants of those missionaries of civilization and science, who, with Oannes (he who dwells on the water) at their head, founded the settlement in the marshes in the country of Akkad, and that they were of Maya stock and were joined later by others of their countrymen. The colony increased and prospered till "in time it was the capital of Lower Chaldea." He also states that the famous tower of Babel, "the tower of the seven lights of the earth," was built on the same plan as that of the pyramid-temple dedicated to the goddess "Kinich-Kak-Moo" at Izamal in Yucatan, and that the name "Babel" translated as a Maya word, signifies "Ba," ancestor, and "Bel," the way, meaning "the style in which our ancestors used to build." The author of Genesis relates that the builders came from the east by way of the country of Shinar, that is, Lower Chaldea, and that they were strangers in the land.¹⁵

¹²Mani is the name of an ancient city of Yucatan formerly of great importance, where there are interesting ruins.

¹³Bishop Carillo y Ancona, comments on the difficulty of rendering an intelligible translation of the exact meanings of the Maya text, owing to the mention of seven kings and cities and (the map of) the country being likened unto a bird. *Historia Antigua de Yucatan*, por D. Crescencio Carillo y Ancona. p. 605 et passim.

¹⁵LePlongeon, *The Origin of the Egyptians*, chap. I, THE WORD, April and May, 1913.

Plate 4.

Fig.7.

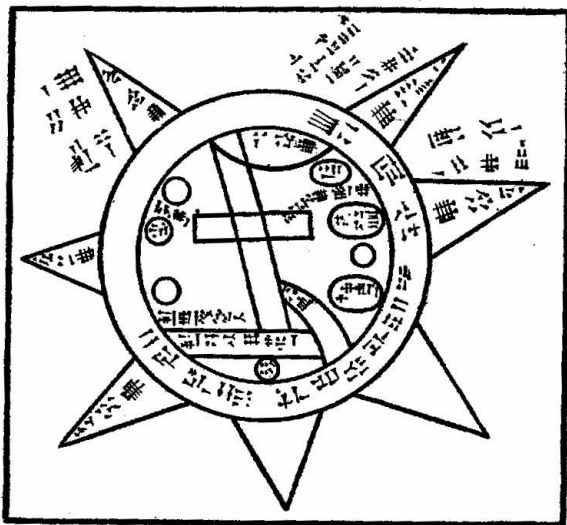


Fig.8.

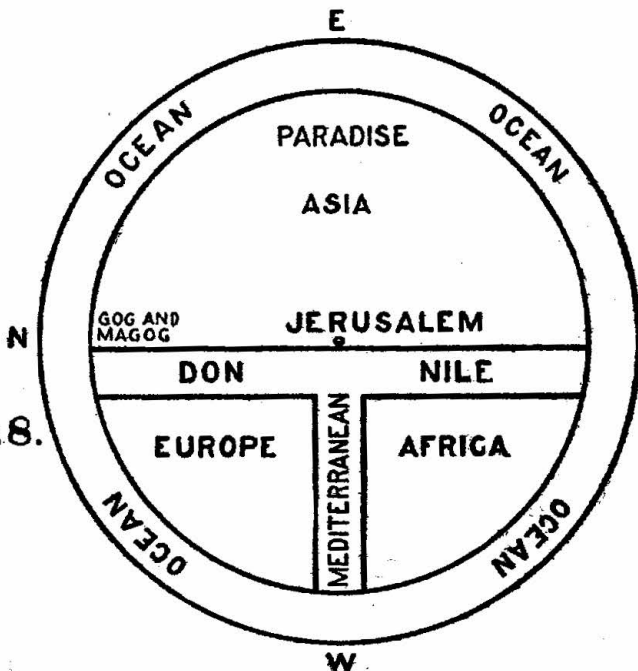


FIGURE 7. BABYLONIAN MAP OF THE WORLD.
 DRAWN FROM A CLAY TABLET, "POLY-
 CHROME BIBLE, NOTES ON EZEKIEL," C. H. TOY, TRANSLATOR.
 FIGURE 8. MEDIAVAL WHEEL SHAPED MAP,
 SHOWING JERUSALMEM AS THE CENTER
 OF THE EARTH, "POLYCHROME BIBLE, NOTES ON EZEKIEL."

On Pl. 4, Fig. 7, is an illustration of the Babylonian map of the world, described as "a map of the disk of the earth surrounded by the ocean imagined as a broad circular stream (this is drawn from the clay tablet, which is of a dark brown color). The two large concentric circles represent the universal sea encircling the disk of the earth; the cuneiform characters between these two circles designate it as the 'Bitter Stream' or 'Salt Water River.' These circles were evidently drawn with a pair of compasses; one can still see the hole in the center where the point of the instrument rested.

"At the surface of the tablet the diameter of this hole is nearly $\frac{1}{8}$ inch. The points of the Babylonian compasses could not have been very fine. The diameter of the outer circle in the original is $2\frac{3}{8}$ inches, the inner $1\frac{11}{16}$ inches.

"The cuneiform characters in the triangular spaces on the outer circle (for example, in the upper left-hand corner of the lower part of the tablet) expressly designate those regions beyond the 'Bitter Stream' as islands. There seems to have been originally seven of these triangles, but most of them are broken away. On the left-hand side of these islands the respective distances are given. It is interesting to note that on the left of the mutilated triangle above, where we now have the large hole in the tablet, we find in addition to the statement of the distance (three double leagues between them) the remark 'where the sun is not seen.'

"The smaller circles within the inner of the two large circles represent cities in the valley of the Euphrates. The parallel lines running from above downward indicate the Euphrates, traversing the long rectangle of the city of Babylon. The principal part of Babylon is situated on the left or eastern bank of the Euphrates. The left bank is marked, in the upper right-hand corner, as Shadu 'east.' Lower down in the south, the Euphrates does not empty into the sea but into the 'apparu,' that is, the swamp (precisely as the medi-

eval Arabic geographers assert, that the Euphrates loses itself in the swamps of southern Babylonia."¹⁶

The plan of the ancient capital of Guatemala (once part of ancient Mexico), described by Fuentes de Guzman, who says, "a deep ditch running from north to south divided the town into two portions; one of these, situated to the east, was inhabited by the nobility, whilst the commoners lived in the western division."

In this division of east and west, an intentional association of east with the "above" and west with the "below" is exemplified topographically. In the center of the eastern half of the city was a great oblong enclosure, surrounded by a high wall. This enclosure was divided into two courtyards by a wall running from east to west, and each courtyard had a wide entrance from the west. In the northern courtyard, named "Place of the Palace," were several buildings; in the southern courtyard, named "Place of the Temple," were also several buildings and one of them surmounted a terraced mound. In the wall which divided the northern from the southern courtyard, marking its exact center and that of the oblong enclosure, is a seemingly double object now indistinguishable. A wall extends from the southeast corner of the temple courtyard wall to the outer wall of the city, thus dividing the "East City" into two portions. In the southern half is the "Tribunal or Hill of Justice," which also contains the houses of the Ahaus or heads of the Calpuls. No name is given to the northern half, which contains many houses. The "West City" is divided by a broad street "enclosed by a hill wall" and leads from its only entrance straight to the

¹⁶Polychrome edition of The Bible, Haupt and Furness, Notes on Ezekiel, Toy translation; pages 100, 101.

An interesting parallel to the above description is, in the Maya language, "peten" means an "island or peninsula" (note text of Fig. 4, Pl. 3); and the name or word Mani signifies "that which is passed, finished, point, extremity of the hands, this is said of the two gulfs that encompass Yucatan." (Translated from Brasseur de Bourbourg, Troana Ms. Vol. II, p. 295.) Notice that the two concentric circles of this Maya map are identical with the ancient map of Babylon, and the expression 'the beginning of the land' occurs in both descriptions.

Place of the Temple. A deep trench or ditch surrounds the entire city, which is guarded by nine watch towers on small hills at equal distances.

The ancient city of Mexico, although divided into four quarters, each of which had its five subdivisions (*Capullis*), in reality consisted of two distinct parts; one was Mexico proper, where the Great Temple and residences of Montezuma and the lords were situated; the other was Tlatelolco, in which were the merchants and lower classes.

The English friar, Thomas Gage, visited Mexico in 1625 and described the ancient city as follows: "The situation of this city is much like that of Venice, but only differs in this, that Venice is built upon the sea-water, and Mexico upon a lake, which seeming one is indeed two, one part whereof is standing water, the other ebbeth and floweth according to the wind that bloweth. That part which standeth is wholesome, good and sweet, and yieldeth store of small fish. That part which ebbeth and floweth is a saltish, bitter and pestiferous water, yielding no kind of fish small or great."

This dual island on a dual lake seems to have a significance. The site of the capital was chosen with profound thought and that the native mind also associated the East with the "above" and the West with the "below," the native topography of other capitals in the continent carried out these fundamental ideas.¹⁷

An interesting parallel to the description of the lake mentioned is the following from Rawlinson: "On the Arabian side of the Euphrates, fifty miles south of Babylon, and twenty-five to thirty miles from the river, is a fresh water lake of very considerable dimensions—the Bahr-i-Nedjiff, the 'Assyrium stagnum' of Justin. This is a natural basin, 40 miles long, and from 10 to 20 miles broad, enclosed on three sides by sandstone cliffs, varying from 20 to 200 feet in height, and shut in on the fourth side—the northeast—by a

¹⁷Zelia Nuttall. *Fundamental Principles of Old and New World Civilizations*. Peabody Museum Papers, Vol. II, 1901.

rocky ridge, which intervenes between the valley of the Euphrates and this inland sea. The cliffs are water-worn, presenting distinct indications of more than one level at which the water has rested in former times. At the season of inundation this lake is liable to be confounded with the extensive floods and marshes, which extend continuously from the country west of the Birs Nimrud to Samava. But at other times the distinction between the Bahr and the marshes is very evident, the former remaining when the latter disappear altogether, and not diminishing very greatly in size even in the driest season. The water of the lake is fresh and sweet, so long as it communicates with the Euphrates; when the communication is cut off it becomes very unpalatable, and those who dwell in the vicinity are no longer able to drink it. The result is attributed to the connection of the lake with rocks of the gypsiferous series."¹⁸

In some of the oldest maps of India the empire was represented by a disk divided into a number of concentric zones, in the center of which arose a sacred mountain. In several of these the swastika seems to represent the division of the territory into four. In the Buddhistic Mythology four great rivers flowed from the sacred mountain, Meru, towards the cardinal points (This sacred mountain was regarded as the center of the world.). On Pl. 3, Fig. 3, is a diagram from Hewitt "formed by the union of four triangles representing the Southeastern and Northwestern races, who all looked on the Northern mountain of the East, whence Indra gets the rain, as their natural birthplace, where they became united as the Kushite race, the confederation of civilized man. It represents the Greek cross and the double dorje, or thunderbolt of Vishnu and Indra, and also a map of the Indian races as distributed at the time of the union. It also forms, with spaces left open for the parent rivers . . . an octahedron . . . and the angles of the tribal

¹⁸Rawlinson. *Ancient Monarchies*, Vol. I, p. 14.

angles form the swastika . . . the sign of the rain god . . . the great Sar of the Phœnecians."

Hewitt associates this figure with the origin of the swastika, but Mrs. Nuttall shows that it also coincides with the description of Mount Meru, associated with four lakes, four rivers, four mythical animals and four guardians.¹⁹

There is a parallel between this Figure and that of Fig. 1, Pl. 3, which is the four-spoked "Wheel of Shamash" resting on an altar, shown on the Sippara tablet, spoken of by Jastrow as "a wheel with radiant spokes" between these wavy lines which suggest the idea of water or fluid essence flowing from the center which is composed of concentric circles. This bears a resemblance to "the river that went out of Eden to water the garden, and from thence it was parted and became into four heads." The center circles suggest the sacred mountain in Atlantis, which Poseidon surrounded with zones of land and water. The Mexican stone of the Great Plan carries out the same idea as the Wheel of Shamash (compare Figs. 2 and 1 on Pl. 3). Instead of wavy lines emanating from the center, drops of water are the conventional representation and the axle or socket has four spokes or rays issuing from it. Fire and water were conceived of as emanating from a central source and flowing to the four cardinal points. Pl. 4, Fig. 8, is a medieval wheel-shaped map which shows the idea of associating the East with the "above" and the West with "below" by its arrangement, the location of Jerusalem is in accordance with the "belief that Jerusalem was the navel or center of the earth; as Delphi is among the Greeks and as China is called by the Chinese . . . on medieval maps Jerusalem appears as the center of the world."²⁰

Mrs. Zelia Nuttall states that among the native American tribes, as among the ancients, the same ideas prevail, such as associating the above and below (and middle) with




¹⁹Zelia Nuttall. Peabody Museum Papers, Vol. II.

²⁰Polychrome edition of The Bible, Haupt and Furness. Notes on Ezekiel, p. 105.

the rising and setting of celestial bodies, light and darkness, sky and earth.

Fig. 5, Pl. 3, from Angelo Mosso's book, "Dawn of Mediterranean Civilization," shows the swastika on a piece of pottery of the neolithic age, discovered by Prof. Stasi, in the Zinzulusa cave, near Cape Leuca, Italy. The sign within which the swastika is enclosed, is said by Prof. Halbherr to resemble the Cipriot 'pa' which is here doubled."

The Mexican Calendar-swastika from Friar Duran's Atlas is given as an example of the swastika in the form of a circle. See Pl. 5, Fig. 12.

The Egyptian symbol  for country, earth, territory, region, the plural of which is ²¹ similar to that on the Pyramid of Xochi   calco (Fig. 6, Pl. 3). This same symbol is again ²² seen on the upper cornice in front of the open mouth of what appears to be a serpent's or animal's head, apparently in the act of devouring it (see Pl. 5, Fig. 9). LePlongeon states that the Mayas symbolized the ocean as a serpent Kanah, often using the head as an abbreviation.²³ The glyph can be read as symbolizing the ocean engulfing Atlantis.

Wilkinson states that a "monster supposed to be the guardian of the Lower Regions, or the accusing spirit. It is more probably the former, being seated near the entrance to the abode of Osiris, and called AM-t-en—Amenti, 'the devourer of Amenti,' and 'of the wicked.' It has the form of a hippopotamus, a peculiarly Typhonian animal, sometimes with the head of a fanciful creature (see Pl. 5, Fig. 10), partaking of hippopotamus and the crocodile, and is frequently represented as a female. Seated at the entrance of Amenti, it watches the arrival of those who present themselves for judgment, and in turning its hideous head with angry looks

²¹Champollin le Jeune, *Precis du systeme Hieroglyphique des anciens Egyptiens*, p. 32.

²²See Pl. 14, THE WORD, December, 1913. Pyramid of Xochicalco. Le Plongeon.

²³Compare with Pl. 14. Pyramid of Xochicalco, THE WORD, Dec., 1913.

Plate 5.

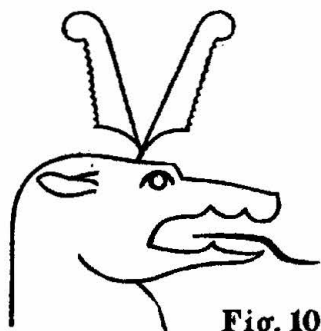
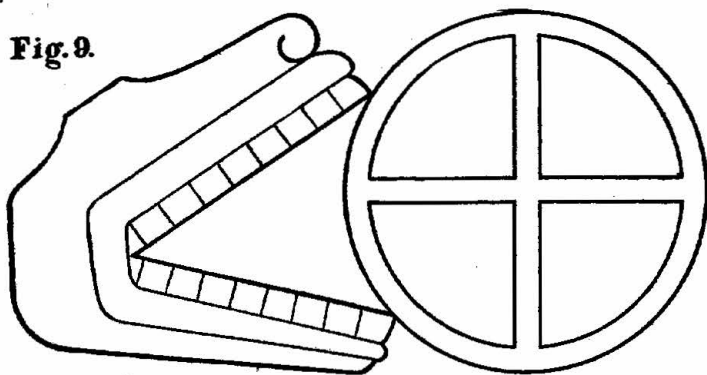
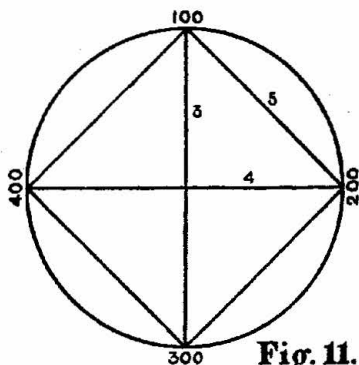
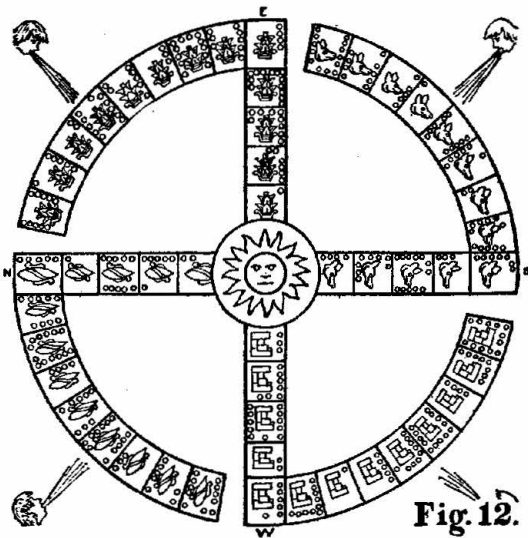
Fig. 9.**Fig. 10.****Fig. 11.**

Fig. 9. Carving on upper cornice, Pyramid of Xochicalco.

Fig. 10. "Amt" Devourer of the West.

Fig. 11. Maya diagram of the Universe.

Fig. 12. Mexican Calendar-Swastika

**Fig. 12.**

appears to menace the wicked who dare to approach the holy mansion of Osiris. This monster was the prototype of the Greek Cerebus; but the lively imagination of the Greeks improved upon or exaggerated the deformity; its neck was said to bristle with snakes; it was represented with three or fifty heads; and Virgil and others describe its rapacity and the terror it was supposed to cause."²⁴

At some of their religious festivals, the ancient Egyptians ate a cross cake which was similar to the above glyph for civilized land. This cross symbol resembles those shown by Brasseur de Bourbourg in the Troana Manuscript for submerged ancient land.²⁵

The Egyptians pointed to the West as the land of the gods from whence they came—the Mayas in Yucatan pointed to the East as their birthplace, and both countries have the legend of the great island continent of the gods. In India and Egypt their priests claimed to have had records of the past, and astronomical observations were made that covered thousands of years. In America carved stones show that civilized man kept records, while some of the codices cover a period of over 30,000 years.²⁶





In Genesis it is written "The Sons of God saw that the daughters of men were fair" and took them as wives—and that the earth was destroyed by a flood because of man's wickedness. Who were the sons of God? May not this mean the divine rulers of Atlantis, the great race who governed the ancient world, east and west, and who, after the deluge, were worshipped as gods?



The many significant meanings attached to the cross or swastika, the square, the triangle, rivers, the circle, and

²⁴Wilkinson, *Ancient Egyptians*, Vol. III, p. 225. "AMT" Devourer of the West"; compare this head with similar ones on the Pyramid of Xochicalco as shown on plates illustrating LePlongeon's essay. *THE WORD*, Oct., Nov. and Dec., 1913. Kan is also written Can.

²⁵Brasseur de Bourbourg *Troana MS.* Vol. I, p. 218.

²⁶Sidney Coryn. *The Faith of Ancient Egypt.* chap. 1. Cyrus Thomas. Article on Central American Hieroglyphic writing, page 713, in the *Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution*, 1903.

sacred numbers, the prevalence of certain words in all languages, which puzzle the philologists, were not all of these carried by the Atlantean colonists over both continents before the sinking of their country? The development of the swastika from the cross, square or triangle, can be seen by studying Fig. 11, Pl. 5, drawing the left and right swastikas together  we get the oblong  figure that is  evidently the  "quadrangular plain in which lay the city, surrounded by mountains which descended abruptly into the sea," as described by Plato,²⁷ and which seems to be the ground plan the ancients used for some of their temples.

By reversing the figure  the plan of the temple appears "above," thus  seeming to signify that the most beautiful thought conveyed is when the swastika symbolizes "The Life to Come."

²⁷Plato's dialogues, Jowett, Vol. III, p. 539.

To be continued.



THE COMTE DE GABALIS—A THEOSOPH AND A BOOK.

By C. H. A. Bjerregaard.

FROM time to time poets and novelists have used the name of the Comte de Gabalis to conjure with. Alexander Pope did it and acknowledged "him" as the source of the Rape of the Lock. Bulwer-Lytton was influenced; his Zanon has the mark and citations. Goethe knew "him;" Wilhelm Meister proves it. Robert Southey owned a copy of the book of that title. Certain obscure passages in *The Ring and the Book* show how much Robert Browning got out of the book of that title in one period of his career. Anatole France has used it in his *La Rotisserie et la Reine Pédagogue*. Other authors could be mentioned to prove that the book, "Comte de Gabalis," by Abbé N. de Montfaucon de Villars holds the keys to such subjects as masonry, cabbalism, rosicrucianism, in many of their mysterious aspects. But is *The Comte de Gabalis* merely a book?

The Abbé de Villars was born in the Diocese of Alet, near Toulouse, in the year 1635, a member of an ancient noble family. He took orders, came to Paris in 1667, and soon gained friends by his wit, eloquence and quiet demeanor. He was a friend of Madame de Sévigné and the center of a coterie of beaux esprits at the Porte Richelieu. Full of the ideas of the Inner Life, he tried to infuse spirituality into the brilliant, though effete and degenerate period, only to be persecuted by the Catholic church, and forbidden the pulpit. He was forced to withdraw his numerous publications. It is reported that he was murdered about 1673 while on a journey to Lyons. The place where he is buried is unknown. A tradition says, "he only pretended to die, as is the way of philosophers who feign death in one place only to transplant

themselves to another." His biographer closes with this pious wish: "May the soul of this great disciple of a great Master be now in the presence of God."

One of the Abbé's works is on the origin of species; it inspired Lamarck and Darwin, and it may be claimed that he was the father of the modern doctrine of biological evolution. Many works attributed to him are not by him, but forgeries planned to ruin him and nullify his influence. Some of his works, in later editions not by himself, are full of interpolations also designed to hurt him. To a reader who cannot or will not believe that the Comte de Gabalis was a real person, but merely a fiction of the Abbé de Villars, the advice is that he leave the question open and attend to the teachings of the book. If he cannot accept the Comte de Gabalis, he must at least accept the Abbé if he is attracted to his teachings. By and by he may realize the truth of "The Brothers'" work: "We seek to serve that thou mayest illumine thy Torch at its Source."

The Comte de Gabalis—the man and the book—explains the meaning of the leviathan and serpent mysteries; much light is thrown upon the Greek mysteries, and even Sufism can be elucidated. Arthurian students will see Merlin in a new light, and the peacemakers of today will rejoice in information relating to the ancient prophecies about world peace.

But all this has meaning to those only of the Inner Life, to those whose intelligence is illumined by the light of their own divinity. The book is a textbook of esotericism, or the ethical truths which underlie all religions and philosophies. Metaphysics we do not get; nor speculations on mysteries. We are roused to obey and live according to the laws and will and manifestations of the Sun behind the Sun. The book stands for genuine "Wisdom of God," theosophy. In a word the Comte de Gabalis teaches many a lesson on the spiritual evolution of the race. That these teachings are not mere philosophy will appear from the injunction: "Watch, pray, hope and be silent," which mean: watch the lower nature and mind; pray or demand and realize power to govern them; hope, or aspire to the highest; and, finally, be silent;

that is to say, let the personality listen that it may hear the voice of the Divine Self.

Who is or was Comte de Gabalis? Was he merely the fiction of Abbé de Villars, or a real person? The Abbé declared he knew him, received a visit from him and was instructed by him concerning "The harmony of the world, the number of Pythagoras, the visions of St. John, and the first chapter of Genesis." The Abbé had "three or four score of his letters written in so extraordinary a style that I could never bring myself to read anything else the moment I was alone in my study."

The Comte de Gabalis, who is described as "a nobleman of high rank and a great cabalist, whose lands lie toward the frontiers of Poland," paid a visit to the Abbé. The call is thus described by him: "One day as I was marvelling at one of the most sublime of these letters, a very good looking man came in and, bowing gravely to me, said in French, but with a foreign accent, 'Adore, O my son, adore the very good and the very great God of the Sages, and never allow yourself to become puffed up with pride because he sends one of the Sons of Wisdom to initiate you into their Order, and to make you a sharer in the wonders of his Omnipotence.'"

The Abbé received his visitor "sagely" and was told that the Comte's compliments were the customary ones addressed "to those to whom they (the Sages) have determined to open their hearts and reveal their mysteries."

After a few words the Comte arose, kissed the Abbé solemnly and said: "Strive to render yourself worthy to receive the Cabalistic Light, my Son; the hour of your regeneration is at hand; it rests solely with you to become a new being. Pray ardently to him, who alone has the power to create new hearts, that he may give you one capable of the great things which I am to teach you, and that he may inspire me to withhold from you none of our mysteries." After this he left and the visit ended.

Among the points of instruction received by the Abbé from the Comte was one on "the harmony of the world."

The book gives the following explanation of this teaching. "Throughout the universe there vibrates a resonant tone known to Occultists as the Bindery Note. When man, by discipline of the mind, is able to shut off all sense perception, he becomes conscious of an ever-vibrating rhythmic pulsation which manifests as a distinct and audible sound." It is this note all should listen to and endeavor to "dance" by. It is an expression of "The Word," or the creative force going out from the Solar Deity.

In the garden at Ruel the Comte de Gabalis said to the Abbé: "Soon you will learn to command all nature; God alone will be your master, and only the sages your equals. The Supreme Intelligences will glory in obeying your desires; the demons will not dare to be found where you are, your voice will make them tremble in the depths of the abyss, and all the invisible peoples who dwell in the four Elements will deem themselves happy to be the ministers of your pleasure. My son, do you feel within yourself that heroic ambition which is the infallible characteristic of the Sons of Wisdom? Do you dare to serve God alone and to master all that is not of God? Do you understand what it means to be a man? And are you not weary of being a slave when you were born to be a sovereign?" In the subsequent conversation the Comte declared, "Wisdom never dwells in a body subject to sin, even as it never enters a soul possessed by error of malice"—and finally he added, "It is necessary to renounce all sensual relationship with women."

When the Comte de Gabalis stopped to call upon the Abbé, he was on his way to Paris to visit an Order of Philosophers. It has been explained that that order exists still today and is of an eternal nature, being founded on the unity of all wise people wherever in the world they may be; such wise people, who have reached the height of evolution on this planet. These wise people are not intellectual, but spiritual; they are not of any individual class, they are universal; as a rule they do not work for specific ends, but for the unfoldment of the race. They do not work for any

compensation, be it satisfaction of pride, lust for power or any kind of worldliness. They work for interior reasons and for the love of the Solar God and mankind. No matter if they be poor, solitary and unknown, they are the true Initiates.

As little as that Order or Philosophers is a man-made brotherhood, so little is that initiation devised by man. The members are self-initiated; that is to say, they are souls evolved because they have subjected the earthly self to the eternal self, being quickened by the divine spark. No one is initiated or able to pass through Initiation except under the direction of the Solar Force, the Paraclete or Logos, who is the plastic, the building power. As little as a soul buys its birth in the flesh, so little can it buy its spiritual birth. It can will to be born and it can will to pass through the fire to be born, but it is divine illumination which creates "the Son of God."

The longest discourses between the Abbé and the Comte relate to Sylphs, Salamanders and Gnomes, and in general to all those elemental beings commonly called fairies. Their nature is explained according to the Comte's Cabbala, and so is their way of living among themselves, with nature and with men. The Comte insists especially upon one teaching; namely, that children ought not to be brought into the world in the common way. Marriages should be between the fairies spoken of and mankind. Souls should come into the world as airy beings and not as flesh beings. Marriages should be celestial and not terrestrial. According to the Abbé the Comte spends much energy on disproving the supposed dangerous and demoniacal influences such marriages might lead to.

But though I should write pages and pages on the "Comte de Gabalis" the man, and the book of the same title, by Abbé de Villars, I should not be able to explain the mystery of the man and the book. It is as was written on the title page of the first edition, published in Paris in 1670, and hidden in this mystic phrase taken from Tertullian: "When a thing is hidden away with so much pains, merely to reveal it is to destroy it."

I advise the reader to become acquainted with the Comte de Gabalis, the man and the book. They are powers for good and for wisdom. They leave a subtle influence upon the mind and prepare it for a flight upwards. They fire the soul with a Living Flame. They point out to man the possibility of his own divine evolution and how he attains it. And that is, after all, the Quest of the Soul.

THOUGHT-VISITORS.

By S. N. Olaf.

A GOOD thought is a welcome visitor. When one comes we are elevated; if it does not stay long, it is our fault. By mental discipline we can prepare ourselves for intimate acquaintance with thought of high degree. But we should not be only able to receive, we should produce and give! A sage has said: "We do not really possess a thing till we have given it away." When we give away a thought, it puts us into touch with all who receive it!

When we are aware of the power of thought to influence for good or bad, we feel our responsibility. This will not prevent us from thinking; it should cause us to examine our motive in giving thoughts, and make us more circumspect in selecting or entertaining thought-visitors.



THE RITUAL OF HIGH MAGIC.

By Eliphas Levi.

Translated from the French by Major-General Abner Doubleday. Annotated by Alexander Wilder, M.D.

Introduction.

K NOW ye the ancient Sovereign of the world, she who is always marching on, and never weary? All unregulated passions, all selfish delights, all unbridled forces of humanity, and all its despotic frailties, precede the greedy proprietress of our vale of tears. Scythe in hand, these untiring workmen are mowing down a perpetual harvest.

The Queen is as old as Time, but she hides her skeleton under the ruins of the beauty of women whom she drags away from their youth and their loves. Her head is bedecked with frosty hair which is not her own. The despoiler of crowned heads, she has adorned herself with the spoils of queens. From the hair of Berenikê all brilliant with stars, to the prematurely white hair which the executioner cut from the head of Marie Antoinette. Her body, pale and icy, is covered with faded attire and ragged shrouds. Her bony hands, loaded with rings, hold diadems and fetters, scepters and bones, precious stones and ashes.

When she passes, the doors fly open of themselves, she enters through walls, she penetrates even to the alcoves of kings. She comes to surprise the robbers of the poor in their most secret orgies, seats herself at their board, pours out their drink, sneers at their songs with teeth devoid of gums, and takes the place of the impure courtesan who is hidden behind their curtains. She loves to prow! around sleeping voluptuaries. She seeks their caresses as though she hoped to warm herself in their embraces, but she chills all whom she touches and never becomes warm herself. At times,

however, one would say that she was taken with vertigo. She no longer walks slowly, she runs; and if her feet are not swift enough she presses the flanks of a pale horse, and forces her way all breathless through the crowds. Murder gallops with her upon a bay horse; conflagration displaying its smoking hair flies before her, floating on its red and black wings; and famine with pestilence follows, keeping pace with her upon sick and fleshless steeds, gathering up the few cars which she has forgotten in order to complete her harvest for her.

After this funeral cortege come two little children radiant with smiles and life, the intelligence and love of the coming age, the double genius of the humanity that is about to be born.

Before them the shades of death recoil like night before the stars of the dawn. They skim over the earth light-footed, and sow upon it from full hands the hope of another year. But death no longer will come, un pitying and terrible, to mow down like dry grass the ripe ears of the coming age. It will give place to the angel of progress, who will gently detach souls from their mortal chain to enable them to ascend to God. When men shall know how to live, they will no longer die. They will be transformed, like the chrysalis which becomes a brilliant butterfly. The terrors of death are the offspring of our ignorance, and death itself is only frightful because of the ruins with which it is covered and the somber colors which surround its images. Death is really the work of life.

There is in nature a force which dies not, and this force continually transforms living beings in order to preserve them. This force is the Reason or Idea (verbe) of Nature. There exists also in man a force analogous to that of nature and this force is the Reason or Thought (verbe) of Man.

The thought (verbe) of man is the expression of his will directed by reason. This thought (verbe) is all-powerful when it is rational, for then it corresponds to the thought

(verbe) of God himself. Through the thought (verbe) of his reason, man becomes the conqueror of life and is able to triumph over death.

Man's entire life is only the birth, or abortion of his ideal (verbe). Human beings who die without having comprehended, and without having formulated the word of reason, die without eternal hope. In order to struggle successfully against the phantom of death, it is necessary to be identified with the realities of life. What imports it to God if an abortive child dies, since life is eternal? What imports it to nature if an unreason perishes, since ever-living Reason preserves the keys of Life?

The force just and terrible, which eternally slays abortive children, was named by the Hebrews, Samäel; by the Orientals, Satan; and by the Latin people, Lucifer. The Lucifer of the Kabala is not an angel cursed and blighted by lightning. He is the angel who shines and regenerates while burning. He is to the angels of peace what the comet is to the peaceful stars of the vernal constellations. The fixed star is beautiful, radiant, and calm. She drinks celestial aromas, and regards her sisters with love. Clad in her splendid robe, her brow adorned with diamonds, she smiles while singing her morning and evening chant. She enjoys an eternal repose which nothing can disturb, and without leaving the rank assigned to her she marches solemnly among the sentinels of light.

In the meantime, the wandering comet all bloody and dishevelled, hastens up from the depths of heaven. She hurls herself through the peaceful spheres, like a war-horse among the ranks of a procession of Vestals. She dares to brave the burning sword of the guardians of the sun, and as a distracted wife that seeks her mate raves during her widowed nights, she penetrates even within the tabernacle of the king of light. Then she escapes exhaling the fires that devour her, trailing and dragging after her a wide-spread conflagration. The stars grow pale at her approach; the

constellated herds that feed upon the flowers of light in the vast fields of the sky are ready to fly from her terrible breath. The grand council of the stars assembles, and the consternation is universal. Finally, the most beautiful of the fixed stars is charged to speak in the name of all heaven, and to propose peace to the wandering courier.

"My sister," she says, "why dost thou disturb the harmony of our spheres? What harm have we done thee, and why, instead of wandering at random, dost thou not, as we do, fix thyself in thy rank in the court of the Sun? Why dost thou not join us in singing the evening hymn, adorned like us, with a white robe fastened to the breast by a diamond clasp? Why dost thou leave thy hair to float through the vapors of the night, streaming with a fiery sweat? Oh, if thou couldst take thy place among the daughters of heaven, how much more beautiful thou wouldst appear! Thy countenance would no longer be heated by the fatigue of thy unheard-of career. Thy eyes would be pure and thy smiling face white and rosy, like those of thy happy sisters. All the stars would know thee, and far from dreading thy passage they would rejoice at thy approach, for thou wouldst be united to us by the indestructible ties of universal harmony, and thy peaceful existence would only be another voice in the song of infinite love."

The comet replied to the fixed star:

"Do not believe, O my sister, that I can wander at random, and am disturbing the harmony of the spheres. God has traced out my path for me, as well as thine for thee, and if my course appears to thee uncertain and vagrant, it is because thy rays do not extend far enough to embrace the windings of the ellipses which he has given me for my course. My glowing hair is the torch of God. I am the messenger of the Suns, and I strengthen myself in their fires in order to share them with the young worlds along my path which are not yet warm enough, and with the stars growing old that are cold in their solitude. Though I may be fatigued

in my long journeys—though my beauty be less a high-born daughter of the sky, like thyself. Leave to me the secret of my awful destiny; leave to me the terror that surrounds me; denounce me if you cannot comprehend me. I shall none the less accomplish the task which is set for me, and shall continue my course, impelled by the breath of God. Happy the stars that repose and shine like young queens in the peaceful society of the universe. I—I am the banished one, always moving restlessly onward, and whose fatherland is the Infinite Space. I am accused of setting on fire the planets which I warm, and of frightening the stars that I shine upon. I am reproached for disturbing the harmony of the universe, because I do not turn around their particular centers, and because I fasten them to each other, while my attention is fixed upon the One center of all suns. Reassure thyself then, beautiful fixed star. I do not wish to impoverish thee of thy peaceful light. On the contrary, I will yield up my own life and heat for thee. I can disappear from the sky when I shall be consumed; my lot will have been exalted enough. Know that in the temple of God, different fires are burning which will render glory to him. You are the light of the golden chandeliers, and I the flame of the sacrifice. Let us accomplish our destinies."

Having finished these words, the comet shook its hair, covered itself with its burning shield, and plunged into the infinite spaces, where it seemed to disappear forever.

Thus, in the allegoric narratives of the Bible, Satan appears and disappears.

To be continued.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE PATH.

By O. N. Schou.

FOR all who desire conscious immortality, it is necessary to enter "The Path." Conscious immortality is the great purpose of life. To accomplish it, we go through all experiences. Each experience has a definite lesson, whether we are or are not aware of it.

Men and women live for what of temporal things this world can give them, suffering and enjoying what they get, and paying little or no attention to eternal values. They do not seem to know there is a course of self discipline leading to a higher and a better life.

Students of theosophy know of this path, and those try who will to qualify themselves that they may in time commence their upward climb.

Such decision is not made by one whose main delight is in that which appeals to the senses, or whose chief ambition is to fill some high position in the world. These objects must be given up for more worthy aims. The decision is not made on the spur of the moment, but only after having carefully weighed one's motive and found it to be right.

Life urges us toward The Path, but we are slow in understanding it. We are apt to look upon ourselves and our positions in life as unsuited or unfavorable. No position is unfavorable; it is an opportunity for preparation.

After long experience we learn to look for the real behind appearance; then our conscious effort begins—and we find within us a strong and unruly desire. The dominion of desire over the mind must be reduced, controlled, and the mind trained.

No one need wait for an opportunity to prepare for The Path, nor seek foes to conquer. Opportunity is now; the foes are uncontrolled desire and untrained mind. Forgetting trivialities, doing our duty in daily life, with firm resolve and steady aim, we shall prepare ourselves for and enter the path that leads to light and power, which, when attained, will be used for the good of all.

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GHOSTS

Desire Ghosts of Dead Men

WHILE the mind remains with desire after death it correlates, links and holds the many desires together in one mass. The mind is held by desire after death only so long as the mind is unable to distinguish itself from desire. When it refuses to identify itself with and distinguishes itself from desire, the mind leaves desire. If the physical body is merely supposed to be, but is not really dead the dominating desire may hold the desire mass together by acting through the physical ghost on its physical body. When the physical body is dead and the mind has left desire, the desire mass has neither co-ordinating form nor intelligence to direct it. So it must divide, and the forms of the many desires which were experienced during physical life detach themselves.

Desire demands sensation, but can of itself not supply it. The writhing desire mass hungers for sensation, but being bereft of the physical body and deserted by the mind, its sensibility feels only its own hunger. Turning in its many hungers on itself for satisfaction and finding none, the de-

sire mass breaks up. From the mass of desire there develops what in Sanskrit is known as the kama rupa, the desire form. This is not the only, but the chief desire of the life just lived. There is not one desire form only, but many desire forms. They develop from the desire mass, and the desires pass into forms exhibiting or indicating their own natures.

There are three chief roots of desire in the living, which give rise to the many desire ghosts of dead men. The three are, sexuality, greediness, and cruelty; the foremost is sexuality. Desire ghosts of dead men are principally specializations after death of what in the living man were sexuality, greediness, and cruelty. The three are together in a desire ghost, but two may dominate the other so that it may not be as apparent as the two. The strongest of the three is the most apparent.

Greed and cruelty will dominate sexuality in a wolf desire ghost, but greed will be more pronounced than cruelty. Sexuality and cruelty will be more apparent than greed in a bull desire ghost, but a bull desire ghost will evidence sexuality more than cruelty. Sexuality may be subordinate to greed and cruelty, or greed subject to sexuality and cruelty in the cat desire ghost, but cruelty will be the most manifest. The form in which the three are most apparent is the hog desire ghost.

In these animal forms the predominating traits are apparent. In some animal shapes the strongest trait is least apparent; such an animal shape is the octopus desire ghost. Greediness and cruelty are most evident, and yet sexuality dominates all other tendencies in the octopus desire ghost. A snake may not seem to exhibit any one of the three chief desire tendencies, yet the snake desire ghost is a specialization of sexuality.

When the desire mass has reached the stage of breaking up, one or several desire ghosts are developed out of the mass of desire. The remainder of the mass does not develop into desire ghosts, but breaks up into numerous parts, each of which passes into and animates and energizes various physical animal forms. How the desire mass enters into physical animals is a subject for a special article and will not be treated under desire ghosts.

Not each of the many desires which have acted in the physical body of a man can after death become a desire ghost. Desire ghosts of dead men develop from those roots of desire which have been named, sexuality, greed, cruelty. That portion of desire which becomes a desire ghost assumes the form of the animal which most truly expresses its nature. These forms are usually of predatory animals. Desire ghosts of themselves cannot take the forms of animals which are timorous or harmless. A desire ghost may with the aid of the mind assume the shape of a harmless or a timid animal, but that is not strictly a desire ghost.

Of course, desire ghosts of dead men are in no sense physical. They cannot be seen by physical sight, though they may be seen in a dream. If desire ghosts could choose, they would not appear in the forms in which they do. They would if they could, take forms which would cause no fear nor distrust. But the law compels the ghost to take up the form indicating its nature.

When a desire ghost is seen it will not usually have the well-defined outlines of a physical animal. The stronger the desire the more definite will be the shape of the desire ghost. But however strong the desire, the shape of the desire ghost of a dead man will be irregular and variable. From the squirming desire mass will roll out a shape having perhaps human semblance, but changing into shape of wolf, red of eye with panting tongue and hungry teeth. The wolf desire before death will become the wolf desire ghost after death. The wolf desire ghost of the dead will be large or small, strong or weak, bold or slinking. In like manner will the other desire ghosts develop out of the desire mass, if there are others, and the remainder of the mass will disappear.

To continue their existence desire ghosts of dead men must feed upon or through desires of the living. If the living did not feed the desire ghosts of the dead, these desire ghosts could not live long. But they do live long.

To the matter-of-fact man of the world, with his so-called common sense and matter-of-fact conceptions, who is confident that things are as he sees and understands them to be, it might seem unreasonable that there should be such

creatures as desire ghosts of dead men, and that they should feed on living men. But desire ghosts of the dead do exist, and they do feed on and are fed by living men. Refusal to believe or understand facts which one is unaware of, does not dispose of the facts. If some of these very persons understood the facts concerning desire ghosts of dead men and their means of life after death, they would stop feeding these ghosts and would refuse to entertain them. But some persons are likely to entertain and to feed the creatures even though aware of their existence.

A glutton who makes appetite his god, does not know that he is obsessed by and is feeding a hog desire ghost, and he may not care. The greedy man who hunts and preys upon the wants and weaknesses of men and who traffics in their bodies and brains and homes to appease his insatiate greed, is allowing a wolf desire ghost of the dead to hunger in and feed through him. The tiger or cat purrs softly around or in the one who delights in cruelty, always ready to bite through spiteful words and strike some cruel blow. The man of gross sensuality who gives free rein to his desire allows such beasts of sensuality as the boar or bull or ram desire ghost of some dead man to perpetuate its existence through him; and a woman of like nature lets a sow or an octopus desire ghost of the dead live through her body. But there are epicures of sensuality who breed and who feed their desires and desire ghosts.

To be continued.



THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS.

BY EDUARD HERRMANN.

AS seen in our studies of the life of Pythagoras, the great teacher, in his ninetieth year, was killed by the Crotonians, and with him thirty-eight of his principal pupils. Only two of his pupils escaped; Lysis, one of the two, became celebrated because he was the teacher of Epaminondas and the promulgator and preserver of the teachings of Pythagoras.

Fleeing from Crotona he reached Greece, where he at once began to re-establish the Pythagorean sect. For this purpose he wrote down the rules of conduct, the moral tenets, and the philosophical views, which the master had given to his disciples. It was customary with the ancients to compare the pure, beautiful and noble to the purest metal, gold. So they called what Lysis wrote of the teachings of Pythagoras "The Golden Verses of Pythagoras." Under this name they have come down to us as being the only authentic bequest of one of the greatest men of history. Hierocles, in an interesting commentary on the Verses, says it was a law in the order of the Pythagoreans that every day each member had to recite them twice, on arising in the morning and before retiring for rest. Among several of the philosophers this custom still prevailed in the time of Cicero.

There are many explanations and commentaries of the Verses extant. Those best known are by Hierocles, Neander and Dancier. I propose to follow the translation and, in part, the critical examination of the French scholar, Fabre d'Olivet. He deserves to be more widely read, because he is not only a learned, but also a spiritually minded man.

The first two verses are called "Preparation." They begin with a prayer addressed to the gods and to the good spir-

its called half-gods. They prepare the mind for that tranquil state necessary for successful implanting of the teachings relating to the higher life.

Verse 1. Honor the immortal gods, as it is ordained by law;
Then guard your own belief.

This is a remarkable teaching, as it advocates tolerance towards the established religions, and also tells of that other belief, kept secret by the Pythagoreans. It is true, the Pythagoreans did not have the same difficulty in giving homage to the gods of other nations as Christians, because to them the foreign gods were the same as their own, even if called by other names. The gods were simply personifications of the attributes and faculties of the Supreme Being which could not be understood by any human intelligence, as we see in the religion of the Brahmans, the Persians and the Egyptians, who state that the Ineffable One is inaccessible to all researches of man. Moses was the first to speak openly about the unity of God, and to condemn the adoration of other gods; but he designated the Supreme Being as a jealous God who severely punishes the adoration of any other deity. This conception still more or less dominates the Jewish, Mohamedan, and Christian religions. It is the principal cause of all the religious persecutions of the past. The sages understand that there was always an esoteric and an exoteric teaching; the esoteric leading to the inner contemplation of the divinity, the exoteric to an understanding of the manifestations, attributes and faculties of that divinity. The sages know that the different names can not change the unchangeable One, nor his infinite manifestations. He is always the One who includes everything; and consequently every place, every temple, every altar is fit for his adoration. The adoration is esoteric, the place and manner of adoration is exoteric.

Verse 2. Revere the memory of the beneficent heroes, the half-gods.

Pythagoras considered the universe as a Whole, which he called the "Cosmos," animated by innumerable intelli-

gences living in a sphere proper to their state of perfection. This Cosmos, the universe, was represented by the number 12, resulting from the union of 1 and 2, spirit and matter. The number 12 is also formed by a multiplication of 3 by 4, which means the universe is composed of three particular worlds, which, by means of four elementary modifications, develop 12 concentric spheres, represented by the zodiac. God, the spiritual soul of the universe, the principle of all existence, permeates those spheres with light, which is life, producing thereby all the beings which are in the universe. The perfection of those beings decreases in proportion to their remoteness from the creative principle, so that we get a spiritual hierarchy, an incalculable chain of beings, intermediaries between God and man. The philosophers and priests of ancient times gave different names to them; Pythagoras called them Gods, heroes and demons, terrestrial existences. Like the Persians, Chaldeans and Egyptians, he taught that man can come into contact with the gods and demigods by means of prayer, meditation, sacred and magic rites. This is the reason why he admonishes his pupils to revere the memory of the beneficent heroes who, like ourselves, have once been men; to revere a hero is an expression of the desire to imitate him, to become one, too, and that ought to be the aim of our life. Pythagoras taught that man perfects himself in three ways: in speaking with the gods; in imitating them by doing that which is right and good; by leaving this life and joining them. The first of these three ways is pointed out in the first three of The Golden Verses.

The second way is called:

PURIFICATION.

and begins with the fourth verse,

Verse 4. Be a good son, a just brother, a tender husband, a good father.

The whole teaching of the master tends to enlighten men to purify them, to deliver them from sin and error, to lead them back to virtue and to truth, and finally to make them resemble the immortal gods. For this purpose his

teaching is divided into two principal parts; purification and perfection.

The purification begins with the natural duties, the respect which children owe to their parents, the love for all the members of the family; he well understands and respects the law of nature which is impressed in the soul of man, and the transgression of which brings misery, vice and crime to humanity. He knows that the real cause of the love for the fatherland is the mother love, and that the strongest fundament of the social order is the father power and the filial respect. The great law giver of the Jewish people knew it well; history has ever proven this teaching true. The family, the community, the nation which does not observe filial duty is doomed to destruction.

Verse 5. Choose for your friend, the friend of virtue.

Follow his good advice, learn from him

And never forsake him for a little wrong.

After the duties which are imposed by nature itself, Pythagoras mentions those which arise from the social order—the love for the friend comes after the love for the family. Here he makes a difference; he says: choose your friend; and commands to honor the parents. The first depends on our will; the second on necessity, or as it may be said, on providence. Pythagoras, therefore, recognized two motive forces in the life of man—necessity and free will. Filial duty belongs to the necessity, because man is not free to select his parents. He has to respect them as they are and to fulfill his duties towards them, imposed on him by nature; but in regard to friendship, he is free and need not give it to the man who is not the friend of virtue. How much Pythagoras thought of friendship is expressed in his saying: "My friend is my other self" and "The real friend is a soul which lives in two bodies." But he was not so narrow-minded as to exclude all other men from this individual friendship. On the contrary, friendship should be extended to all good men. Such he called philanthropy. Jesus named it brotherhood and Laotze universal charity, which unites

men to men without distinction. The master commands not to forsake the friend for a little wrong which he might commit against himself or yourself or anybody else. We ought to bear with our friend as much as possible for the sake of friendship, always gently trying to make him understand his wrong attitude in order to find again the path that leads to virtue and to happiness. Only if this is impossible, if he persists in traveling the broad way that leads to vice and crime, then it is our duty to leave him, but without hate or malice; he that is wise hates no man, but loves only the virtuous.

Verse 6. Do not leave him—if thou canst avoid it;
For a strict law subordinates thy will to necessity.

Here again we find the proof that Pythagoras recognized two motive powers for human actions; the personal will, and the necessity, or the divine will. That the first is subordinate to the second is clearly expressed in this verse, but that does not militate against the doctrine of free will. Man can act contrary to the divine will if he so chooses, which is the origin of evil; but the consequence of his so acting must of necessity follow and thereby teach him that evil can be avoided only if man, by his own free will, acts in conformity with the divine law.

Verse 7. It is given thee to fight and to conquer thy foolish passions; learn to master them!"

The only man who is really free is he who governs himself and his passions. Nothing is more difficult to bear and to break than the fetters with which our passions bind. It should not be understood that the passions themselves are bad. On the contrary, Pythagoras and Plato regarded them as useful to man, as being neither good nor bad, but becoming good or bad, through the manifestation of man's will. This is a great teaching and is directed against that of fatalism and materialism, because in the religious sense of pre-

destination, fate becomes impossible if man, by his own will, determines his own fate; and the teaching that a blind force, inherent in matter, builds up the whole cosmos—cannot logically admit the free will of man.

Verse 8. Be sober, active and chaste, avoid anger.

In public or alone, never commit shameful actions.
And above all things: respect thyself.

It is necessary to get the body under control, to master our wild and brutish desires; Hierocles says: "Excess in eating provokes much sleep, and both together occasion a vigorous health, which excites to lust, provokes the concupiscible part of our soul, and eggs it on to intemperance." Therefore, be sober, active and chaste, in order to preserve the health of your body and the equilibrium of your soul. Avoid anger, because it always darkens the reasoning power and makes you commit unjust actions. It was a rule among the Pythagoreans never to speak or act in anger, but to seek solitude and to meditate, or to pacify the soul by music. Anger was to them as baneful as intemperance, and they regarded both as causes of disease and other calamities of the body. But not only in public should we behave as rational beings; many behave, in order to be praised and admired. We should always avoid shameful actions, whether we are alone or in the company of others. Anything that makes us lose our self-respect is unworthy of a rational being.

Verse 9. Do not speak, do not act without consideration;
Be just!

If this advice were always followed much suffering and unhappiness could be avoided! We often wound the feelings of others, sometimes unintentionally, simply because we talk without considering the consequences. It is unfortunate that good talkers are generally admired, because there are so many bad talkers who imitate them. In

Pythagoras' time, it was just the reverse; silent men were admired, because they were supposed to be thinkers, prudent and just; Plato says justice is the greatest good—it results from the exercise of prudence and reflection.

The master connects in the following verses, the idea of justice with that of death, in order to remind the pupil that he never can know whether there will be time left for him to make good the wrong which his injustice has done.

Verses 10 and 11. Remember that an invincible power
 Commands thee to die; that the riches,
 the honors,
 Easily acquired, are easy to lose.

The fatal necessity to which we are subject on account of our physical, mortal nature, may strike us at the very moment we indulge in our passions, and deprive us of that to which our heart so tenaciously clings. What will then remain of all the material things, but the bitter regret and pain for having lost them? And the suffering caused by this feeling may last for a long time after death, when the soul is in Hades, or Purgatory, or Kama Loka, the meaning of which is the same in the different religions, and which proves the common origin of the idea of retribution after death. There are certain truths implanted in the human soul which are universally accepted as absolutely unassailable, although we very often act contrary to them. Thus temperance, prudence, courage, justice, have always been considered as virtues, and avarice, folly, cowardice, injustice as vices. Even the men who are addicted to the vices hate them in others, and their hypocrisy proves that they at least want to seem to be virtuous. There cannot be any doubt that morality is an innate idea of man.

Thus we find the beautiful Christian teaching of forgiving offences (Math., Chap. 18) also in the Zend-Avesta (Vendidad Sada, p. 89); and the Mohamedan precept of being charitable is contained in the same book. Kongtze teaches it in words similar to those of Jesus. In fact, the sacred books of the most ancient people furnish the source

of the most sublime maxims of Fo-Hi, Krishna, Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Socrates, Buddha and Jesus. This teaches us two things: that the idea of morality is eternal, and that we should be tolerant to all religions because they strive to give expression to this idea.

Verse 12. Concerning the calamities which destiny may bring you,

Judge them as they are; support them; seek to remedy them as much as you can.

The Gods do not deliver sages to the most cruel fate.

Destiny plays an important part in the master's teaching, but it is not the only motive power in human actions, since he postulates that man has a mighty ally in his free will, which enables him not only to find the remedy for all the calamities ordained by destiny but even to influence destiny.

How is this possible? Pythagoras teaches that man stands in the present, between the past and the future. In this present, he is chained to the past, but free in regard to the future; which means, just as he by the power of his will may now decide what he will do in the future, so he did also decide what he has done in the past. But after he has decided and acted he is not free; he has set into motion forces which must run their course. This is the eternal law of cause and effect, the law of Karma, Theosophy calls it. His destiny should develop man's reasoning powers so that he will be always able to foresee the effects which certain causes will bring about. When he does that he is justly called a sage. Now, a sage knows that the calamities which befall a man during his life are the effects of evil causes which he has set up in a former life; knowing this, he willingly supports them. He does not complain about "bad luck," the evil intentions of enemies, the injustice of fate, nor about providence or God; he bears them and seeks the remedy by living a virtuous life; he will not perform nor

think the thoughts which would later bring forth such evil consequences or calamities as those from which he suffers.

"The gods do not deliver sages to the most cruel fate." Why? Because it takes many lives to become a sage. That means, a wise and noble man cannot have been very bad in his former incarnation; he must have sought truth, wisdom, love for humanity, many lives before he became a sage. He may have made mistakes, and done wrong to others, but not intentionally nor with envy or hate—which alone could deliver him to an unhappy fate. Therefore, the sage may be happy, even in misfortune, because he knows that evil consequences are the fruit of evil actions, and that it depends on him to avoid both.

Verse 13. Truth and error both have their followers;

The philosopher approves or blames with prudence

And if error triumphs, he withdraws and waits.

Pythagoras was the first to employ the term "philosopher," and what he understands by this word is clearly expressed in this verse. The philosopher, knowing that it is not possible to enlighten all men, has first of all to be tolerant to the opinions of others. He must avoid all excess, and irritation; he must not propagate his doctrine by violent means, nor use the sword in the cause of truth; he should not confide his knowledge to an impure soul; and as Jesus said, he should not "throw pearls before swine," because not all men are prepared to receive the higher knowledge. How difficult it is to use moderation in all things, especially in religious questions, is seen by the example of some of our great teachers who in moments of great excitement could not resist the temptation to give vent to passionate condemnation of unbelievers. Zoroaster, Moses, Mahomet and even our gentle master, Jesus, are examples. It is told that on a certain occasion in his enthusiasm, Pythagoras so vehemently upbraided a young man in public for his dissolute life, that the poor fellow killed himself. After the unhappy event Pythagoras became the most

tolerant of religious teachers, advising his pupils to use moderation at all times, not to fight against the impossible, but to withdraw into the solitude and patiently wait for favorable times to triumph over error and vice.

Verse 14. Hear and remember well what I have to tell thee;
Close thy eye and thy ear to seduction;
Fear the example of others and think for thyself.

Having admonished his pupils to use moderation and prudence in judging things and acts Pythagoras now warns them to be on their guard against the prejudice and bad example of others, this being the greatest obstacle to the acquirement of knowledge and the recognition of truth. Against this danger he only is fortified who is able to think for himself; whose sound reasoning foresees the effects of certain causes, and whose will power is stronger than his passions. Hierocles, in his commentary on the Golden Verses, says in regard to this particular one:

"Let no man, either by his words or by his actions, ever seduce thee, nor incline thee to do or to say what is not profitable for thee."

Now, the question arises, what is really profitable for us? Millions of men will maintain that first of all it is that which gives us the necessities of life, everything that belongs to the body—in short, all the exterior things.. Hierocles did not think so; he asserts that the care for his soul is the most profitable for man, because the soul is the real essence of man, the only indestructible thing about him. "And, indeed, if the soul be what makes use of the body, if the body serve as instrument for the soul, and if all other things were invented in favor of this instrument and for the support of its nature, which daily decays and perishes, it is manifest that our chief and first care ought to be for that which is chief and first, and our next care for that which holds the second rank. The wise man, therefore, will never neglect his health; not that he gives the first rank to the body, or takes it for his principal part, but that he may preserve it in a condition to supply all the wants of the soul,

and to obey all its orders without hindrance." (Hierocles, Commentaries.)

This sounds different from the teaching of the Christian and Buddhist ascetics, who hold that the body is of evil, and has to be tortured in order to make the soul free and strong and pure. The great "heathen" teachers well knew that it is the soul itself which fashions the body because it needs this instrument for expression on this our physical plane, and that it would be wrong to cripple or destroy the wonderful instrument on which depend the manifestations of the soul. But they did not fall into the other extreme, of idolizing and spoiling the body. They taught that the greatest care ought to be bestowed on that which is to last forever—on the soul. Next comes the care for the body, and last for the exterior things which serve as a preservation of the body. The soul is nourished by virtue, by knowledge, and by truth, and everything that tends to deprive us of those most important things must be strictly avoided because it starves the soul and undermines the health of that which is dependent on the soul—the body. Therefore, "hear and remember well what the master tells thee!"

Verse 15. Consult, deliberate, and choose freely.

That means, you have the reason with which to find out for yourself what is to be done in regard to morality. Necessity, fate, Karma, may put you in a position where it is difficult to decide what to do. Then ask your reason, ask virtue, ask morality what the consequences will be, not for you alone, but also for others, and after having decided, you are free to act. Pythagoras never neglects an occasion to let us know that man is free in his choice of future actions; the following verses prove it.

Verse 16. Let fools act without purpose, without reason,
You must in the present contemplate the future.

It is foolish to act without a purpose, but it is often done; to act with a bad purpose is worse; but who knows and

believes that this always brings bad consequences to ourselves, even if nobody should ever know of it? Why does Pythagoras say: "You must in the present contemplate the future." Because he knew the majestic law of Karma, according to which, man is free to create new causes in the present, but he is by an inexorable fate bound to the effects which will be produced by them in the near or far future. The discovery of this law is the greatest of all discoveries the intelligence of man has ever made, because it will make him an absolutely moral and a divine being—necessity will compel him to become one. Any sane man who, by logical thinking and by patient observation of facts, has become convinced that every cause must produce an effect, will believe in that cause, even if it is invisible and not to be readily discovered. Now in human life we find many such cases, fatal blows of far reaching importance, the causes of which are forever hidden from us. We, not being able to discard them altogether, attribute them to an outside intelligence, God; or to a blind force, Chance. Both these beliefs are in opposition to true progress, because they make man irresponsible, dependent either on another power or, what is worse, subject to all possible chances. Those two beliefs are the real cause of the widespread unbelief and atheism, because our inborn sense of justice cannot be satisfied by them. This is entirely changed as soon as we accept the belief that we, ourselves, set up the causes which bring about all the effects which come to us in the future; but then, of course, we must also have been the agents who brought about the fatal blows which fall upon us in the present. The fact that we cannot often remember the deeply hidden causes, leads us with inexorable consequence to that other great teaching—Reincarnation. We have to accept both, Karma and Reincarnation, or reject them both. In the Karma, we have a teaching which not only satisfies reason and justice, but also opens a vista of unlimited progress in every direction; in rejecting them we remain helpless creatures, seeking vainly for a God who is the personification of justice, wisdom and love. How can we ever find God if those three divine attributes are not first in our own soul?

THE THINKING PROCESS.

By O. N. SCHOU.

TO think, is distinctly human. Thinking is the process by which man rises from ignorance to knowledge. We usually act according to habit, and adopt the general thought of the time without applying the test of reason to find out if we are right. It is easier to let our thoughts run in grooves. But the easiest way is not always the best way. The mind is trained and grows into its own by exercise, and by no other way. A life without such training leads to mental stagnation, and disappointment in old age. Reasoning prepares the mind for thinking, and thinking is a steady holding of the mind on that which one desires to know. When we try to think, we find how difficult it is. The untrained mind wanders off and scatters in every direction, and cannot come to a true focus, and only when our mind is focussed can it be said that we are thinking. Two principles, mind and desire, are necessary to produce thought. The mind is the intelligent light that is to be focussed, desire is the force or energy used in the process, and thought is the result. This thinking process clarifies the mind and fits us for our work in life. A student of Theosophy should engage daily in such steady thinking, that he may know his philosophy and himself.

BEAUTY AND MYSTICISM.

By C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

BY way of defining Beauty-Mysticism it is necessary to explain a few terms. Mysticism is commonly mentioned in connection with religion, and mysticism occasionally crops up in philosophy. We do not often speak about mysticism in connection with art, because art is itself a mystery.

The mystery of art is the beautiful. Any talk about the beautiful is, therefore, a talk about a mystery, mysticism. I am, therefore, justified in giving to this article the title, which I give it. I shall speak on beauty as a feature of mysticism.

Beauty is a mystery never revealed. Thus say those who have a right to talk. The talk about beauty is as endless as that about truth and goodness. Except in a subjective way none of the three can be known.

But though beauty is a mystery, we may, nevertheless, feel beauty and perceive it as the real value of life and of things, the soul of the world.

Truth and goodness have a transcendental side and aspects which correspond to our ideals of life. So has beauty. On the one hand beauty is beyond our reach, and belongs to a sphere we can only dream about. On the other hand, beauty is intertwined with all we see or hear or have any cognizance of.

When a mystic defines beauty from this point of view, he is apt to say that beauty can be seen or felt where there is a "marriage" or a "coming together" of opposites. By this he means to say that beauty is a synthesis of opposites, a union; that beauty cannot be discovered except by Love. The meaning of this is that in the synthesis we are on one side, and beauty is on the other. Even this explanation is

not sufficient. Illustrations of how we are on one side and beauty on the other, may be helpful.

The earth-soul loves us. The stars look down upon us and woo us in beauty. The green blades of grass offer us beauty for food every time we look. Even the dust lays itself in forms of beauty. The stillness of the evening offers an atmosphere of beauty which is the best setting for serene thoughts. There is everywhere a smiling harmony calling us to come up higher. A swelling bosom and a rolling sea are beautiful. The reposeful movement of the open ocean is so grand that our petty minds can hardly grasp it. When we are in beauty, we sometimes do not know it. In all this, there is a synthetic "coming together."

There is beauty in nature, in art, in life, in character. I have these forms in mind, when I use the word beauty. When the mystic marriage is felt and realized—that there is beauty everywhere, in flowers, rivers, valleys, mountains, in the delightful faces of children—and we want an intellectual expression, we may look to Emerson. He can explain in terms of mind what we have seen. He says: "The virtue which constitutes a thing beautiful is a certain cosmical quality or power to suggest relations to the whole world, and so lift the object out of a pitiful individuality."

"A certain cosmical quality" is the right expression. The individual beauty has the power to "suggest relations to the whole world," and thereby lift it out of its own individual narrowness. If the individual beauty has that quality then it has the quality which Plato and Plotinus and Emerson say dissolves particulars into universals. You have then a knowledge of what Absolute Beauty may be. The beautiful is a Path.

Instead of saying that beauty is a result of a marriage of opposites, we may also say that beauty results from conflicts overcome. Such a statement gives to beauty a moral character. It was a definition of that kind which caused Plato to identify Beauty and Goodness. In several localities in this country you can find numerous places where settlers and squatters have made clearings with imperfect means, leaving tree stumps and stones where they found

them; a log cabin will be seen with clay between the chinks, and a kind of zigzag rail fence to keep the pigs and cattle out. The whole place shows an inroad upon nature and nature's original, wild beauty.

And yet this picture shows what the people call "improvement." They call themselves cultivators, and say they have brought nature under cultivation. They are happy; and, the fact is, that out of this hideous beginning often arise great communities. The settlers fight nature; and she fights them. They come out victorious. Their victory is beauty; moral beauty, not natural beauty.

When the wilderness is conquered and formed into an order after a mental pattern, by man's will, there is beauty; beauty is then a result of conflicts overcome.

We speak of beautiful lives when we refer to great moral struggles ended victoriously.

We may cultivate beauty without being artists in any special way. In the sense in which beauty has been spoken of it is correct to speak of the Panama Canal and tall buildings as works of beauty. In them nature is conquered. They represent moral Beauty, though often not art, nor poetry.

Some may object to the statement, that beauty is found everywhere in nature; their criticisms and complaints that nature is dead and dumb and ugly, reveal that they themselves are deaf to beauty's call; that they are dumb, and unable to speak the language which souls understand. Our speech, language, sentiments, actions, are true revelations of our character and place on, or outside, the Path.

I admit that nature's silence is appalling; but I claim that nature's silence is a language most eloquent. It is beauty. Nature's solitude is at times crushing, but I have learned there is a Presence in that solitude; I know how infinite that Presence is. It is beauty.

Nature sometimes shows features which small minds can measure only with rods, inches, without ability to see such features in their correlation to other features. Let those grumblers get a yard stick with the units of planetary distances; let them look upon the map of the universe and they will discover beauty. Beauty has its mark upon all; even they are stamped with beauty.

Do not connect the beautiful only with that which is called culture, refinement or civilization. That would be a great mistake. Culture, refinement, civilization, are often destitute of the beautiful.

The resourceful and self-reliant pioneer is beautiful. The frontier man's life is full of poetry. The riverman enacts dramas of life. The lumberman's world and his actions are subjects for epics. Pass down the Shawnee River, and you hear lyric song. In the South, the beautiful manifests itself in the elemental passions of negroes as well as in the chivalric remnants from ante-bellum days. The hunter, living on fresh venison, is a grander man than the city people living on canned goods. The Indian, degenerate as he is, is still a monument of beauty and natural capabilities. The Westerner's strong virtues and strong vices are better expressions of nature's beauty and man's picturesque adaptabilities than the newspaper man's scribbling. The pioneer is making history and bringing into daylight elements of self-poise, which the newspaper man is not even able to describe. Look at a sombrero and a derby, at buckskin and broad cloth and you feel at once where your heart beats.

Beauty is seen in the eye accustomed to live near nature; it frames the shoulder and the hip. Consider the outdoor man whose occupation is a perpetual warfare with nature; judge him according to the eternal patterns which make for cosmic harmony and beauty; his wild life, excesses of drinking, fighting, recklessness are as nothing; even his sins furnish the necessary colors to the world picture. Beauty is made manifest by light and darkness, good and evil.

Beauty has the power to throw such a charm over the ugly, the horrible, that we may be attracted. Rembrandt painted an ugly beggar for the purpose of showing beauty to his fellows. That beggar was to Rembrandt an expression of the force of the supreme universal life, wherein all things come together and make harmony, beauty.

Instead of long verbal definitions to show the relationship of nature-mysticism and beauty-mysticism, I will quote

a few lines from Walt Whitman which will present the subject clearly. This is the key.

When I heard the learn'd astronomer—

When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me—

When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, to divide, and measure them,

When I, sitting, heard the astronomer where he lectured with much applause in the lecture room,

—I became tired and sick,

—rising and gliding out, I wandered off by myself,

Into the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,

Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

Whitman tells about nature-mysticism and beauty-mysticism. The poetic mind with its longings for beauty, grows tired of talk. It wanders off by itself into the night-air, and prefers the company of the far-off stars "in perfect silence." It wearies of science talk. It would rather, like a tree, spread out its arms, and embrace all of the environment.

Compare science with beauty, and the comparison will be in favor of beauty. The motive power of science is progress; but Beauty does not spell progress; beauty is and always remains the same. Science moves in a series and by proof; it may never reach a finality. Beauty is its own evidence, and never erases itself; it is neither a more or a less. Man has seen more or less of it, but beauty has always been the same. Chemistry was once alchemy, and astronomy was astrology, but the Parthenon's grandeur always meant harmony, and cathedrals always represented mystery. The difference between beauty and science is easily seen.

Truth and beauty have differences. Truth is characterized by the invariable, the uniform. Without that mark we do not recognize it. But to human sense beauty is variable. Beauty exists in constant flux; is movable. A monotonous and unvarying action soon fails to affect. We are not conscious of the whirl of the earth through space, nor the weight of the air upon our bodies. But variability must not be understood to be disharmony, or the irresolute. Variability as a character of beauty means rhythm. Without the rhythmic movement of the pulse there could be no architectural beauty of the body. The blood would stand still, like liquid in a bottle, and the nerves would show no more vi-

talities than the glass of the bottle. Rhythm is like the tints of the landscape; like the intermittent sunlights and shadows chasing each other across the valleys and hills; like moods and melodies of the night, intonations and modulations of nature's everlasting orchestra. But there is rhythm only where there is one connected whole, an organic union. No matter how variable the seashore may be, the seashore is always the seashore.

Beauty and love are closely related and I may apply to beauty the words of Lucretius, where in the opening verses of his immortal work on "The Nature of Things," he addresses the Love Goddess: "Sole mistress of the nature of things, without whom nothing rises up into the divine borders of light, nothing grows to be glad or lovely!"

In the office of plasticity, formative energy, building power, these words are applicable to beauty. Beauty is the mold and the molding hand which love obeys. Say wisdom for beauty, if you like; it does not change the fact. Wisdom speaks in the language of beauty. It is the law of the universe. It is a cosmic necessity. When Emerson said "the line of beauty is the result of perfect economy", he might just as well have said "the line of beauty is the result of wisdom," because the line of beauty is the line of stability and power. That line is found where there is greatness and the Infinite.

The Romanticists said that nature was God's love-song or love-dream. The same may be said of beauty. The Romanticists were genuine beauty-mystics. They loved beauty with a sincerity and fervor seldom found elsewhere. Love brings beauty and beauty exalts love. When we are in love we easily discover beauty, and the discovery reflects beauty upon us.

Among a certain class of teachers, fanatics, and pretenders to spirituality, there is misunderstanding of art and beauty. In their endeavor to raise a spiritual standard, they place themselves in opposition to art on the ground that it presents the ideal in sensuous forms. Art must do so, otherwise no art is possible. But while art must use sensuous forms, its ideal is the beautiful. Art is never

merely sensuousness. Mere sensuousness and sensuality are neither art nor beauty. There is for us no other way on which to meet the beautiful than in sensuous forms. Beauty is no abstraction. It is an incarnation of the highest. We can conceive it in the same way as the Good and the True. Surely, nobody will deny that in order to manifest themselves, the Good and the True must seek real tangible life.

Let me draw a picture, which I ask you to keep in mind while I speak in favor of the senses. My picture shows how necessary it is to cultivate the senses. Imagine a tree with its branches and leaves, stretching out its arms in all directions. The greater the number of its leaves, the larger will be its surface, and the better will be its chance to absorb sunlight, moisture and air. The result is that it lives a larger life. If its branches are cut off it will be dwarfed and the tree's opportunities be narrowed and its lease of life be limited. Apply the illustration to the subject of the senses, and you see that in the degree you kill or subdue them, you limit yourself and your ability to receive impressions. Limiting the senses means limiting your ability to perceive beauty.

As regards the work done by our senses it is valued according to beauty standards. If our senses work without a higher purpose, they fail in their mission and become destructive; but if they work according to beauty rules, they reveal mysteries unknown to most people; they add a charm to all our doings, which give to our acts a character of immortality.

The sense of smell is often called the lowest and most sensual sense, but that is a mistake. The perfume of a flower is literally absorbed, and becomes a part of ourselves. It is a breath from another form of creation. Who but a mystic can tell the mediating power in it? Try to find the beauty in that mystic scene, of the blind Isaac blessing his son. Isaac called and said: "Come near and kiss me, my son." And he came near and kissed his father. Isaac smelled the smell of the son's raiment, blessed him and said: "See, the smell of my son is as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed."

In those words Isaac drew a picture of a cosmic order which but few people in our day are able to see. Think of the possibilities of the sense of smell. Perhaps you will understand why incense is so common in mystic rites? The sandal tree leaves the sweetest aroma upon the ax which cuts it down. The Hindus burn sandal wood before their deities; the ancient Parsees, the Greeks and Romans threw sandal wood into the sacred fires. Why? They knew the mystery of beauty revealed by the sense of smell.

A word about the other senses and their office in the world of beauty. A landscape is for the sight, because it is far off; its beauty or its face is brought to me by the sun's light. What light is I do not know, but I perceive its activity. It engraves, it paints colors on my mind; it arrests my attention as it chases mysterious cloud-forms across the valley and mountain. Those lines, colors or cloud-forms are substances like the rock on which I sit and observe, but, who will deny them a mysterious reality? Who can remain indifferent to their beauty? And do we not sometimes ask for the meaning of the mystic combinations we see before us? If we are pure in mind, the view gives joy. If we are impure it makes us sad and despondent. And this is generally true: when we are untrue, beauty chastises and cannot elevate us.

We have a marvellous sense called touch. That, too, reveals beauty. By touch the blind can tell if a human arm is thin, weak, indicative of a certain character. When, in his old age, Michael Angelo became blind, he judged of the value of sculpture and models by running his hands over their surfaces. No one will doubt that by the merest touch Michael Angelo did perceive beauty and its mysteries. Benvenuto Cellini and Michael Angelo were masters in beauty-mysticism.

As for the senses which give us music, and thereby beauty-mysticism, I have not words wherewith to express myself. I will pass the subject on to those who say they know what music is, and to those who know the language spoken by the World-Soul. That language is music.

If I may dare frame a creed, the creed of Beauty-Mys-

ticism is this: By the path of beauty the soul rises into its Kingdom, into reality.

Let those who are full of a deep and painful yearning after their ultimate desire heed this creed and follow its teaching, for, surely, beauty moves the sun and the other stars; beauty is their life; they energize in beauty. Beauty "lifts man's spiral thought to lovelier dreams." Beauty, like "Love, is the bread of angels."

Beauty stands upon the threshold of the mystic world, and the way is through it. Plato said: "If man has the eyes to see the true beauty, he becomes the Friend of God, and immortal." All nature-mystics have, with Wordsworth, realized that

"With an eye made quiet by the power
Of Harmony and the deep power of joy
We see into the life of things."

It is always true, the world of beauty is like the beryl in Rosetti's ballad, "None sees her but the pure alone." We may say that we must become like little children in order to enter the Kingdom of Beauty.

I said it is by the path of beauty that the soul rises into its kingdom, into reality. Without any exaggeration I can add, beauty "keeps the keys of all creeds," and, that we cannot fail to find truth and goodness if we pass through "the Gate called Beautiful." A beautiful saying comes from Emerson: "Beauty is the form under which intelligence prefers to study the world." It resembles Plato's "The Beautiful is thought in splendor," and the words of Matthew Arnold, "To see things in their beauty is to see things in their truth." We should do as the trees, open our arms and offer our largest surface for breathing and influx.

All of us should seek "the full stature" of a man; "the full measure of a man." To attain that plenitude of character we must develop in the trinity of life. We may name that trinity what we will. For the present I shall use the terms employed by the Greeks: the beautiful, the true and the good.

We must be beautiful; that is to say, we must develop the cosmic man into perfect form and harmonious relation-

ship to nature at large. In a way we must all be Greeks. The Greeks are the best teachers. We must also come into the truth of life, must manifest the psychic laws which lead to freedom. The Buddha was here the best teacher and is so still. Buddha attained full emancipation and freedom.

I maintain that the path of the beautiful is as effective as the path of the true or the good. Creeds, be they religious, philosophical, social, if they are formed by the intellect only, and not softened by emotional beauty-curves, are cold, bare and barren. On the other hand, if the emotions only are expressed and the truth of the Apollonic line is absent, the creed will be devoid of beauty. The safety and value of creeds framed by the intellect or the emotions lie in harmony of opposites; or in other words, in beauty.

Here is a point of view from which may be seen the truth of the axiom that beauty keeps the key to all creeds. It is this: All beauty appears so peaceful. Beauty is moderation, self-concentration, and therefor is beauty so powerful and has power to lay passion. The qualities called moderation and self-concentration are a prime necessity for walking on the Path.

Even for those who do not walk on the Path or care for it the cult of the beautiful is advisable. If people in a rage can be caused to look upon objects of art, they forget their rage, and are able to recover themselves. Such is the power of the beautiful and such is beauty-mysticism. Why should mystics and theosophs not promulgate a "Religion of Beauty?" Such a religion might add to its creed Ruskin's lessons on "all art is teaching," and also this, "all art is praise." The practical method of such a religion could also be borrowed from Ruskin. His method with pupils was to show beauty as "the signature of God upon his works." Again, why should I not call beauty a religion? If religion pre-supposes love, so does art. The spirit of art is nothing but love; simple, passionate admiration and a great reverence for the whole plan of the universe.

If you wish to pass into the immortal life by way "of the gate beautiful," study structure. Look for structure

in the rock ribbed earth, in the anatomy of the body, in the uplift of a tree, in the grass, in the butterfly's wing. The structure of the daintiest birds and brilliant flowers, and loveliest women, and staunchest oak, and the orbit of the wandering stars are fixed by geometrical law. The beauty of such structures must be studied by mathematics and geometry, or, as the ancients did it in the schools of Apollo. Classical art, architecture and sculpture, demonstrate the law. It is beauty, austere, severe and awe compelling. It is beauty which we worship and never dare to address familiarly. It was this beauty, the Apollonic beauty, to which Plato referred in the inscription over the temple of beauty, that no one could enter it except by a study of geometry. Geometry clears the brain of the cobwebs of illusion. The way to Apollonic beauty goes through the cold winters of self-abnegation. In some of the best Paris studios they said "if you want to become an artist you must hang up your passions with your hat and coat before you enter the studio." Besides structure or Apollonic art, you may also study Dionysian art. You study it on the basis of the Apollonic.

Structure is like the underlying rocks, which carry that which we popularly call earth and in which we plant our seed. This overlying earth follows laws of another order, and shapes itself after lines which have freedom in them; which seem to sport in vitality and appear to have something to say by way of interpretation of mysteries. This overlying earth corresponds to the flesh-forms resting upon the bone structures of the body. The flesh is pliable; it has the quality of drapery and ornament, and may be studied where there is life, mobility, curves and flexibility. The schools among the ancients devoted to the study of beauty under these forms were consecrated to Dionysos, the god from Nyssos, the god who was an incarnation of the Sun.

The Yoga practices in the schools of Apollo required sublimity of imagination. The exercises in the Dionysian schools were full of dramatic action and that freedom of movement which reveals relationships.

The apollonic cult of beauty took place four times a

year, following the seasons. The Dionysian deals daily, even hourly, with the beauty of ardent desires. It is enthusiastic, and exalts its object. It transfigures the common, makes every man a priest of beauty, and believes that everything is really beautiful. It creates art which perfects existence, and reveals life in its plenitude. It is affirmative, and not egotistic nor critical. A Dionysian artist is no academician full of dried-up theories and weak colors. He may use line and color, metre and rhetoric, but he always transcends his tools and finally throws them away, because they cannot help him to represent the abundance of life which calls for expression. All his labors begin and end in song and singing he would go into immortality. The world knows nothing of the end of the Dionysian artist. Like Alexander's courtier who found the spring of immortality, he does not return to the world after his bath. Like the Green Mountain Man, he becomes a fable. The work of the academician remains, because it is dead.

In order to enter the Path by way of the gate called beauty, it is not necessary to have a knowledge of beauty or to understand what beauty is. Many people enjoy beauty and are lifted by it, without knowing it the way an artist, philosopher or connoisseur knows it. The nature of beauty is such that it fits all manners of men and conditions. It does not merely have a place in "our little systems which have their day and cease to be." It is itself a place big enough to house all kinds of systems. Beauty when appreciated can harmonize soul and body, the outer and the inner. Art is such harmony, and we, individually, may be made art objects by putting ourselves trustfully under the guidance of beauty. Such an understanding or appreciation of the beautiful is necessary in order to enter the Path by way of the gate called beautiful. Such an understanding or appreciation all, even if they do not enter the Path, ought to have.

Socrates' advise on how to proceed to attain to beauty, is this. We should begin by learning "to love one form only," and that will soon lead us to perceive "that the beauty of (this) one form is truly related to the beauty of another

form;" we shall soon discover that "the beauty in every form is one and the same," and that results in our becoming "a lover of all beautiful forms." And continuing in such love we ultimately come to "Beauty only, absolute, separate, simple and everlasting."

The practical aspect of the teaching of Socrates is this; by use of the beauties of earth we may, step by step, mount upwards to absolute beauty. Plotinus teaches substantially the same. Man rises from the contemplation of beauty in lower forms, to the vision of absolute beauty. There is no wavering about Plotinus' ideas of the phenomenal. He would not tolerate the idea that matter and nature are evil and ugly. This world is full of beauty, though, as he says, "the intelligible world is infinitely more beautiful than this."

The practical aspect of the teaching of Plotinus is this, that the supreme beauty is back of the external world, often darting out from obscurity, throwing splendor and golden light upon the phenomenal like as the rays of the sun often illumine heavy clouds.

Similarly to Plotinus does Shelley express himself:

"The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats tho' unseen amongst us—visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower."

Beauty is no "shadow of some unseen Power." It is light itself and of itself. But it does float on "inconstant wing" both upon the flowers and the human heart and countenance. Who has not felt the passing flashes of light of beauty; the amazing rushes of power which overwhelm the senses at times, and attune them for the other world? Even common sights are sometimes shot through with flashes of beauty, and reveal mysteries we never dreamt of. In such moments, the otherwise trivial and insignificant enables us to behold the celestial world and gaze upon the Eternal. These sudden inrushes are possible and frequent with those who have brought the subliminal self into consciousness.

Now a word in conclusion on how to visit an art gallery for the purpose of using art and beauty as helps to find the Path.

Do not come with your own notions and conceits. Do not attempt to be an art critic; do not judge. Come to learn. Come as you come to a lecture to learn. Ask questions as you do when you want information. Put yourself away.

Ask these questions honestly, and address them to the art before you; and, if you are sincere and in no hurry, the art before you will answer. You need no other guide than your own energy and sincerity. The reason is this, that real art is an expression of energy, character and sincerity. Art meets you, and you meet as friends and on common ground. It is with beauty as it is with truth: Truth will prevail, and so will beauty. They have the power of self-demonstration, and need no go-between. But if you have a guide at your side, then speak out frankly. Put aside all false shame and sentiments. Art does not laugh at your ignorance, or shame you. You stand before something of a superior nature—why hesitate? The moment may never come again. Beauty may never be yours. Come forth then in your native energy, just as you are, and come sincerely. Both you and the guide shall soon experience that supreme happiness which comes with beauty understood.

My next advice is more specific. Try to learn what a line is, and what movement means. It is difficult, but even an endeavor meets with rewards.

In all composition there is an elastic and variable line, called by artists "the line of beauty." That line is fundamental everywhere. It resembles the letter S, or more angularly the letter Z.

This curvilinear line you may see in the human form, if you will go and look. If your eyes can behold Divinity, you shall understand the marvels which can be expressed in human flesh and the artistic value thereof. The poise of the Milesian Aphrodite explains the mysteries of the sculptor's art and is the key to beauty-mysticism.

Ruben's painting, "the descent from the cross," is one

of the world's greatest compositions on account of his display of this line, "the line of beauty." Horizontally the line may be seen in landscapes. Vertically, the upward sweep of a flame shows it. It was Michael Angelo's opinion that the greatest grace a picture can have is that it express life and motion, like a flame of fire. The reason for the marvels of "the line of beauty" lies in this that it is a compound line which contains the perfect balance. It is compounded of the straight line and the curve, of rest and movement. The discovery of that line fills the beholder with joy and transports into the Inner Life. When you look upon art, try to find that line, and you shall know both what a line is and what movement is.

One more advice. You may not in your present life want to become a theosoph or a mystic, but daily you ought to seek some form of beauty.

SELF-ASSERTION AND SELF-RELIANCE.

By Augusta Gutberlet.

SELF-ASSERTION is the dictum of the personality applied to affairs. A strong mind may be self-assertive and lead another, but to dominate that other will prevent the growth of both. Self-assertion often exceeds the bounds of politeness. Self-assertion may be a sign of weakness, shown not only in the lack of facts of statement and in consideration for others, but a method used to cover up weaknesses of character.

Self-reliance is dignified reserve, poise, strength of character confident in itself and which inspires confidence in others. Self-assertion or self-reliance may be seen in our faces, our expression there shows the trend of our thought.

Excess of personality in self-assertion is what makes it wrong. Self-assertion in its largest sense, in the light of Theosophy, is reliance on the true self, the self which incarnates life after life in physical bodies in order to realize and make known here on earth the real Self. Such self-assertion would do great good and no harm.

* THE SCARAB OF DESTINY

BY MARIS HERRINGTON BILLINGS.

CHAPTER XIV

THE PRINCESS FAILS IN WOOING

SCARCELY was the business of the Judgment Hall ended, ere Prince Ardas craved audience with Pharaoh. He had now lost all patience. Prostrating himself before Rameses, he arose and said: "Most noble Son of Ra, thou hast accepted the gifts of my kinsman, the King of Tyre. I now come for thy final decision, and the answer of the princess. I beg that the gracious princess will now name the day when I may convey her Highness to the King of Tyre; and if she still cannot make up her mind," he said diplomatically, "I crave thy gracious permission to send my caravan to the Well of Palms, there to await me until thou hast made thy final decision, oh Lord of Light."

Then Pharaoh smiled upon the irate prince. "Most noble Prince, by all means send thy caravan at thy pleasure, for I will send a noble escort befitting my daughter; but I cannot force the maiden's decision, and thou mightest have some time to wait. Thou hast found favor in my sight, Ardas," he added, leaning toward him, "I would that thou couldst make up thy mind to dwell with us in Egypt. Any inducement I can offer thee is thine for the asking. The Princess Raneë is much attached to her family, and perchance she likes not the idea of dwelling in a far country. I would give thee a fair city for thine own, if thou but chose an Egyptian for thy wife. Canst thou not do as Hadad? He is an Israelite, but he hath become one of us and is very happy with Ra-meri. He is a happy man in his choice, oh Prince."

Ardas thanked Rameses on bended knee, but said he would be far happier in his own small domain of Aradus.

Rameses then said: "The princess hath made up her mind, oh Prince; and thou wilt find her in the garden, where thou mayest learn the answer for thyself", and he bade an attendant take Ardas to the princess.

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Near the lake was a small pavilion, hung with crimson silk curtains, embroidered with lotus flowers of gold. It was circular in shape, with daintily carved pillars in ivory and gold. In the centre a fountain threw its jets of silver to the roof, falling back in silvery showers to a marble basin, with a soft, musical drip, drip. Turtle-doves fluttered about the building, or cooed their drowsy love-songs on the roof. An odor of subtle perfume, mingled with the scent of flowers, stole over Ardas as he approached Raneë, who was gracefully reclining in her ivory chair. She was arrayed in white, with a vest of gold over her bosom, and greeted him with a captivating smile. She had chosen to receive him alone in this her favorite retreat, for well she knew the conscious power which is the birthright of every lovely woman.

"Be seated", she said, with a smile that showed her pretty teeth as she watched the look of dismay he cast round the pavilion, as he noted the absence of the usual attendants. "Dost think I am dangerous?" she added, with a twinkle in her eyes.

But the prince was in no mood for bantering. He knelt ceremoniously at her feet, and said in no gentle tones, "I am come to ask of thee the fate of King Hiram. Shall I soon return to Tyre, bearing with me the prize he so desires; or must I return sad and alone?"

Her breath came fast, and her color changed perceptively. Her eyes beamed with love as she laid her hand on his arm and said softly, "Why dost thou return at all, Ardas? I cannot be the wife of your King. I love him not."

She changed color with every throb of her beating heart. "Oh, Ardas, why art thou so blind? Surely I have shown thee by every token. Canst thou not see that I love only thee? I would have thee spare me this avowal; but from the first moment I have loved thee, Ardas. Why wilt thou not plead for thyself? The Gods have made thee for me. The stars predict thee as my destined mate."

"Then the stars lie", he muttered under his breath, while an ominous frown began to gather on his brow.

"If thou wilt remain in Egypt, thou mightest be her ruler in time. Thou hast found favor in the eyes of Pharaoh, and my choice shall become law. A princess would mate with thee. I offer thee my hand, freely given in love, Ardas."

For a moment Ardas was too surprised to speak; then there came to the surface that stubborn streak which lay dormant within him.

"Oh beautiful Princess," he said, "thou art the fairest of women; but not all the crowns of Egypt or the wealth of her treasure cities could tempt me to betray the trust of my king."

"I will not accept thy king!" she said, with flashing eyes. "I will wed the man I choose!" Then she looked into his eyes with subtle power.

"Never! By all the Gods, never!" he said in a loud tone. "Never will I wed thee, long as I live."

"Dost thou then refuse the hand of Royal Egypt?" she said, with that queer orange light blazing in her eyes.

"I do, most positively," he declared rashly. "I despise thee, Princess; and my heart dost shudder when in thy presence."

"Go!" she said imperiously, pointing with trembling finger to the sunlit path; and he left her presence, his anger thoroughly aroused. He knew he had made a miserable failure by his quick temper, so he hastened to his palace and sent for Maris.

"The Nile hath overflowed. Egypt is no place for Phœnicians to linger in. Give orders to Artaxia to get the caravan in motion, for we must leave Egypt at once. The lion hath been on a rampage in the royal preserves, Maris", he said with rueful countenance.

"What, didst lose thy temper, my lord? Then may the Gods defend us."

"I know that the Princess will never forgive me for the scene to-day; so the sooner we leave the better", said the prince, shaking his head.

When Ranee found herself alone, she was white with rage. Slowly the thought forced itself upon her brain, "He hath rejected me! He hath spurned my overtures, and treated me—a daughter of the Pharaoh—with ignominy!"

The scarlet dyed her cheek. Her bosom rose and fell with passionate emotions, and the blood in her veins seethed wildly. She had tried to force herself upon him, and he would have none of her, princess though she was. She had set her heart on him, and he had repudiated her. She gnashed her teeth with rage, for he was lost to her!

"Nay, I will *not* give up. I will have him yet; if only to gloat over him", she said.

And now I saw the tiger awakening in her, as she slowly made her way to the palace, where she went straight to her apartments. She waved her attendants away, saying that she

wished not to be disturbed on any pretext; and that was the last the royal household saw of her for that day.

At an early hour that morning Naxo might have been seen wending his way through the streets of Memphis, until he came to a large house standing back from the road. It was two stories high, and the stuccoed surface was painted pale brown, with blue ornaments. Over the door was a shield engraved with hieroglyphics, forming the dreaded words, "Sunro the Magician lives here."

Naxo was ushered into the gloomy mandara of the house, and presently Sunro appeared. He was a horribly deformed dwarf, wearing a black skull cap on his large shaven head, and dressed in a red robe embroidered with cabalistic signs. His long arms reached down below his knees; his face was ugly, and more like that of a baboon than a human being; his complexion was dark, and of a bronze hue; straight black brows surmounted his deepset black eyes; and a set of protruding white teeth adorned an extraordinarily large mouth.

"Well, and what doth the pretty Naxo wish this morning?" he said, with a grin.

Naxo handed him a small roll of papyrus, saying, "From the Princess Ranee", and Sunro read it with apparent delight.

"Naxo, thou wilt tell the fair princess that I am her obedient slave; and see that thou art at the small gate in the western entrance at the tenth hour." Naxo was only too glad to find himself once more outside the walls and in the open air; though he dreaded the coming of night, when he would have to conduct that awful man through the palace.

No sooner was he out of the room than Sunro almost danced for joy. He rubbed his long hands together in glee. "Ah! by the Hathors, said I not my turn would come? The tables will turn, oh Rameses. Now I will show thee my power. Dost think thou canst threaten *me* with impalement? Let me not forget. Said he not to me, 'Get thee gone out of my presence forever, thou prating old fool. If I see thee here again, I will have thee impaled'? But, oh! Rameses, thou shalt feel my power now, —me, the great Sunro! the most dreaded man in Egypt! Let me see; a secret meeting with the princess, "and bring thy crystal with thee". She must be in love, and would inquire her fate. How I will mould her. By the Gods! I would not ask a better instrument for my revenge, oh Rameses, than thy beloved daugh-

ter Ranee", and he chuckled with delight as he thought of the way in which he would make the mighty Pharaoh quail.

That evening he put over his red gown a black burnous with a pointed hood, which completely enveloped him from head to foot, and set out for the palace carrying his magic crystal in a square box of polished ebony. He found Naxo at the small gate in the wall, and was conducted through the slaves' entrance to the rooms of Ranee, who was impatiently awaiting him, but received him very graciously.

"Good Sunro, I have sent for thee to have a few words with thee. Wouldst thou have thy position back in the household? I know that my father's anger was kindled against thee because thou didst fail to cure my brother; but I know that if the Gods have decreed that Oristan shall die young, thou canst not help him by thy magic; and I have made up my mind to ask the Pharaoh for thy reinstatement at the palace."

"Most beautiful Princess, what dost thou require of poor old Sunro?" he said, prostrating himself at her feet.

"Arise, Sunro; I command thy services for a trifle. I would have thee read my future. Gaze in that magic crystal of thine, Sunro, and see if thou dost behold me as Queen of Egypt."

"Hath his Highness failed, Princess?"

"Nay, on the contrary, Oristan seemeth to be quite well. I dreamed that I was queen, and my consort was of an alien race. 'Tis but a maiden's fancy, good Sunro, to see behind the veil that hides the future from mortal eyes."

"Aye, Princess; thou art an adept in the mysteries thyself. Few can hope to excel thee in temple lore. Fain would I have thee as my pupil in magic art. I can read that heart of thine. Thou carest not for the crowns. I know all thy secrets; therefore be more frank."

"Then conjure in thy crystal the Prince of Tyre. Tell me, is his heart free, or doth a woman fill his mind?"

"Ah, now we have it," said Sunro, depositing the box on the table, and taking therefrom his crystal globe. It was of transparent glass, traced with mystic characters. He waved his hand over the crystal and said, "Look, Princess, and tell me what thou seest therein."

"Nothing but the waving lines of gold", said she.

"Such is the blindness of those who know not the way. Well, thou dost want me to see the Prince of Tyre. What doth he look like?"

"He is tall and handsome as a stately sycamore, brave as a lion, ruddy as sunset, and bright as the morning."

"H'm! that's enough! And thou wouldst read his heart? Well, ask me thy riddles, and I will answer thee, oh Princess."

"Canst thou see him, Sunro? Then, why doth he not like women?"

"Sunro gave her a glance out of the corner of his eye. "He is a comely man and fair", he answered glibly. "His heart, fair Princess, was stolen long ago."

"Canst thou see by whom?" said Ranee.

"Behold, I see a fair woman with hair of gold, Princess, and she hath the first place in his heart. She is the sun around which his life revolves."

"They call me fair, Sunro. Perchance 'tis I after all."

"Nay; this one hath blue eyes, and is of exceeding fairness. Her skin is like lotus blooms."

"Then she is not an Egyptian", said Ranee thoughtfully. "What is this woman doing now, Sunro?"

"She is in a large room, near water; and she is playing on a harp, and singing in an unknown tongue."

"Canst thou tell if she is in Tyre? Where doth she dwell? Describe her habitation, Sunro."

"That I cannot tell thee as yet", he said with another glance at her. He then threw the cloth over the crystal, and, coming nearer to her, said: "Princess, thou must trust me fully if I am to help thee. Thou art jealous. Thou dost love this fair man. Wouldst thou have him for thyself?"

"Aye, I would, Sunro; but the Gods have given him a heart of stone."

"And with all thy charms, Princess, thou hast failed to win this stranger! 'Tis impossible!"

"Aye, but 'tis true. Only to-day, Sunro, he hath spurned me, refused to wed the daughter of Pharaoh, and now I hate him, *hate* him!" she said savagely. "But I wanted to know why he could not love me."

"And wouldst thou see him grovel at thy feet, Princess?" he said insinuatingly.

"Aye, that I would; that I may see that proud spirit brought low."

"Thou shalt conquer, oh Princess; with thy marvellous powers of fascination, thou canst bring him to thy feet. He shall lie in the dust", he said, rubbing his hands gleefully together.

"Oh, Princess, thou knowest this Tyrian Prince is as nothing in the hands of the Egyptians. Hast thou forgotten our proficiency, handed down for generations? Thou knowest that I have the power of divination and mysterious magic. I have also the spell that can compel gigantic spirits to work out my bequests. I can rear a monument, or make the desert blossom as the rose. I can make the Nile rise and fall at will. Wouldst thou command that magic?"

She flushed and panted. Her eyes were shining at the words of the magician. "Then thou canst compel him to love me against his will, Sunro?"

"Aye, but if thou wouldst have the prince for thy wedded lord, thou must work the spell thyself. In the first place, that fair maiden must be *removed*; and, as thou canst not reach her at present, it must be done by magic art—*black!*" he whispered low.

Ranee shivered at the word, but answered firmly, "I will do anything thou biddest me, Sunro. I will obey all thy instructions, and never falter in the working of the spell."

"There is one good thing in thy favor, Princess, that thou knowest not fear; for if thou dost undertake to work this spell, thou must *do it alone*, and must carry it out to the end, or the magic will recoil on thyself."

"Have no fear, Sunro; only show me the way, and I will do the rest", she said confidently.

"Then I will show thee how thou canst compel a spirit to do thy bidding. The slave shall vanish from his heart, and the prince shall cling to thee forever. He will never be able to leave thee."

"Then I am ready, Sunro; show me how to accomplish the deed."

Then Sunro tip-toed to the curtained entrance. "Thou art certain we cannot be overheard?" he whispered.

"Nay; the palace is silent long ere this", said Rane.

"Nevertheless," said Sunro, "come over to the far corner, near the window, and I will tell thee how."

"Thou knowest, oh Princess," he said in a low tone, "the story of Osorkon the Pious; how he called a council of twelve high priests, and how he caused every statue of Seth to be buried in a great pit, and the priests drew a circle and pronounced the magic words that put the genii under a spell, and lost to Egypt the sorcery that was the wonder of all nations. 'Tis an old tale

to thee, how he tried to destroy the power of Seth; but it would take more than mortal to annihilate him. The king caused him to be expelled from the Pantheon, and Osorkon erased his name from every monument in the land, and burned all the manuscripts pertaining to the magic of Typhon. Further, thou hast heard how they shut the statue of the mighty God in a rock-hewn temple, and walled up the entrance; and thou knowest the mighty monolith that stands guard in front of that entrance. On it are written the magic words of exorcism."

"Aye, and all good Egyptians do shun that one spot in the valley, Sunro."

"Thou, surely, art not so narrow in thy prejudice. Thou art too learned Princess, for that—even if thou art a woman."

"Well, Sunro," what art thou coming to? Thou dost not talk for naught."

"This: if thou wouldst possess the prince, body and soul, thou must visit the Temple of Seth, and there work the spell and compel him to do thy bidding. If the Hathors be thy friends, thou wilt win the prince."

"But it lies in the centre of the mountain, Sunro."

"Am I not a magician? Did not my ancestors stand before the Incomparable Pharaoh? Hath not their magic lore descended to me? If thou art not afraid to face the God, thou canst be mistress of Egypt."

"Afraid, Sunro? Not I! 'Tis only an image of stone! Of course, Sunro, thou canst give me magic protection. Armed with that, I can venture into Amenti itself."

"Thou art a wonderful woman, Princess. Now lay thy plans. Thou canst visit Thebes with only thy women rowers. Canst thou trust Naxo? If so, leave the barge at Telmis, saying thou art going to visit the fisheries. There I will meet thee at the Khan, and I will guide thee to the temple. I will arrange these affairs for four days hence."

"I agree to meet thee", said Raneë.

"Thou wilt send me word of thy departure. May the Gods go with thee and Besa aid thee. Sekhet will answer thy prayers. She is a better advocate than Athor, when 'tis the man thou seekest to arouse."

He took from his pouch a small gold box which contained some little tablets. One of these he handed to Raneë, while he held her hand and muttered some words to the effect that she hereby agreed to do his bidding and to keep the compact secret

until death; in token of which she swallowed the magic pellet, and he agreed to serve her faithfully to the end. This done, she called Naxo, whom she requested to show Sunro out.

Naxo's eyes rolled with terror as he preceded the hump-backed dwarf. He dreaded to be alone with this awful man, for he had heard that he could turn him into a frog or an ape in the twinkling of an eye; and it was the firm belief of many in Memphis that Sunro could turn himself into a wolf at will. It was therefore with a sigh of relief that Naxo saw him vanish into the shadows of the night.

CHAPTER XV

THE TYRIAN INVOKES THE EGYPTIAN GODS

THREE days had passed since the royal banquet, and reclining beneath the awning of the roof of the Villa Amentu were gathered a merry party. Nicia was working as usual, with her tall husband stretched at her feet; while Maris was trying to induce Una to talk of more serious things than the banquet. She had been entertaining Nicia with the description of this affair, and the wonderful dance of Ranee was the general topic of conversation of all who had witnessed that performance; but Ardas disliked the theme. He could not see it as others had.

"Enough, Una", he said; "tell us something of the Gods of Egypt. I would prefer to know about them, so I may tell my children the wonderful tales I heard in Egypt, the land of magic and of flowers. I shall always think of this time when I am far away in my beloved Phœnicia."

"Well, shall I begin with Ra, the Sun God? He is Horus in the morning, Ra in the noon, and Tum at set of sun. Thou canst see the sun shining on the great temple at On. There Egyptian maidens of high rank renounce the world until they are thirty years of age, and devote themselves to the service of the temple. They are called The Virgins of the Sun. I think very seriously of joining them myself, when I am in a mood of religious ecstasy. Ra represents the revivifying power of nature; he is generally painted red on all our monuments; his sacred animal is the sparrow hawk, and he wears the sacred uræus coiled around his head, symbolic of royal power. He is the great God, always warring with evil, and always victorious. He

protects mankind, but has nothing in common with them. The great Bennu* is part of the worship at On. Dost thou know that story, Prince?"

"My tale may be different from thine, Una. I know of a fabulous bird in Arabia, which, they say, lives for five hundred years in the great Desert, where she builds herself a nest of wood and aromatic gums. She sets fire to it by fanning her wings, and so burns herself up; but from the ashes she springs to life again in freshness and beauty."

"Nay, Prince, I prefer our legend,—that every 500 years the Bennu, which is the symbol of a star, comes from the land of palms to be consumed on the Temple of Ra, and to rise again from its own ashes. It symbolizes a cycle of five hundred years, which, like the cycle of a soul, reproduces itself. The Bennu is a bird of which there is only one specimen in the world. As it flies from the east, many birds of dazzling beauty bear it company until it reaches the City of the Sun. About the time of the vernal equinox it flies to the temple roof, and there, in the concentrated rays of the sun, reflected from the golden shield, it is consumed to ashes. No sooner is this done than an egg appears, which the sun warms into life, and out of it comes the Bennu, radiant and beautiful in gorgeous plumage, and away it flies to return at the end of another five hundred years."

"And I have heard still another version," said Maris; "that it is not a bird at all, but a star, the planet Thoth,† that beautiful star that oft we see in the west as the sun sinks to rest. I have heard that Thoth enters the sun in transit at intervals of three to thirteen years. During its passage across the sun, it is said to be consumed, at the vernal equinox. As the Bennu flies from the east, so is the course of Thoth from east to west, through the sun, accompanied in its journey by a host of brilliant stars. As it enters the sun it is lost to view, but having crossed the sun's disc, it reappears in all its glory to start again on its course through the starry heavens."

"Methinks that thou art more versed in astrological science than I thought", said Una, with a smile. "Grandsire would say that thou art right, because thou dost see it from the man's point of view; but a woman prefers the mysterious. Now I shall tell thee little of our religion, for fear that, deep in thy

*The Phoenix.

†Mercury.

heart, thou hast studied these things, and knowest all concerning Osiris."

"Aye, but Una thou canst talk to me, for of a truth I seek wisdom. Maris doth spend all his time in the Temple of Baal. Verily thou didst not know that he is the wisest man in Phœnicia", said the prince, laughing.

Una regarded the quiet, grave man with serious eyes, hardly knowing whether to believe the prince or no, for he was given to jesting. At length she said, "Osiris, or Unifer the Good, is the Beneficent One, and representeth the procreative power of Nature. The overflow of the Nile cometh from drought, the light of the sun from darkness, the mortal passeth from death to life, the principle of good cometh from evil. Truth overcometh lies, and in the spring all Nature triumpheth, rising, like the Bennu from the cold dead ashes of the winter.

"Osiris is the good principle, and is forever fighting evil, represented by his brother Seth, or Typhon, who is his opponent. They are light and darkness, good and evil, the Nile and the Desert. Osiris is moral good, Seth moral evil. They are always in conflict for the right and the wrong, and for the welfare or destruction of the human soul.

"'Tis also the story of the daily life of the sun, combatting the darkness, and rising in the morning with renewed splendor as the victorious God; and 'tis the picture of our human life, in its perpetual conflict and final death, which is restored in a new youth of brighter existence. Thus we have the rising and setting of the sun, the arriving and departing, the birth and death of our life. Osiris is the soul of Ra, the great Sun God. He is the God who rules over the world of spirits, and walks in our world as Ra, returning every evening to that distant sphere where he dwells alone. He governs there as Osiris; and every morning he reproduces himself as Ra in the form of the sun, and again enters on the same orbit. He is the protector of mankind, because his life resembles ours; and if we are under his especial care, we need fear no evil from Seth, for Osiris stands as guardian between us and the power of evil. Seth may seem to conquer for a while, but in the end Osiris will triumph."

"Aye, Una, that is thy Egyptian creed; but human life is but a brief span to the Immortal Gods. A cycle is as a year of our lives, and methinks Osiris will forget that we are under his protection, while we are residing in those realms of Silence."

"Nay, oh Prince; thou dost forget that thou hast other lives

to live; and it depends on thee as to whether thou wilt ascend or descend. Why hast thou been given reasoning powers, but to know good from evil? When thou doest wrong, thou art quite aware of it; and for transgressing the laws of the Gods thou must pay, if not in this life, then in the next."

"What shall befall me in the next life, Una, troubles me but little, if the Gods grant that Nicia and I meet on the same plane; and here and now I pray to thy great Osiris, Ra, Isis, and Horus", and rising he bared his head, saying as he held out both hands to the sun, "Oh! thou great Gods that rule in Egypt, all I ask of you is that, through the ages, ye will let me love my Nicia, my bride." Then he bowed, saying, with a laugh, "Now I must make sacrifice, after invoking thy Gods?"

"Shouldst thou forget, my lord, thou wilt make sacrifice indeed!" said Una with a white face and trembling voice.

"There, there! go on with thy story. Thou canst not make a good Osirian of me if thou wilt not teach me the way; and Maris will see to it that six white heifers are given to the temple tomorrow for the sacrificial altars."

"I think that they would best be given to the altar of Baal, then, in the Phœnician quarter, for the sake of thy popularity. What sayest thou, little priestess?"

"Naught! Shall I continue the story, Prince?"

"Aye, I am deeply interested in thy Egyptian lore", said Ardas, as he played lovingly with the braids of Nicia's hair.

"Over the vast ocean that girdles the heavens, the Sun God floats through the sky in his gilded barque, drawn by the planets or fixed stars. The great constellations circle in boats around him; and there are the realms of the blissful Gods, who sit enthroned under the canopy of heaven. The source of this great ocean is in the east, where the Sun God rises from the mists and is born every day. There are three kingdoms in which mortals have a share; they receive the soul from Osiris, the source of Light; the natural body is of the earth; and the phantom or shadow belongs to the depths. At death the soul, body, and shadow separate one from another. The soul flies to the Kingdom of Osiris, the body returns to the earth, whence it came, and the shadow goes to the Kingdom of Shadows.

"The gate of this kingdom is in the west, where the sun goes down each day. Each human soul is considered to be a part of the soul of Osiris, and is supposed to be united to him after he plays the most prominent part in the ritual of the dead, and

dwells in the great realm of heaven. He is also the protector of those who pass into the Realm of Shades. Under his guidance we pass into the world of Amenti, to be protected by him in our conflict with Seth and his genii, and to have our final state judged by him; to have our sins weighed against the feather of truth, and our good deeds recorded by Thoth. This is why he plays the most prominent part in the ritual of the dead, and why prayers and offerings are expressly offered to Osiris. We carefully preserve the body, after death, from destruction by accident or decay, so that it will cause the speedy delivery of the soul; for the soul remains with the body for a cycle of a thousand years if not disturbed by accident or violence. It can, however, leave that body at will, and appear to mortals in various forms and places."

"Oh, thou makest me creep, Una. Egypt must be a land peopled by the dead!" said Nicia.

"It is", said Una softly.

"And what of Typhon, Una? Tell me of him. I would know of Seth", said Ardas.

"Of Seth? His worship hath been abolished in Egypt, because he is the God of Evil and Chief of the powers that fight for the soul in the after life. He is the enemy of the Gods as well as man. As the God of Evil, he represents the great destructive spirit. He is known also as the God of War, because he is the great destroyer and devastator. The destroying forces of nature are reflected in his being. All noxious plants and destructive animals are his property, and the storms on land and sea are part of his dominion. He hath control of the passionate, unsteadfast, false, and foolish feelings of mankind. His favorite animals are the crocodile, the wolf, and the wild boar; but his worship is now forbidden throughout the land, and he hath been laid under a magic spell, and Egypt has become one of the greatest nations on earth since this was done. A very old papyrus was found, saying that Seth would destroy Egypt, so the good King Osorkon had this done to preserve the country for future generations. Red is his color; and people with red hair are supposed to have his seal set upon them, and they were sacrificed to him."

"Oh! it is dreadful! I am glad to hear that this God doth not reign any longer in Egypt", said Nicia, as Una arose.

"Must thou leave us so soon, Una? I was hoping to hear

all about Isis and Horus, and all the rest of the Gods", said Ardas.

"Oh Prince, thou canst not learn the religion of Egypt in a day. Fare thee well; I will give thee a lesson another day. But listen, Nicia; come to the parapet. That is the crier chanting. This is the rising of the divine Star, Sothis, and the beginning of the rise of the Nile."

Dost thou know, Una, what makes the river rise and fall?" said Ardas. "Canst thou explain the mystery to me?"

"Why rain seldom falls in lower Egypt", said Una, "and the inundation is caused by the heavy rains in Upper Ethiopia, from Messori until Athyr. The rivers of that country pour their waters into the Nile, which begins to rise at the summer solstice. Early in Thoth the river overflows its banks, giving the Nile the appearance of a great inland sea. The river then subsides, leaving behind it the deposit of black mud that causes the fertility of Egypt. Now I must go. Good-day, my friends; may the Gods give thee abundance."

Drowning the chant of the crier with its high notes, the lark sang blithely in its gilded cage. The sun was sinking behind the Libyan hills, and from the many sanctuaries arose the solemn chanting of the sunset hymns of praise; but the prince gave no thought to the promised sacrifice to the Gods.

Early the following morning Ranee met the Pharaoh on his way to the garden.

"I will attend thee, oh Sire," she said playfully.

"Where hast thou been keeping thyself, Ranee?"

"I have been to the temple, my Father."

"What hast thou to ask of the Gods? How speeds the wooing, daughter?"

"I have been praying to the Hathors that they influence the heart of the prince. I have wearied the Gods with my petitions. Now I would try the power of Pharaoh, oh Mighty Ruler. Thou hast means to persuade a bashful man, who hath no eyes for admiring females."

The king gave her a glance out of the corner of his eye.

"The prince doth not respond to my little overtures as I would wish; and I need thy aid, my Father."

"Thou knowest, my child, that it is granted thee", said he, as he motioned her to a marble seat near by.

"Well, first of all, oh Sire, I crave leave to visit the House of the Virgins at Thebes for a week; and perhaps my absence

may turn the heart of the prince, and drive all his thoughts to me. I want him to miss my presence for a day or two."

"Have it thine own way, daughter. I shall miss the light of thy countenance far more than he", said Rameses with a frown.

"When I am gone, Sire, I would that thou, or Oristan, show the prince special favor. Canst thou not give a royal hunt? I would rather his time were occupied in manly sports than visiting the nobles", she said, while she traced patterns with her staff on the walk.

"How now, Ranee? Doth any woman in Egypt dare to aspire?"

"Nay, nay, my Father", said Ranee, quickly; "'tis but a whim of mine to let him enjoy himself. He hath danced attendance on us for a long time."

"By all the Gods, he should feel honored to do so!" said the king. "But I will do as thou wishest; and I will, myself, show the prince that I have not forgotten how to stalk the king of the desert."

"With thy kind permission, Sire, I will leave Memphis the day after tomorrow. I wish to go quietly and alone. I do not require a great retinue when I go to pray."

"Be it according to thy will, my Daughter. Farewell; and if the Gods favor not thy petitions, we will see what Pharaoh can do by way of enforcing his royal commands. The Tyrian prince leaves not Egypt until thou hast given the word. Pharaoh hath spoken."

(To be continued.)

CONSCIOUS IMMORTALITY.

By T. R. Prater

NO subject of investigation should hold the attention so much as the doctrine that humans have it within their power to attain conscious immortality.

We get little comfort from physical science in its effort to solve the riddle of life. It is said that soul—if there is a soul—is only the result of the functions and activities of the physical organism. Thanks to theosophic teachings, religions are more liberal than in the past; but religions are not able to give us satisfactory explanation as to how conscious immortality is to be attained.

The writer is aware of no system of thought which will help us, other than the theosophic teachings, ancient and modern. Theosophic teachings not only give us a philosophy of man's immortality, which satisfies the intellect; we are also furnished with a method by which immortality can be attained.

The religious teacher says that man has a soul, which he must save. Theosophy claims that man is a soul, incarnated in a material body; and that he must free himself from bondage in the body before he can attain immortality.

From the standpoint of the Divine Wisdom Religion, the "human soul" is the self-conscious mind; that which can with full consciousness say: "I am I." In our present state of evolution the human soul is so entangled with the perishable animal nature that, in its delusion, it considers itself to be the physical body, with its senses, desires, emotions, and brain mind; and the theories and speculations of material science and modern religion are based on this misconception.

A little self-analysis proves that the real basis and center of normal man is the "I am I" consciousness. When we are not conscious we, for practical purposes, do not exist. We are able to will, think, experience emotions, desire, and to guide the actions of the body only when conscious.

Consciousness, per se, is not subject to change; it is the one changeless factor in our makeup. There is nothing

permanent about our body; it is constantly undergoing change. The form which holds the physical matter of our body in place, is also changing. The senses become keen, and then grow dull. Our vitality is subject to constant fluctuations. Our desires and emotions are never at rest. Our thoughts come and go like the shifting wind. But it matters not whether we are hot or cold, with senses keen or dull, full of or without vitality, happy or sorrowful, with desire active or sluggish, or whether we are foolish or wise; the fact is, that consciousness in us is ever the same, the unchanging.

This center of consciousness is the real "Self," the "Knower," the "Cognizer." Theosophists of all periods say that this self, as manifested in man, is a ray or spark of "The Great Self" or "Oversoul"; and, that through its presence in man, it is possible for man to become consciously immortal.

When functioning through mind matter, the individualized "Self" is termed the "human soul." It is the "I," "you," "we" in human form. In order to attain conscious immortality it must by self-induced effort, through many reincarnations on this planet, and governed by the law of justice, overcome all illusions and delusions of the world, and sublimate the impure and gross matter into pure intelligence and will. As it accomplishes this, the Self will cognize that it is an Immortal. In the Svetasvatara Upanishad, IV., 20, it is stated:

"He also was in time the guardian of this world, the lord of all, hidden in all beings. In him the Brahmarishis and the deities are united, and he who knows him cuts the fetters of death asunder.

"He who knows 'the Blessed,' hidden in all beings, like the subtle film that rises from out the clarified butter, alone enveloping everything, he who knows the god, is freed from all fetters.


"That Deity, who is the maker of all things, 'The Great Self,' always dwelling in the heart of man, is perceived by the heart, the soul, the mind;—they who know it become immortal."

THE SWASTIKA IN RELATION TO PLATO'S ATLANTIS AND THE PYRAMID OF XOCHICALCO.

By M. A. Blackwell.

PART II.

AN amusing feature of research work is shown by the authorities when they contradict each other; it gives piquancy to the subject, stimulates further search and urges the worker to find the cause of the difference of opinions.

Disagreements about the swastika caused me to think it was one of a complex system of symbols based on squares and circles and used by the ancients to typify man, a city, the world, or the universe, and which would embody their religious conceptions and apply to all planes. This is borne out by comparative study. The swastika, with its variants, has been developed from the cross  and the cross is connected with the story of the lost Atlantis. The names accompanying some of the symbols support this.

In 1903, I noticed and was struck by the similarity of the Atlantean map with the map showing the migration of the swastika, (see Plates 1 and 2), but the remote antiquity of the symbol made it difficult to find enough evidence to support my theory: that the cross was the symbol of Atlantis; that the cross and its variants were the basis for a complex system of symbols, which were used by the Atlanteans to tell the story of creation; and that the Atlanteans impressed this system on all parts of the world where their influence prevailed.

The accidental placing of the right and left swastikas together showed an oblong figure¹ which gave me a clue to the fact that there is an interrelation among symbols, and that they are classifiable according to their application: thus

¹See *The Word*, May, 1914.

the cross, the swastika, the tau, the hatchet, the scarab, and the hand, convey the idea of divine power, generation, and rebirth.

The ancients built their temples on a ground plan of a square, an oblong, or circle, the motive for which has a significance that cannot be considered in this article.

The head of the government was in the center and ruled the four quarters of a city or country; each quarter was complete in itself and yet subordinate to a higher authority.² The cross within a square, or circle, is a fundamental symbol (see Plates 6, 8, 9, 10).

If the four swastikas in Figure 13 are drawn together till the adjacent lines merge, Figure 14 is obtained, which bears such a resemblance to the Egyptian scarab, Figure 15, that I have named it the "square scarab". The swastika and the scarab are analogues. To the ancient Egyptians, the scarab was an emblem of fertility and of the resurrection. These meanings are also given to the swastika. Wilkinson states, "The scarabaeus was emblem of the sun, to which deity it was particularly sacred; it often occurs in a boat, with extended wings, holding the globe of the sun in its claws; or elevated in the firmament as a type of that luminary in the meridian."³ Figures of other deities are often seen praying to it when in this character. It was also a symbol of the world which it was chosen to signify in the hieroglyphics and it was probably in connection with this idea that Ptah, the Creative Power, claimed it as his emblem, being the demiurge, or maker of the world. By Ptah-Socharis-Osiris, the pigmy deity of Memphis, it was adopted as a distinctive mark, being placed on his head, and Ptah was even represented under the figure of this insect. It belonged likewise to Ptah-Tore, another character of the Creative Power.

"Plutarch supposes that, from being emblematic of virility and manly force, it was engraved upon the signets of the Egyptian soldiers, their opinion being 'that no females existed of this species, but all males', and some have supposed that its position upon the female figure of the heavens, which encircles the zodiacs, refers to the same idea of its

²See The Word, May, 1914.

³With the Hindoos the Sun is called Brahma in the east or morning, Siva from noon to evening, and Vishnool in the west and at night—Wilkinson, The Ancient Egyptians, vol. III, p. 345.

PLATE 6.

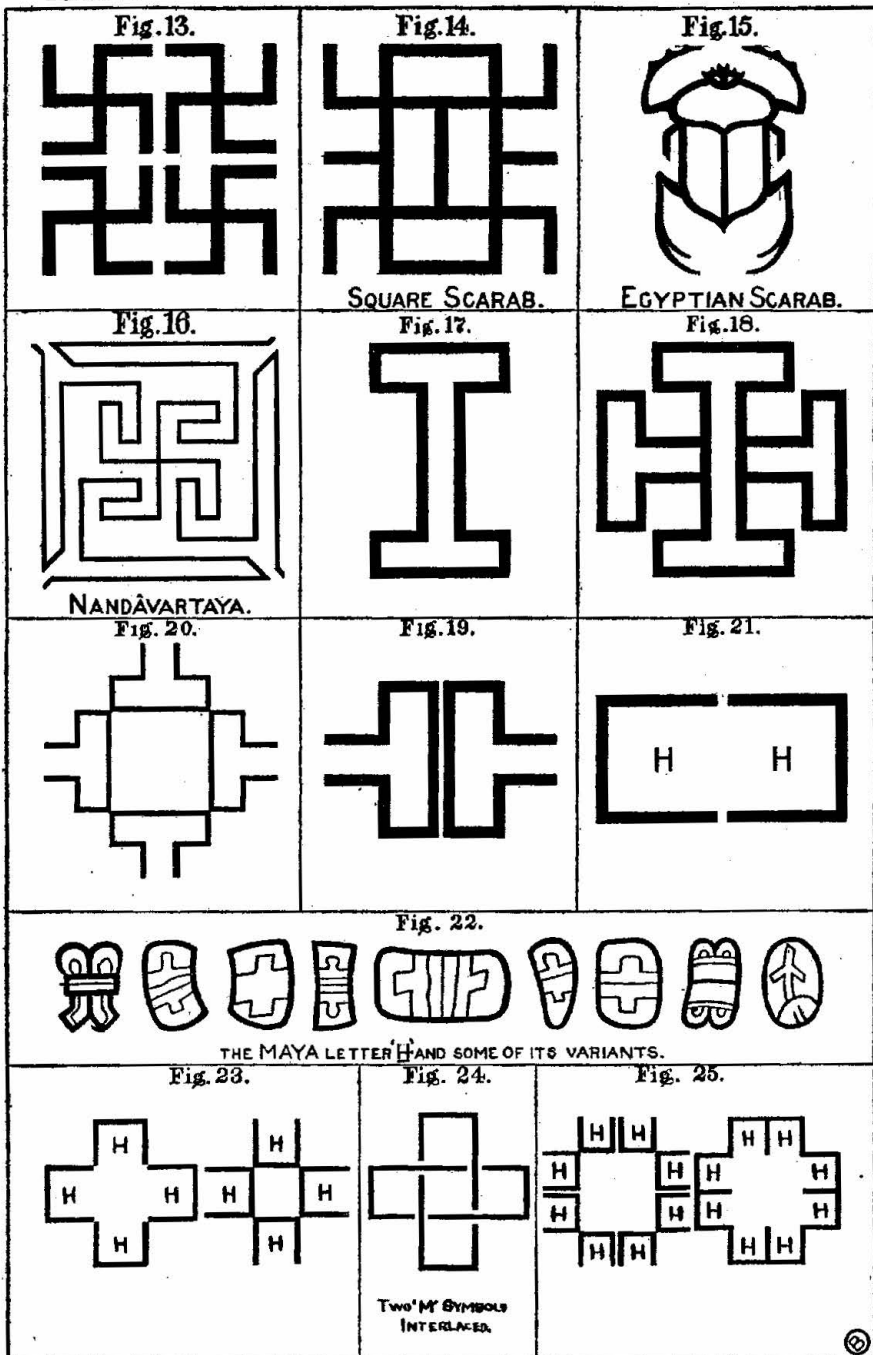



Figure 13 is the Square Scarab in detail. Figure 16, a third sign of the footprint of Buddha, see text for other meanings of this symbol. The crosses are made from the H and M symbols of the Maya and Egyptian alphabets and will be found in Figures 13 and 14.

generative influence mentioned by Plutarch⁴. The frequent occurrence of the scarabaeus in the sculptures, no less than the authority of numerous ancient writers, shows the great consequence attached by the Egyptians to this insect." A great portion of Egypt," says Pliny, "worship the scarabaeus as one of the gods of the country"; a curious reason for which is given by Apion, as an excuse for the religious rites of his nation—that in this insect there is some resemblance to the operation of the sun".⁵

One of the titles of Amen-Ra was Khepera, the Creator. In connection with this name, an interesting rebus is shown by Mrs. Nuttall. A secret sign for this god, the hippopotamus, with the constellation Ursa Major, which he apparently holds and guides, and which emblemizes life; that is, motion, the thigh-khepes, scarab-kheper, fish-khepanen, crocodile-seta or sebek. Inverted, it yields the word khebes-star and royal-sickle-khepes, which appear to have been but different expressions for Khepera—the Creator. The scarab beetle, which encloses its egg in a ball of mud and rolls it to a hidden hatching place, became the favorite secret sign for the "hidden god." No one not initiated into these things would see in the beetle holding the ball of earth, which encloses its egg, the rebus of Khepera, the Creator, expressed by the kheper (scarab) and the circle or disk, sign of Ra, containing the germ of life.⁶

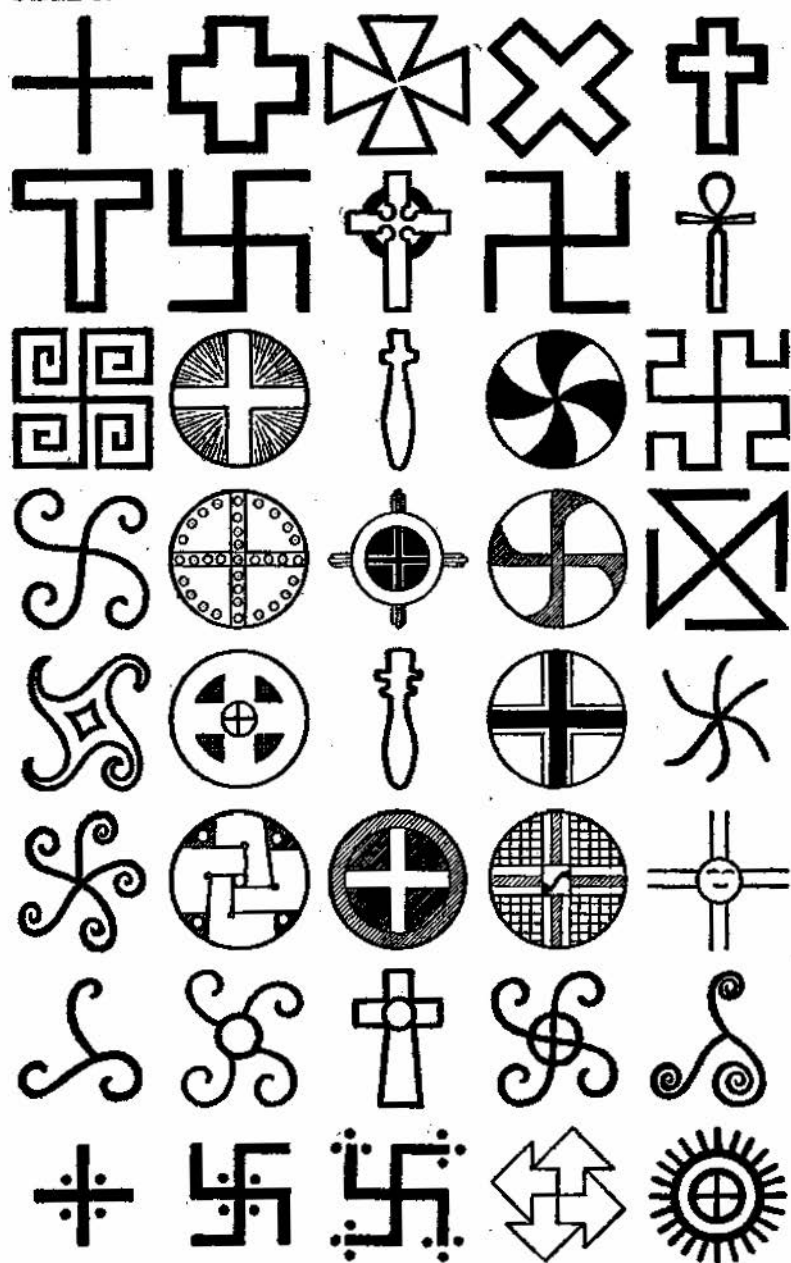
Many forms may be evolved from Figure 13. The Tau is one, also a variant  which is the ground plan of the temple with its entrance. By joining two or more taus we have Figures 17 and 18, and by reversing them we have Figures 19 and 20.

⁴The swastika held the same symbolic significance as the scarab in this respect. Schliemann, while excavating in the hill of Hissarlik, in the third, burnt city, found a small figure of a goddess with the swastika carved upon it in a manner that leaves no doubt as to its meaning.

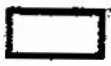



⁵Wilkinson, *The Ancient Egyptians*, vol. III, p. 345.

⁶Zelia Nuttall, *The Fundamental Principles of the Old and New World Civilizations*. Peabody Museum Publications, vol. II, 1901, p. 397.





PLATE 8.



Forms of the cross and Swastika with their variants, found in all parts of the world.

Bournof speaks of a third sign, of the footprint of Cai-
kya called Nandâvartaya, a good augury, the meaning being
"the circle of fortune", which is the swastika inclosed within
a square with avenues radiating from the corners (see Fig.
16). This sign has many meanings. It is a sacred temple or
edifice, a species of labyrinth, a garden of diamonds, a chain,
a golden waist or shoulder belt and a "conique" with spires
turning to the left.⁷ In the Maya and Egyptian alphabets
one of the symbols for the letter M is an oblong .
There are four of these in the "square scarab" sur-
rounded by eight squares, each having an open side. This
open side square  is one of the symbols for the letter H
of the same al-
phabet. It may be noted that two
of these letter H symbols placed with their open sides oppo-
site form the oblong (see Fig. 21). By placing four of these
H symbols, each with the open side to a cardinal point, thus
 and merging the lines, a perfect swastika  is formed.

On Plate 6 are shown a few variants of the Maya letter
H occurring in the Dresden and Troano Mss. and in the carv-
ings at Palenque. In addition to being an alphabetical char-
acter, the symbol H stands for power, the male or the mas-
culine, vigor, virility, and so forth, according to its context.
The Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg alludes to the analogy be-
tween the Greek Eta, our letter H, with this Maya symbol.⁸


Another symbol for the letter M of LePlongeon's Maya
and Egyptian alphabets is this . To it he gives the
meaning of Ma, earth, country, site, and states that it is the
geographical outline of the Yucatecan peninsula. Exception
may be taken to this last statement. It does approximate
the outline of the peninsula, but this symbol  is more
likely to have been its true origin. A perfect  cross is
formed by merging four of these M symbols  until
the oblique lines coincide, the open end of each symbol facing

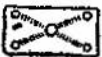

⁷Wilson, *The Swastika*. Smithsonian Report, 1894, p. 774.

⁸Brasseur de Bourbourg. *Manuscript Troano*, vol. I, pp. 51, 52.

a cardinal point, thus



It is quite possible that these figures symbolized the Atlantean Empire, from the center, ruling the world to the north, east, south, and west. In the last issue of *The Word* it was shown that the center of the cross was the head of the government of ancient cities and countries. This cross  is the Egyptian sign for the world, earth, country, dominions; and a cross is found in the carvings on the Pyramid of Xochicalco (see Plate 5, Figure 9).

As a Maya symbol, the cross has many meanings, one of which is submerged land; others are given in the Troano MSS. a few of which are shown on Plate 9. Brasseur de Bourbourg gives this  as symbol of the earthquake preceeding the "immersion," which is indicated by the symbol  On Plate 9 are given symbols having the same meaning. The crossed bones on a black background indicate the earth entirely buried beneath the waters.*

The symbol *lamat* is also a day symbol (see Fig. 29). The translation of the word *lamat* bears out the idea of a catastrophe by submergence. *Lamat* is from the radical *lam*.

MAYA.

FRENCH.

ENGLISH.

Lamenfonce (va.)¹⁰ To beat, drive, force, pull or thrust down or in, to pull down, to break open, to ruin.

Enfoncer (vn.) To sink, to dive, to dip, to give way.

Abimer (va.) ..To overthrow, to ingulf, to swallow up, to destroy entirely, to bring to nothing, to cast or throw into an abyss, to spoil, to injure.

Abimer (vn.) ..To be destroyed, to be swallowed up, to sink, to perish.

Added to the root "lam" is "at" for "a-ti", meaning "in the

*Brasseur de Bourbourg. Troano MSS., vol. I, pp. 218, 208.

*Collet's French-English Dictionary. 1910 edition.

water", thus, according to the Abbé, "lamat" signifies "lieu enfoncé, abîmé sous l'eau."

FRENCH.

ENGLISH.

lieu	place, spot, ground.
enfoncé	broken open, sunk
abîmé.....	swallowed up, engulfed, destroyed.
sous	under, beneath, nigh.
l'eau	the water, river, sea, rain.

This suggests the idea of an abyss or whirlpool within the waters of the ocean, after the breaking up and sinking of the land covered by the Carribean sea; and, the Abbé also states that the Greek Lamos is evidently of the same origin as the Maya word lamat; also lamia, the fabulous monster who devoured men and children.¹¹

Students have much difficulty in translating Maya symbols and words, owing to the fact that they may be construed in several ways, as verbs, adverbs, nouns, or even whole sentences, and sometimes as numbers. They usually have hidden as well as apparent meanings; for this reason, literal equivalents are given, that the process of translation may be followed.

To the day symbols "lamat" the Abbé also adds "lam-bat" translated as follows:

MAYA.	FRENCH.	ENGLISH.
Lam-bat.....	enfoncé.....	broken, open,
	la	the
	hache	axe, hatchet,
	la	the
	batte	rammer, beater.
	(Fig.) une	a
	sorte.....	sort, kind, species, manner,
		way,
	de batte	of rammer, beater,
	ou de	or of
	raquette	racket, battledore,
	déchirée.....	torn, rent, ragged, tattered
	par	by

¹¹Brasseur de Bourbourg. Troano MSS., vol. II, p. 79.


la the
 croix cross, rood, affliction,
 signe sign
 du of the, from the, by the.
 tremblement...
 de earthquake.
 terre

The figure lam-bat, the broken hatchet or beater, is, according to the Abbé, "a sort of beater or racket torn or rent by the cross, the sign of the earthquake."¹²


The word bat as a substantive, means an axe or hatchet, a raquette to play ball with, a club, hailstones, snow, a torch; as an active verb it means to whip, to strike, to give blows, to beat.¹³

All of these meanings convey the idea of cataclysm, ruin, violence, which compare in a striking manner with some given on pages 167 and 9 of *The Word*, Dec., 1913.

Among the Maya symbols of which the syllabic value are still uncertain, the Abbé shows one which is found in the hands of certain divinities. He states that it probably reads

bat, and has the same meaning.¹⁴ This symbol  is identi-

cal with the Egyptian¹⁵ ankh, meaning to live, life (see Plate 9), which is called the "key of life," the "key of As-tarte", "the key of the Nile". It is more commonly known as the "crux ansata".

Higgins says that Jamblicus thought "the crux ansata was the name of the Divine Being—sometimes it is represented by a cross fastened to a circle—in other instances with the letter T only fixed in this manner  to a circle."¹⁶

In his monograph on the swastika, Wilson says "the best Scandanavian authors report the Thor hammer to be the same as the Greek Tau, the same form as the Roman and

¹²Brasseur de Bourbourg. *Troano MSS.*, vol. II, p. 206.







¹³Brasseur de Bourbourg. *Troano MSS.*, vol. II, p. 154.





¹⁴Brasseur de Bourbourg. *Troano MSS.*, vol. I, p. 219.

¹⁵E. Wallis Budge. *First Steps in Egyptian*, p. 295.

¹⁶Higgins' *Anacalypsis*, p. 302, vol. I. Boutons' edition.


English capital T, the Scandanavian name is Mjolner or Mjolner, the crusher or mallet. The Greek, Latin and Tau crosses are represented in Egyptian hieroglyphics by a hammer or mallet, giving the idea of crushing, pounding or striking, and so as an instrument of justice, an avenger of wrong, hence stand for Horus and other gods. Similar symbolic meanings have been given to these crosses in ancient classic countries of the Orient."¹⁷

It is also stated by Higgins that "the T, Tau, was the instrument of death, but it was also what Ezekiel ordered the people in Jerusalem to be marked with, who were to be saved from the destroyer, it was also the emblem of the Taranis or the Thoth or Teutates or Tat or Hermes or Buddha among the Druids. It was called the "crux Hermis." The old Hebrew, the Bastulan, and the Pelasgian have the letter Tau thus, "X", the Etruscan . Coptic  the Punic . It is not  unlikely  that the  Greek priests changed their letters as marks of notation, from the ancient Phoenician or Cadmean, by the introduction of the "episemon bau or vau", to make them suit the mystery contained in the sacred number 608, and the word derived from the Hebrew word "to save" and the sacred cross. Thus, the letter "X" stood for the 600 of the Hebrews, for Ezekiel's sacred mark of salvation, and for the astronomical or astrological cycle."¹⁸

The same author states that the Greek Tau was anciently written , and according to Abbé Pluche, the Egyptians marked their god Canopus, indifferently with a "T" or a , also that the vestment of the priests of Horus  is covered with these crosses  so also is the dress of the Lama of Tibet.¹⁹

¹⁷Wilson, *The Swastika*, p. 770.

¹⁸Higgins' *Anacalypsis*, p. 301, vol. I, Bouton's edition. In the old Irish language, Budh, But, Both, means the Sun, Fire and the Universe. The Budh of Ireland was of the family of Sac-sa.—Higgins' *Anacalypsis*, p. 287, vol. II, original edition.

¹⁹Higgins' *Anacalypsis*, p. 302 and 304, vol. I. Bouton's edition. Higgins states that the monogram of the Scandanavian Mercury was represented by a cross, and the Egyptian Taut is formed by three crosses thus  united at their feet, it


is the figure  and X. = 600 = H. 8 = 608. Higgins' *Anacalypsis*, vol. I, p. 17. Original edition.

PLATE 9.

LAMAT.
(LAMBAT)

LANDA.

Fig. 29.
TROANO.MS.

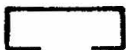
DRESDEN.MS.



Fig. 30.





SYMBOLS FOR DIFFERENT PHASES OF EARTHQUAKES.

KHUENATEN AND FAMILY ADORING THE ATEN OR DISK.
(THE ATEN WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE SUN AS THE UNIVERSAL GOD.)PER = HOUSE.
(EGYPTIAN.)XEPER (KHEPER) =
TO COME INTO BEING.

Ā = HAND, POWER.

ĀNX (ANKH) =
TO LIVE, LIFE.BAT = HATCHET.
(MAYA.)

"The Tartars call the cross 'lama', from the Scythian 'lamh', a hand, synonymous to the Jod of the Chaldeans; it thus became the name of a cross, and of the high priest with the Tartars; and, with the Irish, 'luam' signifies the head of the church, an abbot, and so forth."²⁰

"In Hebrew,  (id) iod, is the hand, and the number ten, as is  'lamh' with the Tartars. The letter 'X' also stands for ten, as well a mystical number."²¹

Without going too deeply into the subject, it may be mentioned that the cross in different forms and positions was used for either the masculine or feminine powers of nature. The hand probably became a phallic symbol because of its executive or creative functions. This would account for its relation to the cross, and names connected with the cross.

In the Egyptian sculptures at Tel-el-Amarna (see Plate 9), the King Khuenaten and his family are shown adoring the Aten or disk. Each ray of the life-giving sun terminates in a hand, and one of the hands is extending the "ankh" or symbol of life to the lips of the royal worshipper,²² in this the two symbols carry out the idea of the hand of divine power giving life through the cross (ankh).

Burdick²³ says that in Babylonia, Assyria and Phœnecia, "the uplifted hand was used in representations of the deities of life and fertility", and quotes Trumbull in saying that Siva, the destroyer in the Hindu triad, was also the re-creator, since death was only the entrance into a new life. One of Siva's well known symbols is a hand, the token of might and life."

²⁰Higgins' *Anacalypsis*, p. 315, vol. I. Bouton's edition. Higgins states that the word 'luam' is evidently a corruption of the word lamh or lamb. The high priest was an incarnation of the lamb of the Zodiac.

²¹Higgins' *Anacalypsis*, p. 315, vol. I. Bouton's edition.

²²Wilkinson, *The Ancient Egyptians*, vol. III, p. 52, 53. In a foot note on page 52, Wilkinson states that "the Aten was supposed to be the sun as the universal god, and an adoration to it calls it the "Sun, lord of the horizon under the name of the light which is in the Aten or disk." It is also called the 'sunlight which is the Amen of Thebes, and the maker of all beings; which gives light to mankind'. In the accompanying Plate 9 it is called "the great living Aten or disk, lord of thirty-year festivals, lord of the sun's orbit, the disk, lord of the heaven, lord of the earth, in the temple of the Aten or disk, in the horizon of the disk", and the rays terminate in human hands to show its demiurgic or creative power. After the fall of the Khuenaten family, the disk-worship was abandoned. Some see in it the adoration of the Hebrew 'Adonai' and Syrian 'Adonis'";

²³Burdick, L. D. *The Hand*, p. 11.

PLATE 10.



Fig. 31.



Fig. 32.

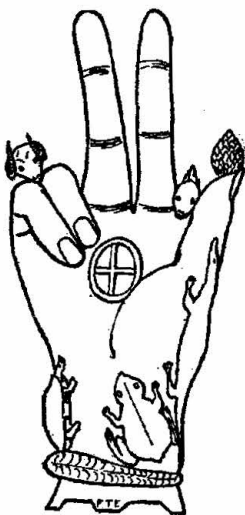


Fig. 33.

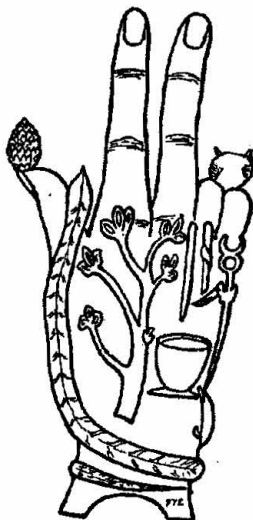


Fig. 34.

Two pantheistic hands bearing the cross and the scarab, showing their interrelation with other symbols. (From Elworthy, *Horns of Honour*.)

Elworthy gives data on the symbology of the hand from ancient to mediæval times and connects it with the wheel-cross, a very ancient emblem of the sun (see Figure 33). He states that whenever we find it in connection with this symbol it is a survival of sun worship. A cross within a circle, a common brass ornament on the harness of cart horses, over all Europe, was originally so placed as an amulet against enchantment.

This wheel-cross, representing the sun, was, with various modifications, the only object emblazoned upon the shields of the Roman legions.

In Roman times the sign of the wheel-cross was in common use; it is shown on several pantheistic hands, a few examples are given on Plate 10 reproduced from Elworthy's book.* Figure 31 represents a hand now in the Berlin museum; on it are a sacrificial knife, a scarab, a woman and child under an arch, accompanied by a bird—probably a cock the symbol of the watchful Mercury.²⁴ On the back is a frog, a serpent, the balance, flagellum (the whip of Osiris), a crocodile, a tortoise, and the cantharus or two-handled vase; embossed on the hand is a bust of Serapis, above what Elworthy thinks is a cornucopia, or possibly a tripod or bracket.²⁵

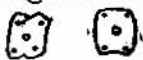
The placing of the scarab on the hand is another proof of the interrelation of symbols.

On Plate 12 are reproduced four figures from the Dresden MSS. showing certain gods with the bat (the hatchet), which so closely resembles the Egyptian ankh. Brasseur de

*These hands are described in detail in Elworthy's book.

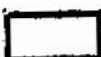
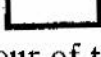
²⁴Elworthy states that "the cock was sacred to several divinities among the Greeks, to Athene (Minerva) and to Ares (Mars), on account of his pugnacity; hence, to Athens, cockfighting was instituted during the Persian war. It was sacred to Apollo, to the Sun, and to Aesculapius. The cock was the patron or symbolic cognizance of ancient Imera, in Sicily, said to have been so adopted as representing Aesculapius, the god presiding over the hot medicinal springs. Those of Imera were celebrated throughout Sicily, Greece and Italy, and their fame amounted to a religious cult, to such an extent that among the Greeks it developed into a worship of mineral springs generally. Heckhel believes that the cult of Aesculapius arose at Imera, of whom the cock was symbol. Hercules is also said to have been the founder of the baths of Imera, and that the cock was also his symbol. Another account is that, as the herald of dawn, he is called Emerophonos, and that from the similarity of sound the people of Imera placed him upon their coins; on the other hand, Montfaucon says that the cock was sacred to Mercury." Elworthy, *Horns of Honor*, pp. 233, 234.

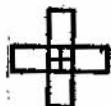
²⁵Elworthy, *Horns of Honor*, pp. 196, 216, 229, 237.

Bourbourg states that this bat is identical with these symbols  from the Dresden MSS. and the inscriptions at Palenque, and connects them with the second character of the letter B and its variants of the Maya alphabet. As a rule these symbols for the B contain only four circles, although they are sometimes found with five or more. The Abbé comments on this vocable bat being identical in the American languages with those of Europe.²⁶

It was not inconsistent for the ancients to give diametrically opposite meanings to these symbols, because the divine power that gives life can destroy it. As has been shown, the cross and its analogues symbolize divine power, life and death, creation and destruction, and rebirth as expressed by the swastika in its meaning "the life to come."

The cross as a symbol for ancient land destroyed by earthquake and sunk beneath the waters, bears out the theory that the Pyramid of Xochicalco is commemorative of the flood.²⁷ On that pyramid is seen a cross within a circle apparently being swallowed by a serpent's head, symbol of the ocean.²⁸

The oblong letter M symbol  (Plato's quadrangular plain), like the oblique end  M symbol can be formed into a cross by merging four of them, thus: and a swastika can be formed from the center of this figure (see Plate 11). This would account for the prevalence of the swastika all over the world.²⁹



Wherever the Atlanteans held sway, they carried their religion with them. There is abundant evidence that phallic symbols were used; but in their original significance these were undoubtedly pure. Most likely they were used to teach the "Laws of Creation", but were debased when the nations became decadent.

²⁶Brasseur de Bourbourg, vol. I, pp. 47, 48.

²⁷LePlongeon, The Pyramid of Xochicalco. The Word, Oct., Nov., Dec., 1913.

²⁸See The Word, May, 1914.

²⁹See Plates 1 and 2 in Part 1 of this article.

(To be continued.)

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GHOSTS

Desire Ghosts of Dead Men

THE epicure of sensuality is usually obsessed by and feeds the snake desire ghost of some dead man. The difference between the desire ghost of a dead man who was a gross sensualist and of one who was a Paphian hedonist is not a difference in the kind of desire, but a difference in its quality and method. The form shows the quality of the desire ghost, the movement the method of its action. Sexuality as one of the three classes of desire of the ghosts of dead men, is the nature of the desire. Such animals as the hog, bull, snake, show by their forms the quality of sexuality which was the ruling desire during life. The movements of the desire ghost distinguish its sensuality as being coarse, or refined and graceful.

Form, habits and movements of the hog are those of the man who considers his own desires above all else, and gives free play to his sensuality, with little regard for condition or place. An animal like the bull represents the man in whom sensuality dominates his other desires, but whose form and habits are not as offensive as are those of the hog. But there

are other qualities of sensuality in the living, and of the desire ghosts of the dead. There is the person of charm and delicacy and breeding, who is accomplished, whose understanding of the arts cause his opinions and his genius to be sought by people of culture; but who, withall, is a worshipper of sensuality. His innate gifts, his cultivated tastes, the powers of his intellect, are employed in providing exquisite conditions and artistic settings for acts of sensuality. Before the world all this is said to be in the interest of culture and dedicated to worship of art. But in fact such an epicure of sensuality works to key up the senses and furnish glamour around the idols of sensuality for the orgies of their worshippers.

Centered in the body of the epicure and presiding over his activities is the snake desire ghost of a dead man.

In the past, snake desire ghosts of dead men have prompted and perpetuated the practice of exquisite sensuality, called sacred or secret rites; and they continue to do so to-day, and will do so in future times, until man shall know what is his nature, and refuses to have it governed by powers which are extraneous to himself. This he does by trying to govern himself.

What is said concerning the desire ghosts of dead men, as to their form and quality in relation to sensuality, is also to be applied to the other two roots of desire, cruelty and greed, with the exception that it cannot be said there is an epicure in greed. History shows cruelty practiced as a fine art, where ingenuity was taxed to refine the torment and vary the instruments of torture that the agony of the victim should be prolonged and heightened. Where cruelty is thus nursed and taken as a subject for study and practiced, a cat desire ghost of the dead has its lair, or is gliding around or within the body of the living fiend. It purrs and pants and waits its opportunity to torture by word or deed.

But the desire ghosts of dead men which are of the nature of greed, do not care how the object of greed is secured nor how it is treated. The only care is that the object of their desire be secured. The living man preys on the subject of his greed, and his desire feeds the insatiate wolf or other desire ghost of the dead.

Some men seem to have instinct how to get; and they usually do get, what they desire. They seem to have an unusually keen sense of wants and needs and of what is going to happen; or people seem to walk into and be caught in their traps. All their energies are employed and actively engaged in getting their prey, and circumstances not of their own making often seem to play into their favor.

In cases where gains and advantages are taken, without regard for those from whom they come, the prompter and guide in the taking is likely to be the desire ghost of a dead man.

(To be continued.)

OUR strength grows out of our weakness.

Not until we are pricked and stung and sorely shot at, awakens the indignation which arms itself with secret forces.

A great man is always willing to be little.

Whilst he sits on the cushion of advantages, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits, on his manhood; he has gained fact; learned his ignorance; is cured of the insanity of conceit; has got moderation and real skill.

—Emerson, "ESSAYS ON COMPENSATION."

THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS.

By Eduard Herrmann.

VERSE 17. Never do anything which thou dost not understand;
But learn: all things can be mastered by Perseverance, by time.

This verse contains the principal teaching of Pythagoras and also of Plato and Socrates. It affirms that real knowledge consists in being able to detect what we do not know, and in being willing to learn what we ought to know. Otherwise it is impossible for us to know ourselves; and if we do not know ourselves, how can we learn to know others and to judge them correctly? It is clear that we must have received our knowledge either through others, or through our own efforts. In both cases we must have been willing to learn, which presupposes the feeling that we have something to learn. The man who has not this feeling cannot progress; he remains ignorant, and mistakes result from believing that he knows what he does not know. This ignorance has been common in all ages, but it has rarely reached such dimensions as in our own times, when the great sages, artists, poets of antiquity are declared to have been ignorant, impostors, fanatics, fools. Thus Homer and Lycurgus are represented as having been unable to read and write.¹ Plato and Zeno are said to have no logic, no reason, no principles (Condillac); and Thales, Anaxagoras, Empedocles, Aristotle, are declared to be miserable dreamers who did not understand anything. The Greek sculptors and architects would probably be treated the same as were the Greek painters and musicians,² if some of their sublime works had not been

¹Wood, Essay on Homer, p. 220. Law, Researches on Greeks. II. p. 355.

²Laborde, Essay on Music, I. p. 20.

preserved to posterity. But not all scientists treat the Ancients that way; some think it worth while to study their works. They know that we have not yet mastered everything; that a wise man does not pass judgment on things about which he knows little. To continue to learn with perseverance brings satisfaction because it gives man the feeling that he is not wasting his time; that he draws nearer to his ideal, which is—divine perfection.

Verse 18. Guard your health; in due measure give
Nourishment to your body, and rest to your mind.

Pythagoras admonishes his pupils to be always careful in regard to the health of the body; to use moderation in eating and drinking; to preserve it in temperance and chastity. Excess in pleasure, in work, in eating and drinking, must be avoided if this wonderful instrument of the soul is to be kept in order; but the reverse is as bad. Too sparing a diet, or mortification of the body, unfit the body. It is necessary to use our reason in order to find out what food and exercise is best adapted for the health of the body, and for the free intellectual activity of the mind; both must be in perfect harmony, otherwise one of them will suffer. The measure of eating, drinking, exercise and rest, cannot be the same for each, because each needs his body for particular ends, therefore each one has to observe himself and set up his own rules with regard to his well-being. But all persons should avoid everything that makes the body heavy and sluggish and excites the soul to earthly and carnal affections. We should always remember that the body is only the instrument which the soul uses, and that the instrument is in good order if the soul can act freely, and reasonably and joyfully. Hierocles says:

"It is requisite that the soul, which aspires towards the intelligent mind, should enjoy an entire tranquility and not be discomposed by the violence of the passions; and that all things below be subject to her, that she may attend quietly to the contemplation of the things above; therefore it is a part of virtue to know how to preserve the body, and how

to render it fit for all the services that philosophy may require of it."

Verse 19. Avoid too much and too little in all things;
For envy attaches itself to exaggeration.

Our master, who recommends moderation in all things, tells his pupils that it is always dangerous to go to extremes, not only because our physical and moral well being may be disturbed by them, but also because they are sure to arouse the envy of others. Envy is said to have very bad consequences for both parties. Bacon states (*Sylva Sylvarum* p. 941) that celebrated persons who, in the hour of their greatest triumphs, had to face the envious looks of their enemies, felt sick several days afterwards. Envy attaches itself to all who distinguish themselves before other men, wherefore Pythagoras advises his pupils to lead a simple life. Neatness, simplicity, decency and moderation show the good disposition of the soul and give no occasion for envy, which is the one evil he should shun who loves repose and tranquility of soul.

"We shall live exempt from envy if we embrace a modest but decent way of life, and decline the pompous pageantry of those who are ignorant in what decency and true honor consist." (Hierocles.)

Verse 20. Luxury and Avarice have the same consequences;
Choose the right and good measure in all things.

This verse ends the master's teaching in regard to the purification of soul and body; he has shown the right measure in virtue, in science, and he recommends it in practical life. Luxury and avarice do not differ in their effects; they are always bad. Philosophy teaches how to avoid the excess in all things and how to live a happy life of contentment and usefulness to others.

The Chinese have a proverb which explains this teaching in a few, beautiful words:

"Misfortune follows vice, and happiness follows virtue,

as the echo follows the voice, and the shadow him who walks.'

"O virtue, divine virtue!" says Confucius, "a heavenly power presents you to our understanding, an interior force leads us towards thee; happy is the mortal man in whom you dwell; he finds the truth without effort. His heart is the sanctuary of peace and all his inclinations prove the purity of his soul. But only to the sages is it given to reach this blessed condition." Few strive to become sages; and, occasionally, one of the few has the perseverance to travel the difficult path to its end, which is:

PERFECTION.

Porphyry, in his life of Pythagoras, says that two verses are missing in the text which we have received of Hierocles, and since they belong to the teaching which refers to the perfection of man, his union with God, I introduce them here:

Verse 21. As soon as you awake, examine with calmness
What remains to be done, what duties to fulfill.

This verse belongs to the opening of the third part. Lysis, the disciple, who wrote down the teachings, wants to indicate by them that an entirely new career now opens before the pupil—that which leads to the acquirement of the divine virtues. To make them our own, we must begin our daily life with a full understanding of the duties lying before us. This is the beginning of that great lesson which, according to the ancient sages, opens to us the avenues of all knowledge and furnishes the key to the mysteries of nature. It is the beginning of self-knowledge; to learn to know what has to be done, what duties are to be fulfilled. And after the day is over he advises us:

Verse 22. May sleep never close your eyes
Before you have asked:
What have I omitted to do—what have I done?
If it is evil, avoid it; if it is good, persevere.

So far Lysis has shown us the way which, according to his master's teaching, leads to virtue; now he makes us acquainted with the use we ought to make of this heavenly gift. All our efforts, all our noble desires, ought to be directed towards union with God. The more man progresses the higher his ideal of divinity becomes, and to manifest this ideal in his own person is the sublime purpose of all evolution. Pythagoras calls this the road to perfection; our guides on this road are virtue and will. They alone can lead us to the truth, which is perfection. The first precept which Pythagoras gives to his disciples is, to question themselves in regard to their thoughts, their actions, their motives; in fact, to learn to know themselves. This is the first step to the knowledge of all things; it explains the deep significance of the inscription on the temple of Delphos: "Know thyself."

We, children of the twentieth century, may smile about this counsel, believing that we know nothing as well as ourselves; but let anyone in a quiet mood meditate about the hidden motives of his thoughts, words and actions, and he will find that his real self is quite different from that of his imaginings; that he is by no means that good and pure and lovable being which he pretends to be, and perhaps superficially believes himself to be.

Socrates and Plato taught that ignorance of ourselves is the cause of all our faults, vices and misfortunes, but the knowledge of ourselves leads to virtue and every good.³ This is true because ignorance is the necessary consequence of not using the reasoning powers, which alone enable us to distinguish between that which is good and that which is not good; whereas, thinking and reasoning develop the mind and the understanding, and must in the end lead to a recognition of that which is really good and profitable for our soul. It has been truly said: "Man becomes what he thinks." Let us therefore follow the wise rule of the Pythagoreans; let us every evening examine into our doings of the day, and then: discard that which our reason calls wrong or evil, and dwell in thought on that which we find to be good and pure and altruistic. Let us imagine the necessary consequences

³Plato, Alcibiades I.

of all our doings, and there cannot be any doubt that, as reasonable beings, we shall have to select that alone which can lead to happiness and contentment; namely, Virtue.

Verse 23. Meditate about my counsels; love them, follow them;

To divine virtue they will lead you.

To meditate is the acting of that faculty of the soul which reasons out the qualities of a thing, in order to decide whether it is or is not good and commendable. Pythagoras does not ask us to accept his teachings on blind faith because, as a great sage, he has said so. He wants us to inquire into the truth and wisdom of his sayings, because then only shall we be able to love them; the soul can truly love only that which it has recognized as being true, beautiful and divine. After this is done, after that firm love is once established, we cannot help following where love leads us. It is the irresistible magnet which draws the souls together and also to the desired objects. Thus, if we once love the counsels of the master we cannot help following them; and they lead us to the object and culmination of all love—to Divinity, to divine virtue. With a solemn oath, Lysis declares that to follow those precepts will surely make man perfect:

Verse 24. I swear it by him who has transmitted into our soul

The sacred Quaternion, the pure symbol,

Which is the source of nature and the pattern of the Gods.

It was the custom of Pythagoras to veil the teaching of self-knowledge under the symbol of the sacred tetrad or quaternion, because it was unlawful to divulge the secrets connected with them. It is difficult to get at the esoteric meaning of the Pythagorean Quaternion, and I believe that he who has rightly solved this puzzle can and will not talk

of it; but we can give the exoteric meaning as it has come down to us through the writings of Plato, Hierocles and Hermes.

The quaternion, or number of four, is God himself, who has created all things." According to Pythagoras, God is the number of numbers because all things exist through him. "Now the finite interval of number is ten, for he who would reckon more after ten, comes back to one, two, three, until, by adding the second decade, he makes twenty, and so forth to infinity. The power of ten is four; for before we come to a complete and perfect decade we discover all virtue and all perfection of the ten in the four. For example, in assembling all the numbers from one to four inclusively, the whole composition makes ten. Four is also an arithmetical middle between one and seven, for it exceeds the number one as much as it is exceeded by the number seven; and this number is three.

"There are four faculties that judge of things: understanding, knowledge, opinion, and sense; for all things fall under the judgment of one of these four faculties: In a word, the quaternion contains and binds together all beginnings, whatsoever, the elements, numbers, seasons, ages, societies or communities, and it is impossible to name any one single thing that depends not on that number as on its roots and principle; for, as said before, the quaternion is the creator and the cause of all things. (Hierocles Commentaries, p. 94, 95.)

According to the more esoteric view, the Quaternion of Pythagoras was the symbol for all things which move by themselves and manifest different modifications. Pythagoras applied it mostly to man, whose three principal manifestations are the body, the soul, and the spirit, the sacred triad, which becomes the sacred quaternion if the divine will directs and leads it. To discover the divine will and to get in harmony with it, is the chief purpose of human life. To learn how this is done it is necessary to know the faculties belonging to the human triad. The faculty of the body is sensibility, which develops instinct; that of the soul is perception and feeling, producing the understanding; and that

of the spirit is acquiescence, which, in the course of time, becomes intelligence and wisdom. The instinct is passion; understanding is active; wisdom is neuter.

Now those faculties are constantly interacting and developing themselves into higher faculties; thus instinct modified by understanding becomes common sense, understanding modified by intelligence becomes reason, and reason will finally culminate in wisdom if guided by inspiration, which is the fruit of the union of the personal will with the divine will. The will determines the faculty to be moved; without the will, the faculties could not exist. On the lowest plane, the will is always in the instinct; it passes into the understanding and intelligence in the same measure as the faculties of soul and spirit are developed. Without the operation of the will, the soul is indolent, lazy, and the spirit, sterile, barren. If the will does not rise above matter, man remains an instinctive being; if it concentrates in the feeling and sentiment, man becomes passionate, and if it acts solely in the intellect, it creates intellectual but cold-hearted men. When all three faculties are evenly developed and under control of the will, only then have we the picture of a perfect human being which promises to fulfill its destiny; namely, to become a divine being, the sacred Quaternion.

Verse 25. Before undertaking anything, it is thy duty
 To implore those gods whose help alone
 Enables thee to accomplish what thou art
 Going to begin.

There is on earth no cult which does not make it a religious duty to pray. This fact alone should be sufficient to make us think and reason about the efficacy of prayer. Whether we consider it from the viewpoint of the ancient philosophers who believed in multifarious Gods, or of the Jews, Christians, Mohamedans, who adore one Supreme Being, or of the modern sceptics who are inclined to discard all such notions as untenable by logic and reason, the fact, which is interesting, is that all of them pray, and prayer is the concentration of the will and thought on the fulfillment of a desire.

The ancients believed that we are surrounded by innumerable invisible beings, called demons, half-gods and gods, all of whom could be reached by strong thoughts and supplications, and who could by their own will influence us for weal or woe. Many excellent thinkers in our age believe this statement to be correct, and claim to have personal proofs for it. Certain it is that human thoughts can impress other minds and affect them to a considerable degree, for which reason it is by no means a fantastic idea that the same may be the case between the incarnate and discarnate minds, if the soul is immortal. The advice of Pythagoras is based on this ancient belief which, by the way, has been accepted by the Christians, after the slight change which transforms the half-gods into angels and archangels, who may protect and guide us and transmit our prayers and supplications to the Divinity.

A true Christian believes in the efficacy of prayer as firmly as Pythagoras did, and the same may be said of the agnostic who knows that concentration of thought and desire on a certain object strongly favors the fulfillment and gratification of that desire. The "New Thought" Movement is based on this teaching, the truth of which will be proven by its success. But this view of our modern agnostic is only partly correct, for it makes a great difference whether our thought and desire stand alone or are strengthened and fortified by the thought and wish of other minds. It is not impossible that one man alone may build a house, but it can be built quicker and better with the help of others. This is what Pythagoras means by his teaching of the efficacy of prayer. Two things are necessary; first, the voluntary motion of our soul; and, secondly, the assistance of higher powers. If the first is in accordance with virtue, goodness and wisdom, the second is certain to follow, but—according to Socrates—it needs a very wise man to know exactly what is good for our soul, wherefore he prays:

Grant me, ye great gods, that which is necessary for me,
Whether I demand it of you, or not;

And if the objects of my desires are harmful to me,
Then, I implore you, Great gods, grant them not.

Verse 26. Instructed by them, nothing can deceive you:
Of the different beings you will know the essence;
Of all things you will know the beginning and the
end.

That means, the true disciple of Pythagoras comes, by means of contemplation, into contact with higher beings; the veil of Maya is lifted for him; he sees the truth underlying all things, and discovers the hidden sources of life and happiness. But to arrive at this high degree of perfection it is necessary that his intelligence is penetrated by a divine ray of inspiration, which destroys all illusions of the senses and disengages the soul entirely from matter. This exalted condition of the soul was called "apotheosis" in the mysteries. Plotinus, Porphyry and other initiates, Christian saints, and saints of other faiths, claim to have experienced it. The grand purpose of the Egyptian and Greek Mysteries was to teach this reunion with God and to indicate to the initiates the means to bring it about. As we know from the theosophical teaching, it cannot be anything but the purification of the soul, its disengagement from all material and sensual desires, and a great longing for spiritual truth and wisdom, the personification of which is God. To know the highest Being has always and in all religions been regarded as the climax of wisdom; to resemble him, as the acme of perfection, and to participate in his felicity as the object of all desires and efforts. And this hidden and seemingly unknown object of our life is in fact the guiding principle of all evolution.

Verse 27. Thou shalt likewise know, if heaven grants it, that
Nature is in all things and is everywhere the same.

The homogeneity of nature and the unity of God was one of the great secrets of the mysteries. Pythagoras founded the homogeneity on the unity of the spirit which penetrates it. This statement was accepted by all the sages of antiquity. According to them there existed perfect harmony and analogy between heaven and earth, between the

invisible and the visible world, so that what happens in one is the image of what happens in the other. This is forcibly expressed in the very ancient Thaoth, called Hermes Trismegistus, where it says:

"In truth, in truth, I say to you: the inferior things are like the superior things; both unite their invincible forces in order to produce one sole thing, the most marvellous of all; and as all things emanated from the will of an only God, so all things must be generated by the same cause alone." (Tabula Smaragdina, p. 68.)

Verse 28. Being enlightened in regard to thy true claims
Thy heart cannot indulge in vain desires.

That means, the disciple who, through self-knowledge, has come to the knowledge of truth, shall correctly judge the possibility or impossibility of things. He must be as far distant from that blind credulity which believes everything without proof, as from that haughty ignorance which rejects and denies off-hand all that is contrary to preconceived notions. The true disciple must know the limits and forces of nature, what is contained in them and what exceeds them; he is not to entertain desires, projects, enterprises which transcend his powers—consequently he cannot become disappointed.

Verse 29. Thou wilt see that the evil which destroys
Humanity, is the fruit of its own choice;
And that those unhappy ones seek the good, the
source
Of which is in themselves—in the far distance.

One of the most important things to know is—the cause of the evils that befall us. Ignorance has always acted childishly in attributing to other persons, or to providence, the evil consequences of its own evil acts. This is one of the principal reasons why scepticism, atheism and materialism have gained such a foot-hold among modern people. Who can believe in the justice and love of God if he sees

the injustice and hate in the world, for which he cannot discover any valid cause—unless he believes in the law of Karma? This law is so simple that even a child can understand it; for every good cause, a good effect; for every bad cause, a bad effect. We are the ones who produce the causes, and we have to bear the effects, even if the effects come so late that we have entirely forgotten what caused them. The master is perfectly right: the evil which destroys us is of our own choice, and those who seek the good outside of themselves will never find it. The source of all good is wisdom and wisdom begins with self-knowledge. That does not mean to know only the body; but, first of all, the soul, which is, according to Plato, the greatest of all sciences. By learning to know his soul, man begins to understand God, because the human soul is a part of Divinity. This knowledge of God, the ideal of all perfection, necessitates the purification and perfection of the soul, which in turn leads to virtue, truth, and finally, to the union with God, which is supreme felicity.

(To be continued.)



THOUGHTS ON THE ABSOLUTE AND HIS WORKS.

By J. M. Bicknell.

MUCH has been written in the effort to show that the Absolute is infinite, indescribable, and unconditioned.

I have stated in "The Word," Vol. 16, No. 4; that the Absolute cannot be infinite, except that he may infinitely continue to be or to become. One cannot describe anything fully; but, so far as man's information goes, his descriptions of the Absolute are as pertinent and as accurate as are his descriptions of anything else. When I say that the rose is red, I do not mean that the rose is red, but that some external thing produces on my mind a phenomena which I call red. The rose is a part of the Absolute. So with every other phenomenon. The Absolute is capable of producing on the minds of other beings an infinite variety of phenomena. Now the only knowledge that two or more individualities can have of each other through sense-perception is phenomenal knowledge. And it is this phenomenal knowledge that philosophers attempt to apply to the Absolute in the absence of related individualities.

One can obtain knowledge of the Absolute only in two ways—through sense-perception and through consciousness. Through sense-perception man observes manifestations, by the elevation and expansion of man's consciousness, and by its union with the divine consciousness, man comes to be conscious of, and to know more of the principles and constituent elements of reality, of noumena. When I say that I can give no account of the Absolute apart from the phenomenal world, I simply admit that I have an undeveloped consciousness. This is no grounds however, for saying that I can never know reality. I can develop my consciousness.

It is absurd to speak of the Absolute as unconditioned. Only non-entity is unconditioned. Every entity is conditioned by the very elements of its own being. Of course, the Absolute is not to be thought of as subject to any conditions imposed by man. But while the Absolute may manifest according to his own will, yet even he must act according to the constitution of his own being. He cannot become a non-entity. In fact, it is difficult to conceive how the Absolute could make an intentionally good man out of a man who is totally ignorant, or who is at the time led by a wicked will. In the evolution of things, it is to be presumed that the Absolute has adopted the best methods. If this be true, it is difficult to conceive how he could have accomplished the same results by different methods. The Absolute himself can do only things that can be done. He could not perform an act of power without an exercise of power.

Man falls into many traps by the way he considers the idea of negation. He first gives to negation a name. This word or linguistic expression is an entity. Then, by a sort of mental thaumaturgics, the negation itself is spoken of as an entity. This is a mistake of common occurrence. It is exemplified even in mathematics. In Loomis's Geometry, Book VI., Proposition XII., the attempt is made to demonstrate that the area of a circle is equal to the product of its circumference by half the radius. The method is that, since the area of a triangle is equal to the product of its base by half its altitude, therefore, if the triangular portion of the inscribed polygon have its base diminished until the altitude of the triangle equals the radius of the circle, then the base of the triangle will coincide with the circumference of the circle, and the area of the triangle will still be equal to its base by half its altitude, and so with all the other triangular portions of the inscribed polygon. But the demonstration is a failure. When the base of the triangle is reduced till the altitude equals radius, both sides of the triangle have become one with radius, and the base has become a mere point, without length. The product of the base by half the altitude is now the product of nothing by half the altitude. This gives no contents. If the base is given any length,

while the altitude is radius, the triangle will be a portion of a circumscribed polygon. The demonstration proves only that the contents of the circle can be approximately calculated. The proposition relies on the allegation that a circle may be considered as a regular polygon of an infinite number of sides. But this is contradictory, for any side must have length, and an infinite number of times that length would exceed the dimensions of any definite circumference.

In fact, the triangle and the circle are incommensurable. As shown in the previous article referred to, all so-called straight lines are segments of circumferences of indefinite dimensions. Now segments of circumferences of different diameters can never coincide at two or more consecutive points. They are therefore incommensurable. The mistake in the demonstration comes from regarding the point as something that has dimension. No number of points can make a line. The point and line have no similarities. A line is a phenomenal unit. Every shorter or longer line is a different phenomenal unit. Each line is an independent creation. No line is commensurable with any other line, except portions of the circumference of which the line is a segment.

So it is with space. Every space-form is an independent creation. It is by overlooking this point that so much difficulty is met with in the consideration of the Fourth and other dimensions. When I see a man within a closed room, I cannot imagine how that same man could leave the room by some unknown direction, and without going through the walls of the room. And he cannot. To do so would require a different phenomenon, an independent creation. When I hear a phonograph play a tune, I can easily imagine that, by a change in my organs of hearing, or by a change of disk on the machine, I shall cease to hear the tune, or hear a different tune.

So, in the case of the man in the room, I can conceive of such change of my organs of sight that I could not see the man, or I can conceive of such change, by means invisible to my physical eyes, of the external activity which gives

rise to the phenomenon of the man in the room, as shall cause me to perceive a new phenomenon, that is a similar man outside the room. This would be a movement in the Fourth Dimension.

In the same previous article referred to above, I have stated that a line drawn at an angle to a plane, if extended indefinitely, would form an endless spiral. It will be understood that the line would move by a compound motion—a motion parallel to the plane and a motion away from the plane.

Now this does not mean that there is a line or a spiral out in space somewhere. The phenomenal line and space are nowhere except within the mind of man. This whole phenomenal universe, as man sees it, is nowhere, except within the mind of some conscious being. The line is a symbol of persistency in thought. When the creative thought is projected to a point outside the creative center and persisted in, that persistency produces, through the mechanism of the physical organs, the phenomenon which is called a line. As the thought is necessarily connected with the creative center, a uniform persistency or urge produces what man sees as equal distances or radii, and the entire simple act of persistency in creative thought is symbolized, in the mind of man, by the circumference of a circle or by some curvilinear figure.

So it is that the phenomenal universe is characterized by curvilinear paths and by cycles. So persistency of creative thought in a plane of divine influence, combined with persistency from that plane through other planes, produces in man's mind the phenomenon called the spiral of evolution.

Thought is never completely continuous, but goes step by step, is rhythmic, which fact manifests itself in the impression of a universal vibratory basis of material things.



THE SCARAB OF DESTINY.*

By Maris Herrington Billings.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BOND OF BLOOD.

TWO days later the royal barge was rowed up the Nile under the cloudless blue of the Egyptian sky, with the Princess Rancee lying in state amidst her cushions on its deck. Thirty graceful slave girls were at the oars, each wearing a wreath of flowers on her head; and their dark eyes gleamed brightly as they let the oars rise and fall in time to the strains of the melodious chant. The only men accompanying the barge were Ahmes, the Royal Scribe, an old man, gray-haired and bent, Naxo, the young slave, and a couple of men who relieved each other at the pole.

On swept the barge, past the Mekkattam mountains, stretched along the eastern shore, where the Nile glided by, its waters dancing in shining waves, which at this time were of a beautiful green color, owing to the floating vegetation being brought down the cataracts; past the white cliffs where, high up on the rocks, sat the cormorants, wise old birds, gazing at the passing craft with their swallow-winged sails; past the ever-changing panorama of the shore, with its vast expanse of verdant fields and waving palms; past the long stretches of marsh, fairly teeming with teal, ibis and duck, where the tall reeds were now waving like a green sea, on the surface of the rising Nile, and under

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the shadow of dark cliffs, where wheeling hawks swooped down to clutch their finny prize; till at length, just as the Sun God kissed the Libyan hills good-night, it came in sight of the three conical peaks that are the land-mark of Thebes to voyagers on the Nile.

On the voyage the princess had said to her tire woman, Lucina, "On this journey I am going to drop all the state that doth hedge a princess round. I intend to dress as a fellaheen, and thou and I, with but two slaves, will stay at the inn; and tomorrow we will visit the fisheries."

When the great barge had been made fast to the quay at Telmis, which was the mart of Crocodilus, where the fish were brought from the great fisheries of Lake Mœris to be shipped all over Egypt, Ahmes left the boat to find an inn for the accommodation of the princess and her companion for the night.

The reflection of the glowing sunset painted the eastern hills with soft and rosy hues as it sank in a sea of molten gold, and a brazen gong was sounding musically for sunset prayers, when Ahmes returned and informed the princess of his success. He had been able to secure only two rooms at the Khan.

"'Tis as well," said the princess. "I will take Lucina and rest there for the night, and thou wilt see to the care of the barge. We will go with thee now, Ahmes; and I wish thee to say that I am the Lady Ra-meri. I do not wish the people to know that the king's daughter is in the town. I would be free for a day or two. I will be with thee in a fraction of time"; and true to her word she soon appeared, accompanied by only one lady-in-waiting and two slaves to carry the apparel.

The princess was dressed plainly. She wore a dark mantle; and she and Lucina followed Ahmes on foot. The scribe led the way to the inn, through the crowded streets into which the coolness of the evening had tempted all classes, and where, dressed in their best attire, they were enjoying themselves in the balmy air. The royal party passed an open pavilion, where Arabian dancing girls were performing, and the princess bade them stop, while she watched their flying feet. Story-tellers were telling their tales, while the people sat at the tavern tables and drank hek,* wine, or the sweet juice of fruits. Many of them were squatted on the ground and joined the public singers to the sound of tambourine and flute.

They followed Ahmes until he turned down a quiet street,

*Beer.

paved with granite, and stopped before a large house of yellow sand-stone. Crossing the courtyard, the party were shown to a spacious chamber. Here the princess partook of the evening repast, dismissing Ahmes and Naxo, and bidding them return to the barge.

After supper, Raneë said to Lucina, "I will myself see how they have lodged thee", and Lucina led the way to her room. Raneë thought it was very well, and expressed her approval. "I shall retire early, Lucina", she said, looking at her companion. "Thou mayest lie down and take a little rest thyself", and she moved her hand gently from right to left across her brow. "Rest until I call thee", she said in a firm even voice; and without a word Lucina obeyed, lying down on the couch and falling into a deep sleep. Then Raneë returned to her room with a smile, and awaited the coming of Sunro.

The magician soon made his appearance. "Hail, Daughter of the Sun!" said he, as he bent to kiss her robe. "Thou hast done well. I saw thee arrive; and not a soul in this town would dream that the daughter of Pharaoh was in their midst."

"My good Sunro, art thou ready now for the journey to the temple?"

"I am at thy command, oh Princess. Shall it be to-night?"

"I would myself prefer the day, Sunro; but let it be as thou sayest."

"'Twere all the same, Princess. In the Temple of Seth 'tis always dark, and we run less risk of being seen at night. I have here two fleet camels that will take us there in less than an hour. The demons of Amenti are with us, and the hour is most propitious."

"Thou art sure, Sunro, that I will have undisputed power over the Prince of Tyre?"

"Aye, by the Goddess Sekhet, surely; or why would I bid thee work the spell?"

"Then lead on, I will follow thee."

The dwarf now descended through a gloomy passage and vaulted archway to the outer court.

"We have not a moment to lose", said the princess, as she saw the new moon just rising.

Sunro led the way to a corner of the yard, where a continuous chewing of provender and two long necks with motionless heads denoted that the camels were resting, the unwilling animals, disturbed in their repose, made angry protestations, and

attempted to bite when the slaves of Sunro began to arouse them.

"He placed the princess on the back of one of the camels, which slowly rose to its knees, then to its feet, and stretched its long neck with an inquiring gesture into the gathering gloom. Sunro mounted the other, and they lurched and shuffled with awkward gait out into the town, and soon they struck the well kept road that encircled Lake Mœris.

"This beautiful body of water was an artificial lake, forty-five miles around and fifty feet deep; it was built by Amenemhat III. It was filled with fish, the catching and marketing of which was one of the great industries of Egypt, employing thousands of fishermen. The road was lined with shady palms, and was kept in perfect repair as a driveway. They rode swiftly along for five miles or more, past sleeping vineyards and the huts of the fishermen.

The moon was now a bright silver crescent, and the stars shone with a soft brilliant light. Leaving the road, the camels plodded with noiseless feet through the sand, until they came to a rocky path that led to the foot of the mountain. At length they came to a huge monolith standing sharply defined against the sky. Here the wild fig trees and acacias were growing out of the rocky sides of the cliffs. This great shaft towered one hundred feet in the air, its smooth sides covered with hieroglyphics, its summit a mere point, clear in the faint moonlight; and as they neared it a dog began to wail somewhere in a hut near the lake, as if from fear.

Sunro stopped the camels. In the face of the solid cliff Ranee could discern where once there had been a large entrance to a vast cavernous temple. It was now a smooth wall, ornamented with symbols and grotesque figures of the God who dwelt within.

"That, as thou seest, Princess, is the entrance to the temple that was when Seth had his devotees who worshipped at his shrine. He was a great God and people worshipped him in fear, but now man hath made him subservient to his will. He who never flinches from his purpose shall not fail in his desires. Thou art such, oh Princess. Thou canst be conqueror of the world if thou but desire to be. Only secure the tiny casket in the hand of the God, and it will give thee unlimited power in this world."

"I only wish for power over one man; and that I will have", said Ranee; for she did not forget for one moment the force of her great will and the desire of her woman's heart.

Sunro now spoke to the camels, and they went on for more than a mile through a tangle of mulberry and sycamore trees. At last he stopped, and Ranee found herself in a patch of sand, surrounded by tall palms and straggling mimosas. Away to the right she saw a faint flickering blue flame. One moment it was there, dancing along the foot of the mountain, then it was gone. A faint shiver passed over her as she called Sunro's attention to the dancing light.

"'Tis but a flying insect", said he reassuringly, as he tethered the camels.

As they stood there they could see the circling bats, and somewhere high up on the cliffs a screech owl gave forth its melancholy wail, chilling the blood in Ranee's veins.

Sunro made the camels kneel while he dismounted; and having assisted Ranee to alight, he took from his camel a bundle and extracted therefrom a black robe, which was covered with cabalistic signs, conspicuous among which was a great white cross, on front and back, and a small cross on either sleeve. This he gave the princess to put on. On her head he put a conical cap adorned with a cross, and on her feet stout sandals of horse-hide, with the mystic figure embroidered on each. He hung around her neck a wreath of garlic flowers made on the twined branches of the wild rose; then handed her a wand, the head of which was a gold cross; and from his pouch he produced seven small cones of kyphi* and gave her implicit instructions. From the bundle he took a number of torches, and said, "Now Princess, I will lead thee by an unknown way to the tomb of the God. So far can I go with thee, then thou must proceed alone; but I will await thy coming near the temple. The robe thou hast on thee will protect thee from all harm. When thou comest into the temple, draw the magic circle around thee on the floor with thy wand in this manner", and he drew the magic circle in the glistening sand. "At the four cardinal points, thou wilt place the torches—so."

Ranee drew the circle several times, to be sure that the signs were correct.

"Now, remember, thou must not step outside the circle, as thou dost value thy life. After thou hast lighted the incense, which thou wilt place on the altar, thou wilt find a small red box in the right hand of the God. Though encrusted with rubies, the contents are not of value", he said carelessly, "for 'tis only

*Egyptian incense.

filled with a fine white powder. Take it; hold the box in thine hand, and no matter what thou dost see or hear, thou art quite safe; with the box in thy possession, thou canst command the world. Carry it safely, and pick thy steps on thy return so thou dost not fall. Be not afraid to command the djinn* should one appear to thee, and when thy wish is granted say these words: '*Chaach Chachach Charcharachacha*'. Lest thou should forget them, here they are written for thee to carry with thee. Art thou ready Princess? The way is dark, the Gods sit enthroned in the heart of yonder mountain. Thou wilt need all thy courage. Perchance thou wilt have to face the powers of darkness; but cling to thy wand, and use thy will power. Mortals are safe, until mastered by fear."

"I fear not, Sunro, have I not been initiated into the mysteries of the temple? Thy magic will have to be of a new order to frighten me."

"Well thou knowest I deal not in white magic. Thou art about to encounter the unseen forces. Thou art in love. A passionate woman will do much to gain the object of her affections; but Royal Egypt will scarce yield to a foreign born slave."

"Never", said Ranee passionately, her jealousy now fully aroused. "Lead on, I will follow thee to Netherwold."

Sunro donned a gown similar to the one Ranee was wearing, covered with the mystic symbols. He led the way to a cleft in the rocks, which was filled with a mass of wild date palms that grew at the base of the mountain. He pushed aside the feathery foliage, which was wild and ragged and trailed in great branches over the ground, and made his way behind several boulders to an opening in the rocks.

This was the entrance to a long-forgotten tomb; and as they stepped into the darkness of the cavern, Ranee felt a strange chill come over her. Sunro lighted a couple of torches, disturbing the bats and causing them to wheel in fright above the glimmering lights. Night hawks shrieked, owls hooted, and a flying bat struck, cold and clammy, against her cheek. Her flesh crept with horror, but she set her teeth and waited. She could now see that the cave was a large tomb, richly adorned with paintings and sculptures. The light of the torches brought out in strong relief the sepulchral figures on the ceiling, painted white on a dark blue ground, and the pillars and walls of the vault glowed with a vivid variety of colors.

*Spirit.

The main entrance sloped with a very slight descent, and on each side were niches, filled with mummy cases. In the cave were two great sarcophagi, standing on blocks of marble. Behind these, Sunro led the way to a narrow and difficult passage, roughly cut in the rock and nearly filled with sand that had fallen from above. Here the air was foul and stagnant. There was a smell as of some dreadful miasma, mixed with the peculiar overpowering odor of the mummies, and it seemed so long before they emerged into another chamber that Rancee thought the passage would never end.

Two lurid eyes gleamed on her through the darkness, and a long, lean object glided swiftly by, brushing her garments as it passed. Cold and faint, she leaned against the wall to take breath. "What was that?" she gasped.

"'Twas but a jackal, Princess", Sunro answered reassuringly; and led her to a large rock, behind which another passage led to the great hall of the God.

"Princess, I will await thee here", he said, as he placed two blazing torches on the floor. He lighted a third and handed it to her, with the others which she was to carry with her.

"All is now ready, Princess; wilt thou not rest a moment?"

"Nay", she said in a hollow whisper, "I will go on to the end", but her cheek was pale and a strange fire gleamed in her eyes.

"Now, remember, Princess", he said, "we understand each other. There must be no wavering on thy part. Leave all womanly weakness behind thee."

"I will", she said grimly.

Rancee had to squeeze her slim body sideways to get into the passage. Here she found the air oppressive as if from some sulphurous fumes, which made her quite dizzy, but she pushed bravely on.

The chamber where Sunro had elected to wait for the princess was an awful place, for all around him were strewn the mummies of the dead, and the faint light given off by his torches served only to enhance the surrounding gloom. He sat on a stone with head erect, his face bright with triumph, with the air of a man who was on the eve of some great enterprise requiring skill and courage. He rubbed his long hands gleefully together. "If only I can gain the box!" he muttered. "I did not dare hope she would carry it through. Now I will be the master of Egypt; for with the casket in my possession I can compel Rameses to do my bidding, or threaten him with the destruction

of Egypt; and to think that his own daughter is the one to disturb the rest of Seth!" He laughed joyfully; and strange echoes answered. Hollow laughs sounded all around the vaulted chamber, shaking his boasted confidence until even he cringed with fear.

Ranee found herself in a narrow passage about fifty feet in length, only wide enough to allow her to walk through without touching the sides. Suddenly she found herself in a vast chamber so large that twenty torches could not illuminate the shadowy recesses of its vaulted roof. The walls of this great temple were of white limestone, which glittered with shining stalactites that looked like silver in the rays of the torches. In the heart of this great mountain Nature had formed this gigantic temple, for this wonder the hand of man had not created.

In this beautiful cavern dwelt the God of Evil. On one side of the chamber, which had been blocked up with dark stones from roof to floor, was painted in phosphorescent paint a great cross, which no evil influence could pass.

In one corner rose two huge pillars, the sides of which were carved and fretted with shining spar, and between them sat the God, with folded arms, enthroned on a huge block of black marble. He had the head of a fabulous animal having a pointed snout and square ears. In spite of her boasted courage, Ranee began to feel the uncanny spell of this temple of horror stealing over her. Her brain reeled, her blood ran cold, and she felt like a person in a nightmare, half conscious, yet unable to resist the petrifying spell. An unseen power compelled her to confront the nameless horror. She dreaded it; yet she was resolved to make it obey her will; so she stepped quickly to the altar, and lighting all her torches from the one she carried, she placed them on the floor, as she had been directed. She lifted her wand on high, then, with its iron-shod point, she drew the magic circle around her, taking care to keep herself well within its mystic border, while she chanted in a low tone a verse of mystic words. She now placed the seven small cones on the altar, and holding the wand aloft, she reached up. Sure enough, in the hand of the God lay a tiny red box. This she transferred to her own hand, and standing in the centre of the mystic ring with her torch in her left hand, and the wand in her right, she lighted the cones one by one. They did not flame, but burned with a dull red glow, each spark sending up its small spiral column of smoke, which gave a strange fragrance. Then she

waved the wand and said in a firm voice, "Ye shades of night, I bid you now appear."

A wild unreasoning terror took possession of her. She trembled from head to foot, but she stood firm in the silence that ensued when the dread echoes had died away. With fixed eyes and rigid limbs she waited; and her hair rose on end with terror when she saw a faint luminous light begin to gather behind the statue. It was a strange unearthly blue light, such as she had never seen on land or sea. It glimmered in the blackness, and grew brighter and brighter, until it enveloped the great black statue in its strange glare, casting a faint radiance all over the vast chamber. Then, floating in its bright rays, Rancee saw small silver atoms which reminded her of the motes that dance in the sunshine. They whirled round and round and gathered in clusters in a nebulous way; then the floating atoms began to take shape. More and more quickly they danced, and more and more they gathered, until they formed themselves into phantom shape.

Materialized from this strange light stood a misty form, vague and shadowy. At first it looked like a huge bat with out-spread wings, then gradually it assumed the form of a woman with waving masses of dark hair, which seemed to writhe around her head, as if she were crowned with snakes. Her eyes seemed to glow with living fire, and she had brilliant white teeth that gleamed behind ruby lips. Then Rancee heard a tinkling voice, hard and clear, saying, "Wherefore, oh mortal, hast thou called me from the shades?"

At first she could not speak, for her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth; but she summoned all her will power and answered: "So that henceforth thou wilt obey my will by the power I hold over thee. By this box I command thee to do my bidding."

She was answered by a tinkling laugh, like the sound of falling glass.

"Name thy desire, oh mortal."

"I would have the Prince of Tyre love me, of his own accord. I would have him make me his wife."

"Too late!" answered the phantom. "That love is given to another; but I can separate them for thee; and perchance his love will then turn toward thee. Sign thy bond, oh mortal."

Rancee drew from her hair a golden arrow, sharp as a stiletto, and pricked her arm. She dipped the arrow in the drop of blood that issued from the wound and let it run from the point of the arrow onto the altar.

"Behold the bond of blood. I sign myself thine. Thou canst dispose of my Ka according to thy will", she said looking without flinching at the luminous figure standing in the misty light.

She was answered by the rippling laugh. The echoes caught the silvery sound and flung them back and forth, until the cave seemed peopled with laughing spirits.

"Thy desire, oh mortal; name it."

"I would have the Prince of Tyre, and I would be assured that his heart is mine, alone. How am I to know that he loves not the slave in secret?"

Then the voice answered, "Because I promise thee that she shall not return his love until this mountain shall be removed, and the waters of the Nile flow over it; till when battles are fought on the other side of the world at noon, the conqueror shall be known in Egypt before set of sun; till travellers on the wide ocean shall speak to their loved ones on land; and men shall fly like birds in the air. Until then, oh mortal, this slave shall not return the love of this man. She shall fly at his approach, nor shall they know each other until these things have come to pass."

"I am content"; said Raneë, "for none of those things can ever come to pass. How shall I call thee, should I need thy aid?"

"I shall be ever at thy side", said the phantom with a laugh, "for I am the personification of the serpent Appe. I am thy servant as long as thou canst refrain from opening the box that is in thy hand."

Then Raneë said in a firm voice, "I bid thee begone, oh shade", and she read the magic words of exorcism which Sunro had given her. Gradually the phantom dissolved into the shining atoms, the diffused light slowly disappeared, and Raneë stood in the cave alone.

She now made her way to the rock behind which was the hidden entrance to the passage. With fear and trembling she put the box in the bosom of her robe and returned. Walking along the dismal passage she felt something cold and clammy slide between her feet, and stood paralyzed with terror as she saw a huge black and yellow serpent glide quickly away. Her heart stood still with fear. She could not account for this awful terror, for snakes had always been a source of pleasure to her, and she was on the verge of fainting when she reached the gloomy tomb where Sunro was awaiting her.

When she appeared, his face brightened, for well he knew that she had been in great danger, and he was relieved at her safe return.

"The box, the box! Hast thou got that?" said he anxiously.

"Why art thou in such haste?" she answered coldly. "Let us get out of this awful place. I am weary, Sunro. I will tell thee of my experience with the djinn after we are safely away from all this horror", she added with a shudder.

"Give me the box, oh Princess", said he, "that I may carry it safely for thee."

"Nay, Sunro", she answered haughtily, "I have risked my life to get it; why should I give it to thee?"

"Because, oh Princess, thou knowest not what power it contains. It were best to bury it, now that thou hast called the manes from Amenti, and thou wilt have thy wish. I would not have it fall into other hands. Perhaps thou thinkest it contains a great jewel; but I assure thee, Princess, it contains only a fine white powder, which must not come in contact with the air."

"How dost thou know all this, Sunro?"

"The knowledge hath been handed down from my forefathers. What if thou shouldst leave it around somewhere, and some slave should open it? On my knees I beseech thee, Princess, to trust it to my care, only for safe keeping."

"Nay", said she wilfully, "I will myself see to its safety. Lead on, Sunro; this is no place to linger."

The baffled dwarf rose from his knees and led the way to the place where the camels were chewing the cud beneath the palms. H was wild with rage, but he doubted not that he could compel Raneë to give up the box ere long. They mounted the camels and moved swiftly and silently on their homeward way, and Sunro managed to get the princess back to her apartments before the dawn. A snow-white streak across her shining hair bore mute witness to the terrors of the night.

Early risers that morning witnessed a strange phenomenon in Egypt. A dense white fog lay over the valley. The mist had come from the mountains, and spread over the river in a bluish haze, dense and cold. The sunshine gradually dispelled this strange mist; but old river men shook their heads. Never in their lives had such a thing occurred before; and Sethos, noting it, hastened anxiously to his observatory, shaking his head solemnly.

Next day the princess was quite ill, and kept her room all

day. The following day she resumed her journey up the Nile to Thebes, where she went to the Temple of Amen Ra, and dwelt in the house of the Virgins of the Sun for a week.

In the meantime, at Memphis, Ardas was planning to leave Egypt. One bright morning he stood sorrowfully watching his caravan depart. Tents were struck, camels and wagons loaded with the rapidity of frequent practice under the eye of discipline, and ere long, where horses had been picketed and long lines of dusky weather-stained tents had stood, there was only a sandy waste.

Artaxia had orders to wait one full moon for his master at the Well of Palms, after which he was to strike camp and move on to Tyre; and Ardas sighed as he saw the long train in motion, winding in the sunshine across the sand. Turning to Maris, he said, "The Gods protect us, Maris; for now we have indeed burned our bridges. We must away at the earliest opportunity. Get thee gone, Maris, to the Rosetta, and see if thou canst procure a Phœnician ship to await our coming, while I make arrangements here for the transportation of the slaves. Darda and Nebo can travel down the Nile. I will go with Nicia and Amrah in another boat, and we will meet at Sair. I must attend this lion hunt of the king's, which is arranged in my honor; then we will leave Egypt for ever. May the Gods attend thee, Maris. I will see thee on the morrow."

Once again the mirror became a blank, and the first beams of dawn stole softly into the museum. I made my way to my room, and was aroused from dreamless slumber in time to dress for dinner. Next evening, as the clock struck ten, I repeated the mystic words and beheld the continuation of the vision.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT SUNRO SAW IN THE MAGIC CRYSTAL.

THE day after the royal hunt the princess returned to Memphis; and as soon as she reached her apartments, she called a slave and ordered him to bring her the cage of mice, with which her pets were always fed.

"Poor things, ye are hungry", she said, approaching the glass case, in which they were kept; for no one in the palace would go near the snakes in her absence. She opened the lid of the case,

and was about to plunge her white arm in, as usual, when, to her great surprise, she saw the reptiles raise their heads in anger. Their beady eyes were flashing fire, and they struck right and left, their forked tongues darting with lightning rapidity.

Ranee spoke to them soothingly, and gave them a couple of mice, but they refused them. Then she got her ivory flute and played softly to allay their anger and excitement, but the music seemed to have no effect, it had evidently lost its charm. She gazed steadily at them and willed them to peace, but all to no purpose. Then it suddenly dawned upon her with a shock that she had lost her power. "The gift hath been taken away by Seth! Ah, me", she sighed, "it was very useful; but the God hath, I doubt not, given me a greater power in the red box; and now the serpents must die." So she sent for Naxo, and bade him call two slaves to carry the glass case to the lake in the garden and there submerge it until the reptiles were drowned. She carefully locked it, bidding the slaves be careful how they handled it.

The princess went to her pavilion in the garden and sat wondering if her power were really gone for ever, or if, perchance, her will were weakened by the trial through which she had just gone; for she knew full well that after all she was only a woman, and that she had completely collapsed after reaching her room. As she sat thinking of all that had happened, a small black figure darted out of the shrubbery, and, kneeling at her feet, held out to her a small roll of papyrus. Wondering what it could mean, she took the letter from the messenger, and dismissed him with a handful of silver rings, telling him that it was dangerous to be found in the king's garden. He prostrated himself, and in a flash he was gone without a word.

Ranee leisurely unrolled the papyrus scroll, and found that it was nothing less than a command from Sunro to come to his house after sunset prayers. "I have news of great import concerning thy stately sycamore. Fail me not, if thou wouldst gain thine end."

At first she was angry, and her eyes blazed with that orange light that always betokens a storm. How dare Sunro command her, the daughter of the Pharaoh? The royal blood in her veins seethed and boiled. "A Princess of the Royal House of Egypt to go to him!" she said aloud; "I will have him flayed alive."

Then she read the scroll again. "If I would gain mine end I must go. He will not come to me because of the Pharaoh. He declines to risk his head", she thought quickly. "Ah, well, I can lose Lucina in the crowd at the temple, and I can go heavily veiled. I will tell Lucina to wait at the temple while I go into the sanctuary. Alas! I have indeed lost my power, when I obey the call of Sunro!"

While Ardas was absent at the great hunt, Nicia was sitting on the roof making her lace, which was as fine as cobwebs. Beside her, on an inlaid table, stood the gilded cage of her pet lark, singing away as if it must burst its slender throat with its delicious thrills of harmony. A great burst of music came from the river, and Nicia left her seat and crossed the roof, leaning on the parapet to watch the gay procession of boats. Suddenly she heard a crash behind her, and turning quickly she beheld her beloved lark in the mouth of the black cat, who quickly dashed down the stairs. Nicia gave an agonized scream and ran after him. Leo, who had been lazily stretched in the sun at her feet, needed only the sound of her voice to awake him to vigorous action. With one bound he was after the cat, and when Nicia came up with him he was just shaking the last remnants of life out of it. He walked gravely up to her and laid the animal at her feet, then fetched the dead lark and laid it in her lap, looking up with loving eyes as if to say, "There, I could not save thy bird, but the cat will never trouble thee nor me again."

"Oh, Leo, Leo, what hast thou done?" she moaned. Then she put the cat in a reed basket that she found near, and hid it from sight under some low bushes, and returned to the house, where she told Amrah her troubles, and wept uncontrollably for her bird. Amrah stood as if turned to stone. "My lamb, my lamb", she moaned, "bad luck has befallen us this day. 'Tis a fearful omen—the sacred animal of the Goddess Sekhet killed!"

"Oh, I don't care for the cat", said Nicia. "I hated the animal; but my dear little bird—to think that the creature should kill it!"

"My lady", said Amrah, "the cat must be buried, lest the Goddess find it out; and a prayer must be said to ward her off. If only we could take it to the Temple of Bubastis and lay it at the feet of the Goddess, it would avert all danger from thee."

"Oh, nonsense, Amrah! Such a fuss about a cat! Thou knowest I believe not in such things", said Nicia.

"Nevertheless", groaned Amrah, "thou wilt have the curse of Bast upon thee if it is not done."

Nicia only smiled, and answered, "I will get the prince to see that Darda doth bury it tonight, for of course I know, Amrah, that the matter must not be talked about, and that we can trust no one with the affair."

Old Amrah went out to the garden and brought in the basket; then she carefully wrapped the dead animal in many bandages of red and white linen sprinkling it with aromatic herbs and oil of natron. This done, she said many prayers over the body and hid it carefully under her bed.

At sunset the princess and Lucina left her gorgeous litter at the Temple of Ptah. While the feeding of Hapi was going on the princess bade Lucina await her return, and passed within the portico of the temple. Soon after a heavily veiled female, covered with a dark burnous entered the home of Sunro, which was not far from the temple.

"Welcome, oh Princess", said he, "I have ventured to send for thee to give thee important news. Wilt thou give the box into my care if I show thee a way to gain the one thou lovest?"

Ranee thought for a moment. "I will give it to thee, Sunro, on the day on which I stand before the marrying priests", she said firmly; and with that promise he had to be content.

"Princess, I beg thee to be careful of the treasure thou hast in thy possession." He then stepped to a table in the darkened room, and, pulling the cover off his crystal, said, "Princess, I have found that the woman whom the prince loves is in Egypt, not far from the palace. She is not an Egyptian, but a slave whom he brought in the caravan with him. At this present moment," he said, eyeing Ranee, "the prince is with her in a garden of flowers; they are laughing, and the prince is digging a hole in the ground."

"The Prince digging!" said Ranee incredulously.

"Yea," said Sunro, "and the woman now hands him, as I live, Princess, the body of a cat, which they proceed to bury 'neath a large bush of yellow roses, which is in full flower."

"Where are they?" hissed Ranee, her jealousy now fully awake.

Sunro watchd her narrowly as he said, "They now proceed to the house, and the prince hath taken the maiden in his arms, and is showering kisses on her upturned face. They are both laughing at the death of the cat."

"Enough!" cried Ranee, "where are they?" her eyes blazing with a dangerous light.

Sunro now threw the cover over the crystal, and, rubbing his hands together, he said, "Princess, I would fain offer thee a little advice. Keep thy temper for a day or two. Go to his Majesty, the King, and have the prince arrested, then thou wilt have him safe. Then bid the Governor of Police search for a house on the river dyke, from which, looking west, one can plainly see the silver dome of Thoth shining through the trees. it is below the temple, Princess. Then do with the maiden accordingly to our laws. Thou knowest 'tis death to kill the sacred animal of Sekhet. All who offend the cat-eyed Goddess pay the penalty. Under the rose bush they will find the body. It need not be known, oh Princess, that thy hand is in this affair. Thou art not responsible for the temper of the people; and after it is over, the prince, in his prison cell, will turn to the one who has been his friend through all this trouble. The one who succeeds in opening the door of his prison will gain his gratitude. He will throw himself at thy gracious feet; and lo, the prize is won."

Ranee had listened carefully to this long speech. "Thou art right, Sunro. Now, help me with thy magic aid to carry it through, and the box is thine."

Ranee hurried back to the temple, where she found Lucina distracted by her long absence. She had thrown off her veil, and her companion could see that her face was pale; but her lips were shut in a thin line, and she spoke not a word as the litter was borne back to the royal abode. Only the practised eyes of Lucina, as she waited upon her, marked how the blue veins around her temple throbbed, and how her color came and went, and the strange fire flashed in her eyes. Rage and contempt were tearing at her heart. She, whose wishes were daily anticipated almost before they were formed; she who, in her matchless beauty, had no desire ungratified; that the prince, a mere nobody, according to her standard, should dare refuse the hand of Pharaoh's daughter, and that he could resist her charms and prefer the love of a slave girl, was beyond her comprehension.

"He shall know my power, he who has dared to despise me! I will crush him to earth; and when he sues for the love I offered him, I will turn coldly away and leave him to perish; but he shall not go to this girl for comfort in his despair. Nay, she shall die. I will see to it that her agony shall be long, and

that she has time to suffer; and the prince, I will first attend to him. He shall stay in prison until he comes to his senses and sues to me, or until he is old and grey. He shall know to his cost that he cannot offend Royal Egypt with impunity. Oh, Ardas", she wailed, "I could not hate thee so much if I did not love thee so well! Oh, my Love, I *cannot* lose thee! But thou must be made to drink bitter waters before thou canst learn the power of love."

That evening, after dinner, which had been a family affair in the palace, Ranee sought her father in private, and, dropping to her knees, she said, "I now crave the boon, oh Sire,—the reward for my dance on the New Year."

"Aye," said Rameses kindly, "I had forgotten, my daughter. Thou hast not yet demanded it. Well, what shall it be, a priceless pearl, a jewel, or a diadem?"

"Nay, I only ask thee to command the presence of the Prince of Tyre, at thy banquet tomorrow evening, and to detain him after the tenth hour. Thou wilt then send one of thy nobles to waylay him on his way to his palace. The prince must be shoved and jostled by a drunken noble. This, of course, he will resent, and will draw his sword. Which one of thy nobles dost thou wish to seek the shades?" and she laughed a cruel, ringing laugh that had a strange tinkling sound. "He will not stand much chance against the sword of the prince. What sayest thou to Marotis, oh Sire? Then the soldiers must be in readiness to step forward and arrest the prince, and he must go to prison for a while."

"But, Ranee, hast thou forgotten that the prince hath the freedom of the city, and we have pledged the loving cup? That would be a flagrant breach against the rules of nations and of kingly hospitality. Remember, Ranee, he hath eaten our bread and salt."

"As the friend of Pharaoh", Ranee said insinuatingly, "he can be well treated; and thou canst give the command in secret. I want thee to come to my aid, oh Sire; I want to open the prison gates for him. I can have him released by thy kind permission, and he must, in gratitude, show me some respect. Oh, Sire, I love him! I cannot live without him! When he speaks to me, it seems as if the Hathors had woven a web of sunbeams around me, and I beseech thee to aid me", she added passionately.

"My daughter," said Rameses, rising in anger, "I will compel him to marry thee, or he shall lose his life."

"Nay, let me have mine own way, Sire. 'Twill be the prince's own fault if he gets mixed up in a drunken brawl."

"Thy wish is granted thee, my daughter. I will give orders in secret, and the prince shall lodge with Atasu until thou desirest his freedom. Thou shalt have thy boon, even at the price of Egypt's honor."

Next evening Prince Ardas was in attendance on the Pharaoh at his express command. He was shown great favor. It was a feast from which the ladies of the royal household were excluded, and the wine flowed freely, the king's cup-bearer again and again filling the golden goblet at his side. Rameses was in a merry mood; and stories about his hunting exploits were told again and again, until Ardas forgot about the tenth hour, and 'twas nearer the twelfth when he found himself in the open air.

He felt conscious of a strange depression, a vague misgiving, as though some evil were casting its shadow around him ere it came. The air felt heavy, and the stars had become dim; he felt as though he were in a different world as he passed along the silent streets on his way to his palace. His head was not quite as clear as it might have been, as he made his way through a narrow street to cut short his homeward route, and a staggering man ran full tilt into him.

"How now?" said the prince, angrily. "Is the pave not wide enough for thee?"

"Who art thou to talk to me, Lord of the Marshes?" said the aggressor, whipping out his sword.

Ardas was now forced to defend himself; which he proceeded to do right merrily. The clash of steel blades rang out on the quiet air of the night, and before Ardas had made many passes with his adversary, who was no mean antagonist, several people came running toward them, and among them four of the police guards. They would hear no explanation; and simply disarmed the two men and led them to the prison, a large square building of rough stones, three stories in height, with a flat roof. It stood at the end of the dyke, and overlooked the river, and its high windows were barred with bronze bars.

Ardas was led to the room of the governor of police, who, sitting in his high-chair, regarded the two nobles before him with a grim smile. Ardas told him who he was, and explained the situation, hinting that he would not lose anything by sparing him humiliation; but the governor only gazed on the painted figure of the Goddess Ma-t, and said, "Thou wilt have to go before the judgment seat of Pharaoh, oh Prince."

"Spare me that, I pray thee", said Ardas. "I am the friend of Rameses."

"So am I;" retorted the other, "and thou, a hated foreigner, wilt have to stand where I do."

"Very well, lead on", said Ardas. "Ye are a pack of fools." He then followed the jailer down a wide corridor; a massive door swung back, and he found himself in a good-sized cell. In the middle of the further wall was a couch in the form of a bronze lion, covered with a finely dressed lion-skin. Near it a head-rest of ebony, decorated with pious texts, stood ready for the sleeper. In one corner stood a tabouret, and a low table completed its furnishing. High up in the wall a long, narrow light let in the moonlight. He flung himself down on the couch, and soon fell asleep, resolving that he would send a letter to Rameses the first thing in the morning, and made up his mind that in the future he would not dine so hilariously.

The sun had scarcely gilded the walls of the cell, ere Ardas called for papyrus and stylus, and, having written his note, he sealed the letter with wax, and dispatched it to the palace.

The morning wore on. He began to stretch his long legs, and wonder if the Pharaoh has forgotten that he was sitting there in durance. The jailer had brought him a good breakfast, and he wondered if they thus fed their prisoners in Egypt; gravely pondering this question as he eyed a basket of luscious fruit.

Toward evening the governor of the prison visited him in person. "Most illustrious Prince, thy petition has been duly laid before the Pharaoh, and the most high and noble son of Ra—may the Gods give him health forever—hath decided for thine own good, to have thee lodged here for a few short days. Thou hast wounded the noble Marotis, and he hath made his complaint before the throne, and the people clamor for thy death or banishment, oh Prince. Thou being a foreigner, the Pharaoh hath said that thou art to be kept in prison for one month, for thine own safety; but thou art to be a favored guest, having all thy wishes gratified as far as lies in my power."

"By all the Gods!" said Ardas, "would he dare to detain me?" Then he remembered that his caravan was now far away on its return journey in the wilds of the desert, and that Maris was at the Delta. Then his thoughts turned to his loved one. "I must contrive to send her word," he muttered, "but how?" He could not trust the slaves. "Oh, for Maris! Oh, for my trusted

friend!" he groaned, as he sat on the couch, trying to devise some means of communication with her. Had he only the power to see through those stone walls, the sight would have driven him mad; for early that morning a squad of officers had stopped before the ponderous bronze gates of the Villa Amentu, and, when old Amrah, thinking that it was Darda, who had gone to market, opened them wide, they rushed in with spikes in hand. Three of them made for the mandara, where Nicia was playing the harp, and rudely confronted her.

"Thou art under arrest, maiden," said one, in a rough tone, as he laid his hand on the shoulder of the astonished girl; while the others made their way to the garden, looking for a yellow rose bush in full bloom; and they soon returned with the body of the cat, which one of them wrapped carefully in a dark cloth.

Nicia was allowed to put on her mantle. She was then led to a litter, and was borne rapidly through the streets, and the people, gazing after the litter, knew that it contained a woman prisoner. Great curiosity and interest were evinced as it passed, and comments flew from lip to lip. "What hath she done?" said a carpenter. "She must be a hyæna", said his companion. "Ah," said an old man, with a wag of his head, "Pharaoh will never order such a comely maiden to her death. Were I in his place, she would make me a capital slave." "Indeed", said an old hag, "Pharaoh is merciful, and she may escape with the loss of that shapely nose. 'Twere a pity to make a mummy of her before her time; but what hath she done?"

"She is a foreigner," said one. "She hath refused to worship Athor."

"She is a Hebrew," answered another, "and she will surely suffer punishment."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE JUDGMENT OF PHARAOH.

THE litter finally stopped at the steps of the Judgment Hall, just as she was, Nicia was led before the judgment seat of the mighty Pharaoh. Here, on a raised platform, sat Rameses, bathed in a flood of sunlight from the open sky above. His attitude was suggestive of extreme fatigue and exhaustion. His face looked sad and weary, and was pitiless in expression. He had slept little, for thinking of this freak of Rancee to have the prince

in prison; for he liked Ardas, and did not relish his part in this affair. He thought, however, that it would be but temporary, and promised himself that he would make ample reparation.

The other cases, most of them trifling affairs, had been disposed of, and Pharaoh had just given Marotis his liberty, with a severe reprimand in public, and a grant of land in private, when he heard the sound of a great disturbance, accompanied by loud cries. An immense crowd was streaming toward the scribes of the court, and a detachment of officers of police were forcing a passage through the yelling mob, leading a woman prisoner to the foot of the judgment seat.

"One more case, most glorious Son of Light. A female hath killed a sacred cat", announced the crier, and Nicia was pushed forward in front of the throne.

Rameses looked into her frightened blue eyes, and noted her pale, delicate skin with interest. "Maiden, whence art thou, and what doest thou here in Egypt?"

"Most noble King, I am from Cyprus; I did not kill the cat. 'Twas my dog that did it, your most gracious Majesty", she faltered hurriedly.

The keen eye of the Pharaoh wandered over her shapely form, but he only said, "How camest thou to Memphis?"

"By the Phœnician caravan, your Majesty."

"And why hast thou not returned when it left here three days ago?" he said suspiciously.

"My life is in thy hands, oh King; but I decline to answer thy question", she said firmly.

"Let the accusation be read", said he sternly, turning to the nearest officer. It was the law of Egypt that a written statement should be prepared of the charge, the evidence on both sides, and the defence. It was believed that, by this method, no skilful oratory or impassioned appeal would bias the judgment when the plaintiff was pleading for his life. A priest, distinguished by his grave aspect and look of wisdom, dressed in a pure white robe, now read the grave accusation from a roll of papyrus. As he began, the Princess Ranee swept into the court, attended by several of her ladies. She paused for a few moments on the steps of the throne, and regarded the prisoner with a long, searching glance, as she took her seat beside the Pharaoh. Ranee often sat beside her father in the judgment hall, for she thought that some day she might be called upon to sit in the judgment seat herself; and sometimes a whispered word to her father

would sway his judgment in favor of the prisoner. To-day she listened gravely while the priest read the charge, and none knew that she was carefully scrutinizing the fair girl below her, as she noted every curve of her features, her stately form, and her exquisite coloring; nor did any note the cruel light that shone in her hazel eyes, as the reading drew to a close.

"Produce the evidence," said Rameses; and one of the officers stepped forward with the body of the cat. An intense silence fell over the vast audience. Rameses could not let the prisoner go openly, but he was inclined to give her the benefit of the doubt. Perhaps the dog had killed the cat. At any rate he was inclined to let her off with a light sentence, and was deliberating this in his mind when Ranee spoke in a low voice. "If the maid has not committed the deed herself, let her make public reverence to Sekhet; then let her go, oh Pharaoh."

Thereupon Rameses nodded his head in approval, and gave orders to a slave standing near; and in a few moments a statue of the cat-headed goddess* was wheeled into the court and up to the steps of the throne.

"If thou didst not kill the sacred animal of Bast, maiden, fall on thy knees and make thy prayer to the goddess for the preservation of thy life", said Rameses.

Nicia gave the goddess a glance of disdain. "I will kneel at thy feet, oh King; but that stone image cannot help me. I am a believer in the God of the Hebrews, and in him will I trust", and she looked up to the blue sky, with hands clasped together.

"Well, maiden, thou shalt have an easy death", said Ranee, and a cruel smile curved her lips. "Thou shalt become the Bride of the Nile. 'Tis an honor Egyptian maidens crave, to sleep in the arms of the God of the Nile."

"The Princess hath spoken", said Rameses wearily. "Take her to the Temple of Ptah."

When the officers led Nicia away, old Amrah came out of her hiding place in the garden and locked the gate, awaiting the return of Darda. When she sobbed out her sad news, the poor old man was stunned. "The blow hath fallen, Amrah. 'Tis the rising of Sirius, of which her father warned me.—And she is accused of killing the cat! How anyone knew of the death

*The goddess Sekhet was represented by a human form with the head of a cat, on which was the sun's disc. She was the goddess who incited man to the hot and wild passions of love.

of the creature is beyond me, for I knew naught of it myself until thou didst tell me."

"It is the magic of Egypt", said Amrah.

"Then the magic doth lie; for she did not kill it."

"'Tis the curse of Bast. Mark me, our lady will suffer punishment, for she loved not the cat, who was a special favorite of the goddess and used to sit at the foot of her statue every day. Ah, woe is me!" she moaned. "Would that they had taken me; but now, Darda, thou must away to the palace of my lord the prince. He is a friend of Rameses, and all will yet come right. 'Twas only last eve that he was summoned to a great banquet in his honor. Go, Darda, go. He will save our lamb, if thou but reach him quickly."

Darda hurried out and made his way along the Avenue of Chochiche to the palace of the prince. Here he found all quiet. The slaves were lazily enjoying themselves; and no one would take any notice of him. The great man in charge of the palace could not be disturbed, and he was rudely told to get about his business. He was sorrowfully making his way out of the grounds when he espied Nebo, whom he knew to be the personal attendant of Ardas. "Oh friend," he gasped, "lead me to thy master. I have news of great import for him."

"Ah, thou art the sick man of our camp. I would gladly convey word of thy presence to the prince, but he is not here. He doth not sleep in the palace of nights. A gay bird is my lord. Hush," he said coming nearer, "he hath found a charmer in Egypt that hath bewitched him. He never returns until morning gilds the skies."

"Stop thy chattering, Nebo. It may cost thee thy head, for the prince hath a princess with him in Egypt, to whom he is wed; and I am the bearer of a message from her to him."

"I tell thee truly, he is not within. Thou must seek elsewhere for the master. The Hathors must have met him and carried him off."

"Well, well! I wonder what hath become of my lord!" Darda muttered. "Not here, not there! Whither shall I seek him? I will go to the palace of the Pharaoh, for surely I will find him there", and he went on his way; but not a sign of the prince could he find, for not a sound had penetrated from within the gloomy walls where Ardas was striding backward and forward like a caged leopard.

Then Darda thought of Sethos, and went to the palace of

the high priest and asked humbly for the Lady Una, who was this moment coming down the steps of the balcony, blithely singing a gay little song. She came at once when she caught sight of his pale face.

"I have bad news for thee, my lady," he whispered; "I pray thee lead on where we cannot be overheard."

She led him into the private study of her grandsire; and when he had told his sorrowful tale she fell back in the chair, white and trembling. "What can I do, what can I do? She must have been judged ere now. Didst thou hear aught as thou camest through the streets, Darda?"

"Nay, I only heard one man tell another that the Bride of the Nile was to be a Hebrew maiden."

"Poor girl!" said Una, shivering. "'Tis a horrible custom to sacrifice to the rising Nile a fair young life. Grandsire doth abhor it; and it doth make his heart sick for a month. Go, Darda, try to find the prince. I will do what I can to aid her", and she flung herself in a chair and gave way to uncontrolled grief.

At this moment Sethos returned and entered the study. He had been away all night at the tower. So strange were the movements of the stars that he did not trust to the watchers of the night, but had himself sat all night watching the heavens.

"My child, my child, what is it?" he said, lifting the forlorn and crumpled figure in his strong arms.

"Oh, grandsire," gasped Una, "Nicia, and the prince!" and she repeated the sad tale with sobs and gasps. The face of Sethos was white, as he tenderly wiped her tears away. "My child, obey me now in every particular, if thou dost wish to save our friend's life. Calm thy grief. Bury it from sight. I will at once go to the palace, where I will hear all about it. Silence is golden, my child; betray not thyself. I will find out if the prince is implicated. If we are to help him, we must appear as strangers to them. A knowledge of our friendship would be fatal. Now lie thee down, dear one, and try to calm thyself, and I will return quickly."

After a slight repast the grand old man was conveyed to the royal palace and sought out the Priest Senefru, who had read the accusation; and he learned from him all particulars of the trial of the morning, and that it was the princess who had condemned the prisoner.

"Now I know her enemy", thought Sethos; but of Ardas

even he could find no trace. It seemed as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up. He noted that Rameses wore a worried look, and said, "Thou art troubled, oh King. Can I lighten the dismal trend of thy thoughts?"

"Nay, Sethos; they are but small worries that vex my soul", he answered.

"I do not see our genial Prince of Tyre among the guests to-night," said Sethos. "I wanted particularly to speak with him, for I have just heard of the death of King David, and I had the prince mark it on his tablets when I saw the falling star long before the New Year."

"Who reigneth in his stead?" asked Rameses.

"Solomon, his youngest son, a very wise and noble youth, hath been proclaimed king, your Majesty."

"The prince hath perhaps taken a journey", said Rameses, and Sethos noted that his narrow eyes sought the ground. As he moved away, Sethos said to himself, "I saw a dark house. The princess is at the bottom of this. Can he be in prison? I must find out", and he soon found that his surmise was correct. He met Atasu, the Governor of the jail, and said, "How fares thy aristocratic prisoner, Atasu?"

"Hush!" said the Governor, putting his finger to his lips, "the Pharaoh hath given orders, 'tis not to be breathed that the prince lodgeth with us for a few days. He is to have every comfort, and no harm is to befall him; but 'tis a whim of the Pharaoh's, Holy Father."

"I understand", said Sethos, nodding his head.

Early next morning Sethos came to the Temple of Ptah, and the presiding priest bowed low before him. Now the priest of Ptah was a religious fanatic. Am-e-heb was the type of the cruel Egyptian, and none observed more scrupulously the religious rites than he.

"How is the prisoner?" Sethos asked. "I heard the maid refused to bow before the goddess Sekhet."

"'Tis true, oh Holy Father."

"Then I must convert her. Leave her to me, Am-e-heb. I will take this unbeliever in mine own hands and make a good Osirian of the maid. The river would refuse to rise were she not made to see the gods in their true light. Conduct me thither", he said sternly.

The priest led Sethos down a brick passage to a vaulted chamber, where the light of day could scarcely penetrate. It

seemed to Nicia that she was forgotten by men and deserted by her God, as she stood watching a little shaft of light that stole into the dismal dungeon. The day had dragged wearily on. Where was Ardas? Why did he not come? Meals had been served to her by a phantom-like figure that vanished without a word, and hope was dying within her when the door swung back to admit Am-e-heb, the priest, and behind him a shrouded figure, who put his hand to his lips, with a gesture of silence, making her heart beat with hope.

"Leave me, Am-e-heb; I would bring the maid to her senses ere she passeth to Amenti."

The priest obeyed. The door clanged to behind him, and Nicia saw that Sethos stood before her. He clasped her in his arms and said, "My child, my child, thou art in sore distress; but be of good cheer, thou art as another daughter to me, and I will surely save thee if it be within the power of mortal man; but thou must obey all my instructions implicitly."

"I will, my father, I will", said Nicia, sobbing.

"Thou mayest have to walk the fiery furnace, my child; but keep up thy heart, for all my knowledge of magic art shall be used for thee. Thou shalt be free, somehow. Now, thou must not know either Una or myself, save as thine enemies, for we come but to convert thee before thou diest. Remember to act thy part before the priest of Ptah. He will be always on the watch, and would prove thy worst enemy. Thy husband, Ardas, is in prison, and cannot aid thee. Thou must trust thy life to me, Nicia."

"In prison, Holy Father! I care not what they do to me. Save him; only save him. What is my life to his? Let me die, if only I save him. Aye, aye; it was I, and I alone that killed the cat", she cried.

The eyes of the high priest shone, and tears welled up in them, for he was deeply moved by the sublimity of this complete self-sacrifice for love; but he whispered, "Hush, Nicia; thou hast no time for hysterics. Summon all thy bravery. I give thee my word that the prince is not in the slightest danger. He is being treated like a king, save that he is deprived of liberty. 'Tis thou, my child, who art in danger; so rest easy on his account; and fret not, for he cannot communicate with thee. Now, child, thou must eventually be converted if I am to aid thee. On this errand alone will I be able to visit thee. Even the high priest cannot interfere with Am-e-heb and the Temple of Ptah. Re-

member to speak respectfully of our gods, should Am-e-heb probe thee, and express thy willingness to ask the forgiveness of Sekhet."

"I will, good Sethos, for I know 'tis not she to whom I pray, but my Heavenly Father, who reigns on high."

"Thou art right, Nicia. Pray to that great God, the unnameable One, to give us his blessing, and aid thee in this crisis", and he bowed his head reverently; then, hearing the sound of approaching footsteps, he spoke aloud in a stern tone: "My daughter, I will come again. Dost thou want to lose thy ka, and to wander in darkness?"

The door opened, and the priest of Ptah stood before him, bowing low.

"Enough!" said Sethos, "I will see thee again. Thou didst not mean to flaunt the goddess, maiden?"

"Nay, nay!" said Nicia, falling at his feet; but Sethos turned coldly away, and left the cell, followed by Am-e-heb, who looked upon the crouching figure as one cursed by the gods. For two days Sethos apparently did nothing. Great preparations were going on all over the city for the annual festival of the marriage of Hapi with a mortal maid. The Egyptians looked upon this event as a great and glorious one, and hundreds of maidens each year offered themselves as willing sacrifices to the god, envying the one who was chosen, as a being set apart from ordinary mortals.

CHAPTER XIX

THE BRIDE OF THE NILE IS REJECTED BY HAPI.

THE criers were going their daily rounds through the streets of Memphis, chanting the Wefer-en-Neel.* They announced the increase of the water as it rose in the Nilometer on the Island of Er-Rodah; and the people were wild with excitement, looking forward to the ceremony.

On the morning of the third day, Sethos had an audience with Rameses in the private apartments of the king.

"Hast thou some startling news to impart, that thou seekest me so early, good Sethos?"

"Oh, Son of Light," said Sethos, bowing low, "thou knowest that naught but truth passes my lips. I came to tell thee that the Nile God hath forbidden the sacrifice of human life. I

*The abundance of the Nile.

was warned in a dream that, shouldst thou persist in carrying out the plans now made, thou wilt be covered with a loathsome disease as a punishment, and the most awful evils will befall thee. Wouldst thou dare insult the God of the Nile, oh King? Think-est thou that the maiden thou hast selected is a bird that hath escaped the fowler's snare? Did she not tell thee she traveled with the Phœnician caravan? She is a wife, oh Rameses!"

"A wife!" said the king. "That changeth matters. But, Sethos, 'twas not I that pronounced her doom. 'Twas Raneë. Verily, I know not what to do. Thou sayest I must not have the maiden sacrificed; but the people, Sethos, the clamoring mob! Hast thou forgotten that the custom is an ancient and time-honored one?"

"Nay, oh Son of Ra; I forget nothing. Let the usual proceedings go on, and just before the sacrifice arise in thy might, oh Pharaoh. Show clemency, retract thy sentence, and let thy name go down in history as the Great Pharaoh, who abolished human sacrifice. Substitute a pillar of burnt clay, or what thou wilt, and thou shalt be called blessed by all posterity."

Rameses sat thinking, with his hand on his chin. "She declined to tell me why she did not leave with the caravan. Ah! I have it, Sethos! She is the favorite slave of Lord Maris,—and he dared to make love to Avaris."

"Perhaps," said Sethos, "the princess made love to him, for the maidens are not backward when they take the fancy, oh King."

Rameses wondered how much Sethos knew; and, remembering Raneë, the Pharaoh said no more.

"I will reprove the maid. She shall not be thrown into the river. Pharaoh hath spoken", he said, raising his right hand.

"Thou hast grievously offended the god, oh King," continued Sethos, "and as a sign thou shalt see the sun darken at the third hour of noon. Egypt will be plunged in darkness for two hours; and when thou beholdest the face of the sun again, lo! it will go down behind the hills of Libya in a sea of blood-red glory. If thou seest not the sun to-night, thou art doomed. Remember thy promise, and beware of the wrath of the God; and keep these things in thine own heart."

* * * * *

At the third hour of the noon, Rameses saw the sun blotted out by a great dark shadow, and twilight descended on Egypt. He trembled at the dread portent, while Raneë watched the dark-

ening sky with fear in her eyes, and the people came together in fear and trembling, thinking the plagues of Egypt were once more upon them.

The next day Sethos brought Una to the Temple of Ptah and told Am-e-heb that his granddaughter, the Virgin of Athor, would herself deck the bride. So Una was led to the dungeon, and with a glance Sethos bade Nicia show no sign of recognition.

"Thou wilt try to make this maid a good Osirian before she goeth to meet the God. Perhaps thou wilt have better success than I. Come," he said to Am-e-heb, "let us leave them together." And he led him far enough away and engaged him in deep controversy. In the meantime the two girls wept on each other's neck until Una, more practical than Nicia, began her task.

"Thou art quite safe, Nicia; dry thy tears and be brave. Grandsire hath frightened Rameses out of his wits by means of an eclipse of the sun. He hath given his word to reprove thee; and thou mayest depend on the word of Pharaoh. Grandsire hath left nothing to chance. Thou must let me wet thy hair with this solution that I have brought with me. Thy beautiful hair, Nicia, must be sacrificed, but that were better than thy precious life. This will turn it red. It will put the seal of Seth upon thee; and grandsire will say that thou must be driven out of Egypt and banished for ever. We have all in readiness to put thee on a boat with Darda and Amrah, and thou canst make thy way to Phoenicia."

"Oh, Una, I will be brave; I will trust to the powers above. What care I about the hair? Come, I am ready."

And Una quickly daubed the mixture all over her head, saturating the fair hair; then she rolled it around her head, fastening it with only a few ivory pins, and over it all she rolled a veil, turban fashion.

"Now, Nicia, thou must wear this robe of silk, and this wreath of flowers on thy head; and when they lead thee forth, be not afraid. I could not bear to see thee, my sister, my friend, whom may all the Gods preserve; but grandsire will be near to thee. He vouches for thy life, and I know thou art quite safe; and to-night I will see thee, dear one", and she kissed her again and again.

When the priest came to let her out, Una said: "The maid is quite resigned; she hath made her peace with Bast."

In the early noon the priest came to lead her forth, and the great procession formed in the courtyard of the temple. First

came the runners, who cleared the way and scattered flowers in the road from great baskets, then a body of soldiers with pike and helmet then the white-robed singers. Now came Am-e-heb, carrying his wand of office and wearing his priestly robe, followed by lesser priests with swinging censers, and then a golden chariot, in which stood Nicia. Her white robe was fastened on each shoulder by a golden clasp, and around her head was a wreath of lotus flowers. Her lovely eyes were cast down, and it required all her will power to enable her to stand before the gaze of the thousands of people. She could not look up. Many a pitying eye followed the lovely victim as she rode on, holding a great mass of crimson flowers in her arms. After her came another body of soldiers, followed by thousands of people. The whole city had turned out to witness the sacrifice, for the people were sure the God had sent an ominous warning in the darkness of the day before. The journey to the great wharf was not long. There Nicia was transferred to a gorgeously gilded barge, elaborately carved, hung with gay pennants from stern to stern, and its oars wreathed with roses and lotus flowers. The deck was filled with great nobles and their ladies, while in the centre sat the Pharaoh.

The river was crowded with sumptuous pleasure boats, decorated with garlands of carved lotus leaves, and with embroidered sails of many colors. These were filled with gaily attired people, and every boat was loaded with flowers, to be thrown into the river after the victim. All the world was abroad to welcome the rise of the Nile.

The victim was placed in a gilded chair, not far from the king; and Nicia, frightened as she was, thought she detected a kindly gleam in his eyes. The princess was there, for she would see the sentence carried out. Near her stood the Lord of the Nilometer with the wand of his office and the signet on his hand; it was his duty to report the progress of the rise of the Nile. Avaris was absent, for she could not be induced to attend these affairs.

The dyke was lined with multitudes of people when the barge started slowly up the river, the rowers keeping time to a musical chant, sung by the singers of the temple. As this burst of melody floated over the waves, young girls flung hundreds of roses over the sides of the boat. Then, just as the sun was going down, and the river reflected the golden sky in its quiet waters as the glory of evening became each moment more vivid,

Am-e-heb arose and began a long incantation, which the singers answered with a hymn to the Nile God. Then Pharaoh arose, and, holding up his hand, said: "Behold, ye people, I have seen a vision. Hapi hath forbidden us henceforth to give him a human bride, and the god will not accept this victim, as she is not a virgin. I therefore reprieve the sentence, and now forever I abolish this sacred rite, substituting for the victim this pillar of clay."

Then there arose a clamor. Shouts of anger rent the air, and were echoed by the mob on shore. The popular indignation swelled into ferocity, and the air was filled with shrieks and howls. Few knew what it was all about, for only those near to the Pharaoh had heard his words, but the mob howled just the same. Faces, smiling until now, were distorted with brutal hate and lust of blood.

"Thou canst not abolish the rite, oh Pharaoh!" cried one near him; "The Nile will refuse to rise."

The crowd on the barge surged and swayed, and the shouting of the maddened people rent the air. Nicia must in another moment have been thrown overboard by force, when Sethos stepped to her side and, snatching off her turban, said in a loud voice, "Behold the seal of Seth. Do you want to have the Nile flood Egypt to its doom?"

A dead calm fell over the vast crowds as down over the shoulders of the victim rippled the waves of shining hair. It covered her like a red mantle. In the midst of the hush Raneë arose. Her eyes were blazing, for she could not believe her own ears when she heard her father abolish the sacrifice; but her woman's intuition told her there had been some necromancy at work.

"If Hapi hath refused her," she said, "Eleithya hath claimed her as her own." And the people shouted and screamed themselves hoarse. "Aye, aye, Eleithya hath claimed her. Subyni shall have her."

No pitying eye fell on her now. Sethos was white as marble. She was saved from the river, but only for a worse fate. Rameses himself put the discarded wreath from Nicia's head on the pillar of burnt clay, and with much ceremony it was thrown overboard; and this custom is kept up to the present day.

Nicia was now taken to a cell in the Temple of Ra. Here she was lodged for seven days, until the festival of Eleithya. This goddess did not have a temple at Memphis, as she was a goddess

of southern Egypt, and had her own city of Eleithya, where victims were sacrificed to her. She had only a small shrine at Memphis, where stood her statue, a bronze figure of human form, only thirty inches in height, but beautifully carved and moulded, with an immense symbolic coronet on her head, representing the sacred lotus in full flower, while she wore as a pendant the symbol of maternity.

Two days after the ceremony on the river Maris returned to Memphis, and when he learned the sad story he was broken-hearted. He could not account for the complete disappearance of the prince; and when he tried to see Nicia, the priest would not allow him near the sacred temple. He was at his wit's end, when he thought of Sethos. From him he learned of the saving of Nicia and the imprisonment of Ardas, but how to get to see his beloved prince he knew not. It was no use appealing to the Pharaoh, for Maris knew that he was in his black books.

Sethos, seeing his despair, said to him: "I will let thee have my sapphire amulet; it will open the door of the prison to thee, so thou mayest see thy friend", and with this in his possession he joyfully made his way to the prison, where he showed Atasu the great blue seal and was at once shown to the cell of Ardas. When the massive door swung back and Ardas beheld Maris, he fell on his neck with sheer joy. Maris told him very tenderly of the great trouble that had befallen Nicia, and added that now Sethos was sure he could save her, and that he would see that a boat would be in readiness to carry them away from this accursed land. "And I will contrive somehow to find a way to get thee out of this cell, in spite of all the Pharaohs and all the jailers in Egypt", he said confidently; and Ardas could not fail to feel cheered, though his heart was torn with suspense on Nicia's account.

(To be continued.)



THE RITUAL OF HIGH MAGIC

By Eliphas Levi

Translated from the French by Major-General Abner Doubleday. Annotated by Alexander Wilder, M.D.

Introduction

“ONE day,” the ‘Book of Job’ says, “The sons of God had come to present themselves in the presence of the Lord, and Satan also was found among them.”

“To whom the Lord said, ‘Whence comest thou?’

“And he answered: ‘I have made the tour of the earth and I have gone over it.’”

Behold how a Gnostic Gospel discovered again in the East, by a learned traveller and friend of ours, explains the Genesis of Light to the profit of the symbolic Lucifer.

“The truth which is perceived is living Thought. Truth is thought which subsists in itself; and thought expressed in definite statement is speech. When the Eternal Thought sought for a form it said: ‘Let there be Light!’

“Hence this thought that speaks is the Logos (verbe), and the Logos (verbe) says: ‘Let Light be,’ because the Logos (verbe) is itself the light of spirits.”

The uncreated light which is the divine Logos (verbe) radiates because it wishes to be seen; and when it says: “Let light be!” it commands eyes to open. It creates intelligences. And when God had said: “Let Light be” Intelligence was created and light appeared.

Now the intelligence that God had produced from the breath of his mouth, like a star detached from the sun, took the form of a splendid angel, and heaven saluted him by the name of Lucifer.¹

¹Hebrew, Hillel; Assyrian, Alilat, the night-goddess; Septuagint, bringer of the dawn; the title of Venus as the morning-star, applied by the prophet Isaiah to the king of Babylon. Hence the rebus of the prophet Jeremiah, Chap. ii, 7, alluding to the intoxicating nectar drunk at initiations: “Babylon hath been a golden cup in the hand of the Lord.”

“The nations have drunk of her wine.”

“Therefore the nations rave” as in the Bacchic orgies, which were derived

Intelligence awoke and fully comprehended itself upon hearing this utterance of the Divine Logos (verbe), "Let light be!"

It felt itself free because God had commanded it to be, and it replied, while raising its head and spreading its wings: "I will not be servitude."

"Then you will sorrow," said the voice of the Uncreated to her.

"I will be Liberty," replied the Light.

"Pride will seduce thee," answered the Supreme Voice, "and thou wilt give birth to Death."

"I need to contend against Death in order to conquer Life," replied again the light which had been created.

God then detached from his bosom the thread of splendor which still held the haughty angel; and as he looked at him rushing into the darkness and furrowing it with glory, he loved the child of his thought, and smiling with an ineffable smile, he said to himself: "That light was beautiful."

God did not create sorrow; Intelligence accepted it in order to be free. Sorrow was the condition imposed upon the free being, by him who alone cannot be deceived, because he is infinite. For the essence of intelligence is judgment, and the essence of judgment is liberty.

The eye only really possesses light through the faculty of opening and closing itself. If forced always to remain open it would be the victim and slave of light, and to escape this punishment it would cease to see. Thus created, intelligence is happy in its acknowledgement of God only because of its liberty to deny him.

Now the intelligence that denies always affirms something, since it affirms its own liberty. Therefore, the blas-

from that country.

Can it be that Lucifer, the tutelary planet of Babylon, was degraded by the fall of that country, like the Set (Satan or Typhon) of the West, degraded to the position of Arch-Adversary, like Samael of the Desert; and that the Supremacy of Michaël, the patron of the Jews, was established on his overthrow, as set forth in the Apocalypse?

phemer glorifies God, and hell is necessary to the happiness of heaven.

If light was not repelled by shade, there would be no forms visible. If the chief of the angels had not confronted the depths of the Night, the birth of God would not have been complete; and created light could not have been separated from essential light. Intelligence would never have known how good God is, if it had never lost him. The infinite love of God would never have burst forth in the joys of his mercy, if the prodigal son of heaven had remained in his father's house.

When all was light, then light was nowhere. It filled the bosom of God, who was in travail to give it birth. And when he said: "Let light be," he permitted night to repulse the light, and so the universe emerged out from chaos. The negative of the angel who, upon being born refused to be a slave, constituted the equilibrium of the world and the motion of the spheres began. And the infinite spaces admired this love of liberty, which was immense enough to fill the void of eternal night, and strong enough to bear the hatred of God. But God could not hate the noblest of his children, and only tried him by his anger in order to confirm him in his power.

Therefore the Logos (verbe) of God himself, as though he had been jealous of Lucifer, desired also to descend from heaven and pass in triumph through the shades of hell. He desired to be outlawed and condemned, and he contemplated beforehand the terrible hour when he would cry out in the extremity of his pain: "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?"

As the morning star precedes the sun, the rebellion of Lucifer announced to nature newly born the coming incarnation of God. Perhaps Lucifer, when falling into night, dragged with him a rain of suns and stars through the attraction of his glory. Perhaps our sun is a devil among

stars, as Lucifer is a star among angels. This is the reason doubtless why he remains calm while watching the horrible anguish of human beings, and the long agony of the earth, because he is free in his solitude and enjoys his own light.

Such were the tendencies of the heresiarchs of the first centuries. Some, like the Ophites, adored the Devil under the form of a serpent.² Others, like the Kainites,³ justified the revolt of the first of the angels like that of the first of murderers.

All these errors, all these shades, all these monstrous idols of anarchy that India opposes in its symbols to the magic Trimurti, are to be found in the Christianity of certain priests and worshippers.

The Devil nowhere is mentioned in the Book of Genesis. The serpent that deceives our first parents, is allegorical. Here is what most translators make the sacred text to say:

"Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field that the Lord God had made."

And here is what Moses said:

"Va nahas aia arum ma chal aiath asad asar. Iava Aleim."

That is to say, in French, according to Fabre d'Olivet;

"Now the original attraction (cupidity) was the absorbing passion of all elementary life (the hidden spring) of nature work of Thôah, the Being of beings."

But here Fabre d'Olivet is deviating from the true in-

²The Ophites, or Serpent-Worshippers, were Gnostics and entertained sentiments somewhat like those of the Zoroastrians, Kabalists, and Buddhists. They regarded the serpent as the source of Divine Knowledge, and the real Christ or Savior; fortifying this dogma by the text: "As Moses lifted up the Serpent in the Wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have the eternal life."—John iii. They accordingly made a distinction between the Ophis who persuaded man to eat of the Tree of Knowledge and become God-like, and Ophiomorphos, or Satan, whom they regarded as Samael, prince of demons, and likewise as identical with Michael, the guardian of the Jews. Valentinian appears to have been their chief teacher; and it is evident that they derived their principal doctrines from Persia, India and Egypt.—A. W.

³An ancient dynasty of Persia was called Kaineian, and Bel or Abel was worshipped in Assyria. This may have suggested the name in the legend, which describes the inimitable conflict of the tillers of the soil with the shepherd people.—A. W.

terpretation because he is ignorant of the great keys of the Kabala. The word Nahash, explained by the symbolic letters of the Tarot, signifies rigorously:

14. Nun—The force which produces mixtures.

5. He⁴—The recipient and passive producer of forms.

21. Shin—The natural fire and central equilibrium through double polarization.

Hence the word employed by Moses, read Kabalistically, gives us the description and definition of this universal magic agent, represented in all theogonies by the serpent, and to which the Hebrews also gave the name of Od⁵ when it manifested its active force: the name of Ob⁶ when it allows its passive force to appear, and that of Aur⁷ when it reveals itself entirely in its equilibrated power; the producer of light in heaven and of gold among the metals.

Hence initiation is symbolized by the old serpent that envelopes the world, and that soothes its devouring head under the foot of a virgin—of that virgin who presents a little new-born infant for the worship of the royal magi and receives from them in return for his favor, gold, myrrh, and incense. Dogma thus serves in all hieratic religions to veil the secret of the forces of nature of which the initiate can dispose. Religious formulas are the recapitulation of these words full of mystery and power, which cause the gods to descend from heaven and submit themselves to the will of men. India borrowed these secrets from Egypt. Greece sent its hierophants, and later its theosophists, to the school of the great prophets. The Rome of the Caesars, mined by the Christian initiation of the Catacombs, crumbled one day into the Church, and a symbolism was constructed from the ruins of all the worships which had submitted to the Queen of the World.

⁴Nahash is spelled with heth, not he.

⁵aud; energy, hence the Od-force, or fire of Reichenbach.

⁶aub; the peculiar obsession of a demon.

⁷aur, (m); light, the electric fire, truth, joyousness.

According to the narrative of the Gospel, the inscription by which the spiritual royalty of Christ was declared was written in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. It was the expression of the universal synthesis.

Hellenism in truth, that great and beautiful religion of form, had announced the coming of the Saviours no less than the prophets of Judaism. The fable of Psychê is a more than Christian abstraction; and the pantheistic worship, while rehabilitating Socrates, prepared the altars for that unity of God of which Israel had been the mysterious preserver.

But the Synagogue again denied its Messiah, and the Hebrew literature was obliterated—at least to the blind eyes of the Jews. The Roman persecutors dishonored Hellenism which could not rehabilitate the false moderation of Julian, the philosopher, perhaps unjustly surnamed the Apostate, since his profession of Christianity had never been sincere. The ignorance of the Middle Ages afterward came to set up the saints and the virgins against the gods, goddesses, and nymphs. The deep meaning of the Hellenic symbols became more incomprehensible than ever. Greece herself not only lost the traditions of her ancient worship, but she separated herself from the Latin Church; and thus for Latin eyes the Greek literature was obliterated, as the Latin literature disappeared for Greek eyes.

Hence the inscription on the cross of the Savior disappeared entirely, and there only remained mysterious initials. But when science and philosophy, reconciled to faith, shall reunite in one all the different symblos, then all the magnificence of the ancient worships will blossom again in the memory of men while proclaiming the progress of the human mind in the intuition of the light of God.

But of all progress, the greatest will be that which, delivering the keys of nature to the hand of science, will enchain forever the hideous phantom of Satan, and while explaining all the exceptional phenomena of nature will destroy the empire of superstition and of sottish credulity.

It is for the accomplishment of this progress that we have consecrated our life and passed our years in the most laborious and difficult researches. We wish to set free the altars by overthrowing the idols. We wish that the man of intelligence should once more become the priest and king of nature, and we desire to preserve all the images of the universal sanctuary, while explaining them.

The prophets spoke in parables and figures of speech because they lacked expertness in abstract language, and because prophetic perception, being the sentiments of harmony or of universal analogies, is naturally explained by images. These images, taken materially by the uncultured, have become idols or impenetrable mysteries. The association and succession of these images and mysteries constitute what is called symbolism. Hence symbolism comes from God, although it may be formulated by man. Revelation has accompanied mankind in all ages and is transfigured with human genius, but it always expresses the same truth. True religion is one and its dogmas are simple and within the reach of all.

Notwithstanding the multiplicity of symbols, only one book of poetry has been necessary for the education of human genius. Harmony of exterior beauties and poetry of form should reveal God to human childhood, but Venus soon had Psychê for a rival, and Psychê captivated Eros. Therefore the worship of form should yield to those ambitious dreams of the soul which the eloquent wisdom of Plato already embellished.

Thus the coming of Christ had been prepared, and therefore it was expected. He came because the world was awaiting him, and philosophy transformed itself into belief in order to become popular. But freed by this very belief, the human mind soon protested against the school which wished to materialize its symbols, and the work of Roman Catholicism was only unconsciously to prepare the emancipation of consciences, and to lay the foundation of universal

association. All these things were merely the regular and normal development of the divine life in humanity; for God is the great soul of all souls, the immovable center around which all intelligence gravitates like star-dust. Human intelligence has had its morning. Its full noon will come, then its decline, and God will always be the same. But it seems to earth's inhabitants that the sun rises youthful and timid, that it shines in the middle of the day in full force, and sets fatigued in the evening. It is, nevertheless, the earth that turns; the sun is immovable.

Thus having faith in human progress and in the stability of God, the free man respects religion in its past forms, and would no more blaspheme Jupiter than Jehovah. He still salutes lovingly the radiant image of the Pythian Apollo, and finds in it a brotherly likeness to the glorious visage of the risen Redeemer. He believes in the great mission of the Catholic hierarchy, and is pleased to see the pontiffs of the middle ages set up religion as a barrier to the absolute power of kings. But he protests with the revolutionary ages against the enthrallment of conscience which they who hold the pontifical keys desired to imprison. He is more Protestant than Luther, for he does not even believe in the infallibility of the Confession of Augsburg; and more Catholic than the Pope, for he has no fear that religious unity can be broken asunder by the bad disposition of courts. He trusts more to God than to the politics of Rome for the safety of the unitary idea. He respects the old age of the Church, but he does not fear its death. He knows its apparent death will be a transfiguration and a glorious assumption.

The author of this book makes a new appeal to the Eastern Magi: that they come once more to recognize the Divine Master—the Great Initiator of all ages, whose cradle they saluted. All his enemies have fallen; all those who condemned him are dead; those who persecuted him have lain down to rest forever, and he always is standing. Envious

men leagued against him. They agreed upon a single point. Divided men united to destroy him. They made themselves kings, and proscribed him. They made themselves hypocrites, and accused him. They made themselves executioners, and put him to death. They made him drink hemlock, they crucified him, they stoned him, they burned him and cast his ashes to the wind; then they roared with fright. He was standing before them, accusing them by his wounds and striking them dumb by the display of his scars. One thought to strangle him in his cradle at Bethlehem; He is living in Egypt! He was dragged to the brow of the mountain to be thrown down. The crowd of his assassin surround him, and were already triumphing in his certain destruction. A cry is heard; is it not from him who was about to be crushed upon the rocks of the precipice? They turn pale and look at each other; but he, calm and smiling, passes with pity through the midst of them and goes away. Behold another hill which they have just tinged with his blood. Behold a cross and a sepulchre. Soldiers guard his tomb. Fools! the tomb is empty, and he that they believed dead makes his way peacefully between two travellers on the road to Emmaüs.

Where is he? Whither does he go? Warn the masters of the world! Tell the Cæsars that their power is threatened. By whom? By a single individual so poor that he has not a stone upon which to lay his head; by a man of the people condemned to the death of slaves. What insult or what folly! Scaffolds are erected everywhere. Circuses are opened, furnished with lions and gladiators; fagots are lighted; torrents of blood have flowed, and the Cæsars who believe themselves victorious dare to add another name to those by which they set off their trophies. Then they die, and their apotheosis dishonors the gods that they thought themselves defending. The hatred of the world confounds Jupiter and Nero in a common contempt. The temples made out of tombs by adulation, are overthrown on the rejected

ashes, and upon the broken fragments of the idols, upon the ruins of the empire. He alone, whom the Cæsars outlawed, whom so many satellites pursued, whom so many executioners tortured, he alone is erect; he alone reigns; he alone triumphs. In the meantime his very disciples soon abuse his name. Pride invades the sanctuary. Those who should proclaim his resurrection, wish, instead, to make his death immortal in order to feed again like crows upon his flesh, ever renewed. Instead of imitating him in his sacrifice, and giving their blood for the children of the faith, they chain him at the Vatican as upon a new Caucasus, and make themselves the vultures of this divine Prometheus. But what cares he for their wicked dream? They have only chained his effigy. As to himself, he is always standing; and he goes from exile to exile, and from conquest to conquest. They may fetter a man, but they cannot retain captive the Word (verbe) of God. Speech is free, and nothing can restrain it. This living speech is the condemnation of the wicked, and therefore they desire to kill it; but they are the ones who die, and the word of truth remains to judge their memory.

Orpheus was torn perhaps by the Bacchantes; Socrates drank the cup of poison. Jesus and his apostles perished by capital punishment. John Huss, Jerome of Prague, and so many others, were burned. Saint Bartholomew and the Massacres of September have successively made martyrs. The Emperor of Russia has still Cossacks and knouts and the deserts of Siberia at his command; but the spirit of Orpheus, of Socrates, of Jesus, and of all the martyrs, will ever remain alive in the midst of persecutors who die in their turn. It remains standing among institutions that fall, and empires that are overthrown. It is this divine spirit, the spirit of the only Son of God, that Saint John represents in his Apocalypse, standing in the midst of golden candlesticks because he is the center of all lights, holding seven stars in his hand, as the seed of an entire new sky, and causing his

word to descend upon earth, under the figure of a two-edged sword.

When the discouraged sages fall asleep in the night of doubt, the spirit of Christ stands and watches. When peoples are weary with the travail which is to deliver them, and lie down to sleep over their fetters, the Spirit of Christ stands and protests. When the blind sectaries of barren religions prostrate themselves in the dust of old temples, and cringe servilely in superstitious fear the spirit of Christ remains standing and praying. When the strong are enfeebled and the virtues corrupted, when everything bends and lessens itself to seek vile pastures, the spirit of Christ continues upright, looking up to heaven and awaiting his father's hour.

Christ means emphatically priest and king.⁸ The Christ-initiator of modern times has come, in order to constitute new kings and new priests through science, and above all through charity. The ancient Magi were priests and kings. The coming of the Savior was announced to the ancient Magi by a star. This star was the magic pentagram, which bore upon each of its points a sacred letter. This star is the symbol of the intelligence which rules the four elementary powers by one energy. It is the Penetagram of the Magi. It is the flaming star of the children of Hiram.⁹ It is the prototype of equilibrated light. From each of its points a flash of light ascends.

This star represents the great and supreme Athenor¹⁰ of nature, which is the body of man. The magnetic influence divides in two rays from the head, from each hand, and from each foot. The positive ray is equilibrated by a negative ray. The head corresponds with the two feet, each hand with one hand and one foot; the two feet each with the head

⁸The high priest is denominated "Christos," in the Greek text of the Pentateuch.

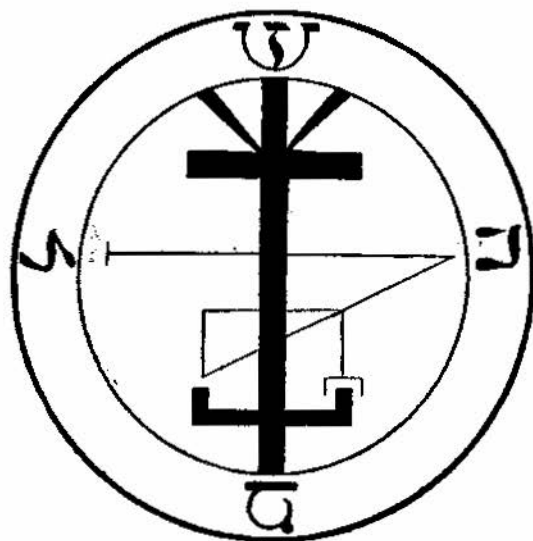
⁹The Frbe Masons.

¹⁰Hebrew, tanur; a furnace.

and one hand. This regular sign of the equilibrated light represents the spirit of order and harmony. It is the all-powerful sign of the Magus. Hence this same sign, broken or irregularly traced, represents astral intoxication, the abnormal and unregulated outflowings of the great magic agent; consequently spells, perversity, folly. This is what the magistes¹¹ named the signature of Lucifer.

Another signature exists which also represents the mysteries of light. It is the signature of Solomon. The talismans of Solomon bear upon one side the imprint of his seal, the figure of which we gave in our Dogma.

On the other side, this signature, Figure 28, Vol. 2.



This figure is the hieroglyphic theory of the composition of magnets, and represents the circular law of lightning.

The Disorderly spirits are enchained by showing them

¹¹Chief Mages.

¹²Gospel according to Matthew, xv, 14.

either the Flaming Star of the Pentagram or the Seal of Solomon—because they are thus made to see the proof of their folly, while, at the same time, they are threatened by a sovereign power capable of tormenting them by recalling them to order. Nothing torments the wicked like goodness. Nothing is so odious to folly as reason. But if an ignorant operator makes use of these signs without understanding them, he is a blind man who speaks of light to the blind. He is an ass who wishes to teach children to read.

"If the blind lead the blind," said the great and divine Hierophant, "they will both fall into the ditch."¹²

A final word to sum up all this introduction. If you are blind like Samson when you shake the columns of the temple, the ruins will crush you. In order to command nature, we must be superior to nature through resistance and its attractions. If your mind is perfectly free from all prejudice, superstition and incredulity, you will command the spirits. If you do not obey the forces of fate, the forces of fate will obey you. If you are as wise as Solomon, you will do the works of Solomon. If you are holy as Christ, you will do the works of Christ. In order to direct currents of the movable light, we must be fixed in an immovable light. In order to command the elements we must control their hurricanes, lightnings, abysses, and tempests.

It is necessary to KNOW in order to DARE. It is necessary to DARE in order to WILL. It is necessary to WILL in order to have dominion. And in order to reign we must KEEP SILENT.

¹²Gospel according to Matthew, xv, 14.

(To be continued.)

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GHOSTS.

Desire Ghosts of Dead Men.

ALONE, separated from their physical ghost and the mind, without other material substance than their own desire energy, desire ghosts of dead men cannot see the physical world. They cannot see the physical bodies of living men. When, after death, the confused desire mass becomes specialized into its particular ghost or ghosts, in the animal form which sums up the nature of the desire, then the desire ghost sets about to find that which will satisfy it. The desire ghost of the dead man is in the desire world. The desire world surrounds but is not yet in touch with the physical world. To get in touch with the physical world the desire ghost must link itself with that which is in touch with both the desire world and the physical world. Generally speaking, man has his being in the spiritual world, but lives in the three lower worlds. His physical body moves and acts in the physical world, his desires operate in the psychic world, and his mind thinks or is agitated in the mental world.

The semi-material astral form of the physical body is the link which makes the contact between the living man's

desires and his physical body, and the desire is the link which connects his mind with his form. If desire is absent, the mind cannot move nor act on its body, nor can there be any action of the body on the mind. If the form is absent, desire cannot move or make any impression on the body, and the body cannot furnish any supply to the needs of the desire.

Each of these parts which go toward making up the organization of a living man must be co-ordinated with the other parts for man to live and act freely in the physical world. Yet while man is acting in the physical world each part of him is acting in its particular world. When a desire ghost of a dead man sets about to find that which will satisfy it, it is attracted to a living man who has a desire like the nature of the ghost. The desire ghost of the dead man cannot see the living man, but it sees or feels an attractive desire in the living man, because the desire of the living man is visible or noticeable in the psychic world in which the desire ghost is. The desire ghost of the dead man finds the desire of the living man which is most like it when the living man is working his mind in concert with his desire to do some act or get some object which will gratify his desire. At such time the desire in the living man glows, flares out, is apparent and is felt in the psychic world, where desire operates. The desire ghost of the dead man finds in this way a living man who is likely to furnish it with the desire matter necessary to its existence. So it contacts the living man by his desire and tries to reach into him and get into his body by means of his breath and his psychic atmosphere.

When the desire ghost of the dead man contacts and tries to reach into the living man, the man feels an added intensity of desire, and he is urged to do, to act. If he was at first considering how he should act or get what he sought by legitimate means, the additional intensity of the desire ghost of the dead man in contact with him, now causes him to consider how to act and get by any means, but to get, what will gratify the desire. When the act is committed

or the object of desire gained, that desire ghost of a dead man has made contact with and will hang on to that living man unless it can find another living man who is better able and ready to feed it through his desire. Desire ghosts of dead men are attracted to and connect not only with men of like nature of desire but of like strength. A desire ghost of a dead man therefore does not usually quit the living man who feeds it until the living man is no longer able to supply its demands. The pursuit of the desire ghost is to make the living man transfer to it from or through his desire the particular quality of desire which is necessary for the maintenance of the form of the ghost.

The surest and most direct way for the desire ghost of a dead man to get what it wants is to get into, permanently or temporarily, the living body; that is, to obsess him. The desire ghost of the dead man gets its food not in the same way if it only makes contact with him as if it obsesses him. When the desire ghost of the dead man is feeding by contact only, there is set up a kind of an osmotic or of an electrolytic action between the living desire and the ghost, by which action the living desire is transferred from or through the body of the living man to the desire ghost of the dead man. When the desire ghost of the dead man is feeding by contact only, it sets up a magnetic pull in the atmosphere of the living man on the part of the body or on the organs through which the transfer of desire is to be made, and the osmotic or the electrolytic action continues during the entire period of feeding. That is to say, the desire quality continues as a flow of energy through intervening matter from the body of the living man into the desire ghost of the dead. When in contact and so feeding on the living man, the desire ghost can use all of the five senses of the living man, but it feeds usually on two of the senses only; these are the senses of taste and feeling.

When the desire ghost of the dead man effects an entrance into and takes possession and directs the action of the living body of a man, it substitutes for the natural de-

sire of the man its own particular intense desire form, and supplies itself with energy through the bodily organs of the man. If in full possession of the living body the desire ghost of the dead man will cause the physical body to act like the animal which, as a desire form, it is. In certain cases the physical body will take on the semblance of the animal form of that desire ghost. The physical body may act and seem to be like a hog, bull, boar, wolf, cat, snake, or other animal expressive of the nature of that particular desire ghost. Eyes, mouth, breath, features and attitude of the body will show it.

The magnetic passage, by an osmotic or an electrolytic action between the living desire and the ghost of the dead man, is what is called taste and what is called feeling. It is taste and feeling carried to a higher power, psychic taste and psychic feeling. These psychic senses are merely a refinement of or an inner action of the gross senses of taste and feeling. The glutton may stuff his stomach to its limit, but the physical food alone gives no satisfaction to the hog desire ghost of a dead man which is feeding through him, without the sense of taste. Taste is an element, the essential food in physical food. Taste, the essential in the food, is drawn out of the food and transferred, to the desire ghost through the sense of taste. The taste may be coarse like that of an ordinary common glutton, or the refined taste of a developed gourmand.

(To be continued.)



THE SWASTIKA IN RELATION TO PLATO'S ATLANTIS AND THE PYRAMID OF XOCHICALCOO.




By M. A. Blackwell.

Part III.

Axes and Hands.

IN Egyptian mythology the Ankh was the emblem of "ka" the spiritual double of man.¹ Budge tells us "an ordinary man possessed one "ka" or "double," but a king or God was believed to possess many "kau" or "doubles." Thus, in one text the god Ra is said to possess seven souls (bau) and fourteen doubles (kau), and prayers were addressed to each soul and double of Ra as well as to the god himself. Elsewhere we are told that the fourteen "kau" of



Ra were given to him by Thoth. . . . The soul *Ba.*  is usually depicted in the form of a hawk with a human head, and the spirit *Khu.*  as a heron. Related intimately to the body but *Sekhem.*  a word which has been translated power, and form and even vital force; and, finally, the glorified body, to which had been united the soul and spirit and power and name of the deceased, which had its abode in heaven.

¹The ankh also symbolized the generative principle of nature. Wilkinson states that in Egypt at the season of the inundation of the Nile, at the time chosen for the opening of the canals, when the mouths were closed, until the river rose to a certain fixed height, the cutting away of the dams and admitting the waters of the Nile to the interior was allegorically construed into the union of Osiris and Isis. Grand festivities were proclaimed throughout the country, in order that every person might show his sense of the great benefit vouchsafed by the gods to the land of Egypt. Wilkinson, *The Ancient Egyptians*. Vol. II, p. 365.

PLATE 11.

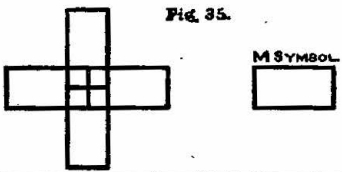
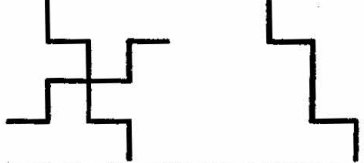




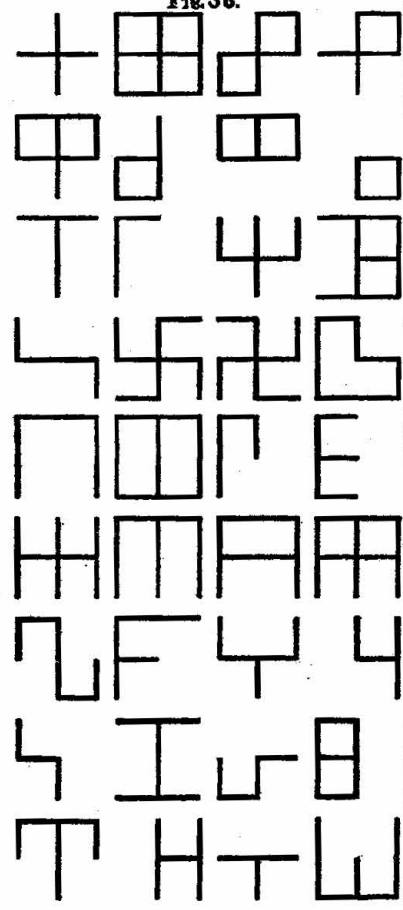






















 <p>Fig. 35.</p>		<p>Value.</p>
	<p>Figure 35 is formed by merging 4 M symbols.</p>	 T  TH  O  (APHONIC)
<p>Fig. 36.</p> 	<p>Compare 'step' figure with symbol on head of Isis, Plate 14.</p> <p>All the forms under Figure 36, are derived from the center of Figure 35, compare these with the symbols in the right hand column reproduced from Dr. Flinders Petrie's book, "The Formation of the Alphabet"</p>	 O  T (V)  L (G)  S (T)  N  B (O)  TH (PH)  P  E  SS (SH)  SS (Z)  B  B Z  F  AI  Y  S  Z  H

Fig. 35. A pre-historic symbol, from the center of which a right or left swastika can be formed. It is possible that the ancient signaries were obtained from an Atlantean system of symbols, of which this is one. See Plates 1, 2 and 9, THE WORD, May, June, 1914.

This new body of the deceased in heaven was called *Sāhu*.  and may for all practical purposes be called the spiritual body; it grew out of the dead body and was called into existence by the ceremonies which were performed and words which were recited by the priests on the day when the mummified body was laid in the tomb.²

A symbol called "bat," which is similar to the ankh, is shown in the hands of certain Maya divinities, on Plate 12. One of several meanings given to the Maya word bat is axe or hatchet. Among the Mayas, the "Great Seer of the Hammer" was known likewise as "God of the Axe." In Egypt, Ptah represented by an axe was entitled "Cleaver of The Way."³

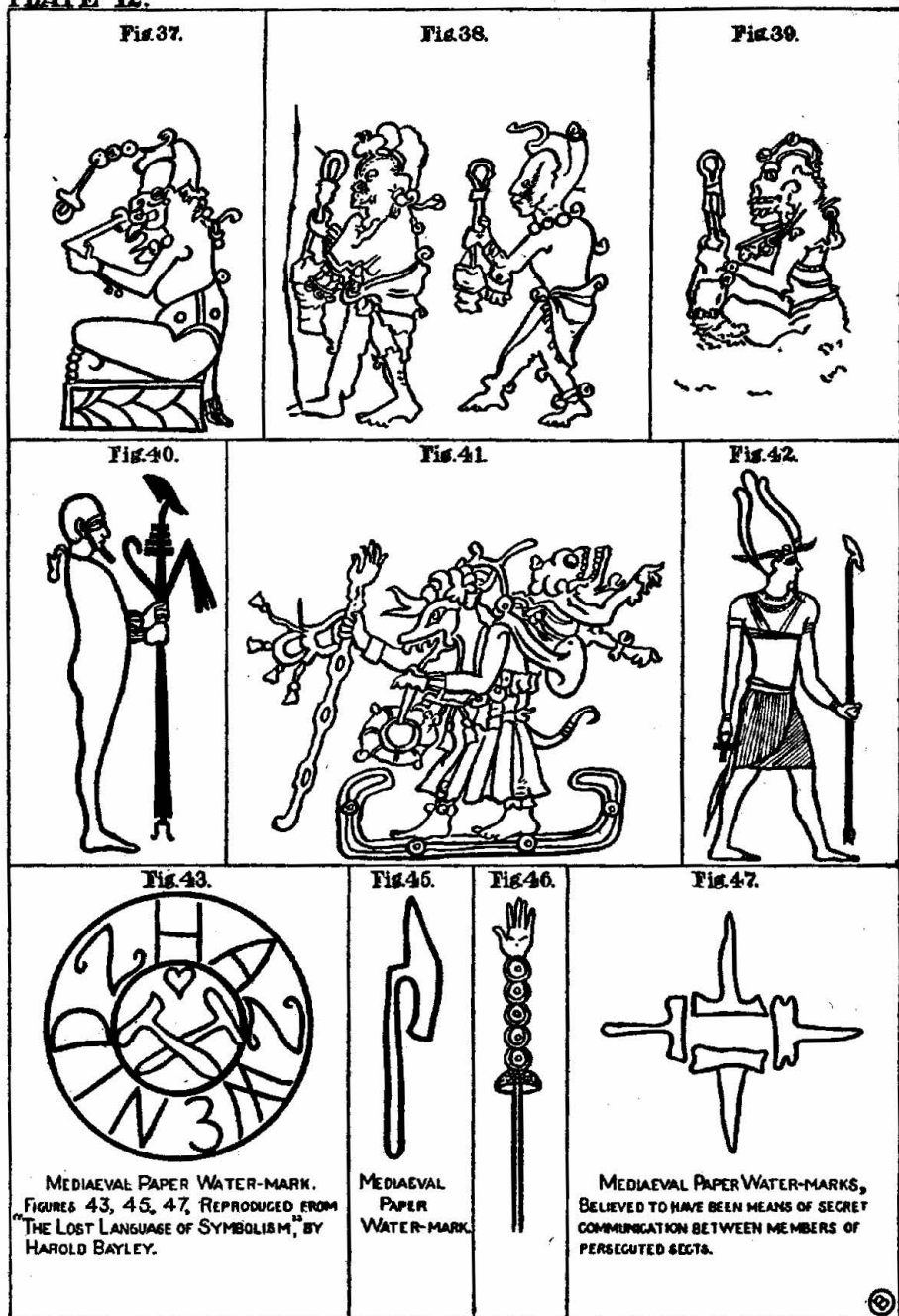
The axe or hatchet as a sacred object is pre-historic. Double votive axes have been found in Crete, Troy and Mycenae. Angelo Mosso makes the statement "that in the beginning, Minoan religion had neither idols nor human images for cultus purposes, but that the mystery of re-productive nature and of the great "Mother of Life" only was worshipped. When the Cretans felt the need of a symbol of divinity and an object to represent her, they chose the religious simulacrum of the double axe, as the instrument best adapted to express the force which transforms material and, by means of labor, supplies all that is best and most useful to man. The double axe, which had served the people of Minos as a weapon in many a struggle till they gained empire over the greater part of the Mediterranean; this double axe which was the most necessary implement for building the ships which dominated the Aegean, became the symbol of Cretan power, and it was imagined "that the divine spirit was immanent in the double axe." The double axe, either horizontal or vertical is  a characteristic Minoan sign, and is a  mark of division between periods in the Archaic inscriptions of Gortyna and Lyttos in the island of Crete."⁴

²E. Wallis Budge. Gods of the Egyptian Mythology. Vol. I, II, pp. 164, 163, 34, 39.

³Bayley. The Lost Language of Symbolism.

⁴Angelo Mosso. The Dawn of the Mediterranean Civilization, p. 40.

PLATE 12.



Figs. 37, 48, 39, 41. Maya divinities, reproduced from the Dresden Codex. Dr. E. Forstmann.
Fig. 40. Ptah, as a mummy, holding the symbols of power.
Fig. 42. Osiris, "Lord of the Underworld."
Fig. 46. Standard from column of Antoninus (Elworthy, Horns of Honour, p. 165). Compare with Figure 41.

PLATE 13.

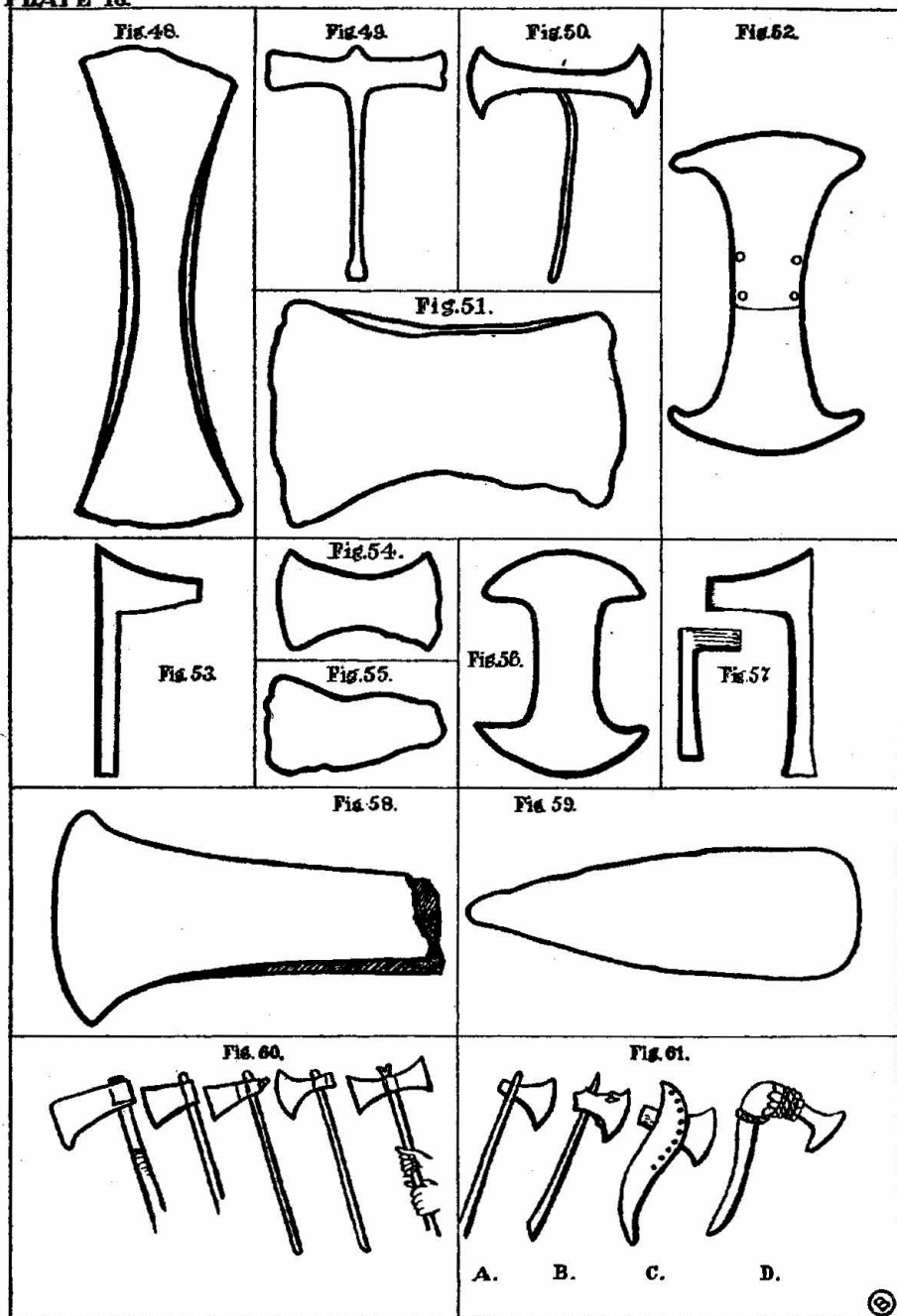


Fig. 48. Double axe, with decoration, from Haghia, Triada.

Figs. 49, 50, 54, 55. Minoan votive axes of copper.

Figs. 52, 56. Votive double axes, discovered in Crete. Made from a thin plate of copper.

Figs. 53, 57. Axes carved on the monuments of the First Dynasties of Egypt, symbols of divinity.

Fig. 58. Double axe of bronze, intentionally broken; found at Mycenae.

Fig. 59. Axe of green porphyritic diorite, discovered at Statte, near Taranto. All of the the above figures are reproduced from "The Dawn of the Mediterranean Civilization," by Angelo Mosso.

Fig. 60. Assyrian battle axes, "Assyria," Gosse.

Fig. 61. Mexican axes, A and B, from "Mexican Copper Tools," by P. J. Valentini. C, pre-historic Maya axe. D, copper axe, hieroglyph of (the pulque god) Texpoxta-

In Crete the double axe appears from the most remote times, and is painted on vases of the Kamares type. Later it is found in Greece, in the Mycenaen age. . . . The relation of Mycenaen with Hellenic civilization seems proven by the fact that the Minoan double axe passed as a sacred symbol into the Greek religion. The representation of the divinity with the double axe is an insuperable obstacle to those who attribute the primitive idea of Zeus to the Aryan race; for the double axe appeared in the Mediterranean at a time so remote that it cannot be attributed to the Indo-German invasion."⁵

Explorations and discoveries of recent years in Crete and the finding of the Phæstos disk⁶ have shaken the theory that the alphabet was originally derived from the Phœnicians. There was a legend in Ancient Greece which attributed the invention of letters of the alphabet to Palamedes, and for this reason the older Greek letters are called Pelasgic. Suidas says the Ionians and Lydians call letters Phœnician from Phœnice, daughter of Agenor, who had invented them. The Cretans contradicted this, saying the name Phœnician was given to letters because it was the ancient custom to write upon palm leaves "phœnix."⁷

In his book "The Formation of the Alphabet," Dr. Flinders Petrie states "At first sight the diversity of alphabets seems as little connected as the diversity of languages, but the labors of philologists have gradually traced the various relations of the better-known languages one to the other, so likewise the epigraphist has dealt with the varieties of the Greek and Roman alphabets which are the more familiar, while the archæologist has yet to trace and connect the alphabets of the less-known races, many of which were used for languages which are still unread. The more obvious questions of the origins and connections of the better-known alphabets of various countries seemed to have been fairly settled and put to rest a generation ago; the more remote

⁵Angelo Mosso. *The Dawn of the Mediterranean Civilization*, pp. 141, 142, 143.

⁶A replica of this Phæstos disc is to be seen in the Museum of Art, Fifth Ave., New York City.





⁷Angelo Mosso, *The Dawn of the Mediterranean Civilization*, p. 38.

alphabets and the more ancient signary had not then been brought to light to complicate the subject. The old traditional view of the derivation of the western alphabets from the Phœnician fitted well enough to most of the facts then known, and was readily accepted in general. Further, De Rouge's theory of the derivation of the Phœnician from the Egyptian hieratic writing of the twelfth dynasty was plausible enough to content most inquirers, though only two out of twenty-two letters were satisfactorily accounted for." In 1885 Dr. Pelie judicially reported on Isaac Taylor's "History of the Alphabet." While praising the book, he sounded a note of caution, as he foresaw that other solutions might arise. He writes "No proof of the affiliation of the Phœnician alphabet can be complete without evidence from writing to fill up the long gap between the period of the Papyrus Prisse and that of the Baal Lebanon and Moabite inscriptions. In default of this it must always be possible that the Phœnician alphabet is descended from some utterly lost, non-Egyptian system of writing, traces of which may some day turn up as unexpectedly as the so-called Hittite hieroglyphs. Within a generation later this possibility clearly appears to be the forecast of real history."⁸

The relations of different alphabets, one to another, often point to lost phases of their history. Signs rather than pictures are the primitive system. The fact that a sign was in use in many lands does not prove that it bore the same meaning. The various signaries and alphabets shown by Dr. Petrie in his plates are of different periods. The earliest, that of pre-historic Egypt, he assigns the probable date of 7000 B. C. Some of the letters or signs have a dozen or more variants of which two are shown in the plates. Dr. Petrie cautions the reader against assuming that every line of signs was of independent origin. There are cases where signs lingered in the word stage in one country, while reduced to a single letter elsewhere: "A sign was a syllable in

⁸W. M. Flinders Petrie, *The Formation of the Alphabet*. Studies Series, Vol. III. British School of Archaeology in Egypt. 1912.

Cyprus, while it was a single letter in Asia Minor or Greece."⁹

The sign of the double axe  is shown as having been in pre-historic Egypt (early). To it is given the value of Q as a guttural, and M as a liquid. This same figure with two little end lines added, is the rune M, and Bosworth tells us its name was man but that from its similarity to 'D rune,'  the two  seem to be sometimes confounded.  In each case the symbol was sometimes employed after the runes had been generally supplanted by the Latin letters, to express the word which was its name, and a runic poem which commences "man byp on myrge" is given in English, and the rune is attached to the verse as shown on Plate 14. The word man was anciently applied to both sexes, as wif-man, a woman, a wife, madden-man, a maid, and so on. The following list of words is interesting for comparison:

Man	Mother (mā)
Man	Son-in-law, (from man-na), respecting, honoring, taking.
Ma	A mother
Mahi	The sacred pick-axe.
Man, mum,	commonly called Maund (from Arabic mann, and Hebrew mann), a measure of weight of general use in India, but varying in value in different places.
Man	Earth, ground, land.
Man	(in Sanscrit). A human being, (in Hebrew and Chaeldaen) intelligence.
Budhman	Sensible.
Tuah	A hatchet (Irish).
Dao	A hatchet.
Dao, dau,	To cut.
Dav or dao	A kind of hatchet with a hooked point, a sickle, a bill.

⁹W. M. Flinders Petrie, The Formation of the Alphabet, Studies Series, Vol. III. British School of Archaeology in Egypt.

Dau	An appellation of a father or of an elder brother, Balaveda, Krishna's elder brother.
Tau	Ancestor, elder, father's elder brother.
Dah	Burn, fire, a fire burning within. The burning of dead bodies, cremation, ardour.
Dearg	Red.
Ruadh	usually red, often royal.
Dai ka dursa	The god's double, a demon, a devil.
Dev, deo, deota, deo- vem, daivam, deus, theus.	A god.
Ka	A name applied to any chief deity, or object of reverence: as Brahma, Vishnu; air or wind, water, the sun, the mind, the soul, the head.
Ka	The spiritual double of man. (Egyptian).
Kha	A cavity, hollow, aperture, a cypher, zero, a dot.
Kha-gol	The vault or circle of the heavens, the celestial sphere.
Ka-bat	A die or play bone, the square temple at Mecca, a square building (generally).
Ka-batu-l-lah.	The temple of God, the square temple of Mecca.
Lan	Hand.
Dorn (duirn)	A hand or fist.
Lamh	A hand (lamh-arm, a hand weapon).
Lamh-ar-laimh.	Hand to hand.
Lamh-thuagh.	Axe.
Lamhadh, lamaidh.	Axe.
Lamh-dhrudh, ean.	Chiromancer, palmist.
Lamhnadh, aidh.	Bringing forth, nativity.
Lame	A lamb (See Plate 14.)
Lam-es,	Clay, mud, mire, earth. (See Plate 14.)


Lam-faet, es.	A vessel of clay, the body.
Lamb, es, lamber.	A lamb.
Lam.	Food.
Lam.	Shining.
Lamna, lomna.	A rope, a cord.
Lamchari, lamchi.	Being (?), low land liable to inundation. ¹⁰
Lams.	Touching, feeling, the sense of feeling or touch.
Lamat	Splendours:
Lam'a	Shining, a flash, brilliancy, glare (of the sun).
Yazdau (Yazd)	God.
ED or ID	To handle, to feel, to possess, and whatever is done by the hand, as "iod," a cast, a throw, and with the prefix M, "mad," and with T, tiod, a cast, tiodal, a cast of stones, a monument of the dead, raised by the casting of stones, or for a victory, "iod" a cast of a dart, became a measure of land, hence the English, "a hide of land" (Chaldean), Yada—to feel; yadah to cast, Yod, the hand; (Arabic) Ed, a hand. ¹¹

Higgins states that among the Hebrews the name of the perfect number, ten, was "Jod" or "I," their name for God. With the Arabs it was "Ya," the ancient Indian name of God, and among the Greeks it was "I" or "Ei," the same as the Hebrew name of God. By the Etruscans, whatever be its name, it was described by the "X" or "T," and for the

¹⁰Lexicographers believe these two words should be written, Namchari, and Namchi; from Nam S. B. to bow down, to make low. See p. 309, Platt's "Hindi Dictionary." Other dictionaries quoted are: Wilson, "Glossary of Indian Terms"; S. W. Fallon, "Hindustani-English Dictionary"; Childers' "Dictionary of the Pali Language"; Platt's "Classical Hindi and English Dictionary of Urdu," 1895; Higgins' "Anacalypsis"; Macdonald's "Gaelic Dictionary"; Halliwell's "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words"; Bosworth's "Anglo-Saxon Dictionary"; E. Lhuys, "Archæologia-Britannica"; Charles Vallency's "Prospectus of a Dictionary of the Ancient Irish Language," 1802; Joyce "Social History of Ireland."

¹¹Vallency, p. 37.

sake of an astrological meaning, the Greeks contrived that the X should stand for 600.

In the Chinese language, the twenty-fourth radical, the "shih" is in the shape of a cross, thus  and means ten, it also means complete, perfect, perfectly good. The jod, or iod, or iota, and iodha and yew are all clearly the same; this will be found on pronouncing the Y in the word yew by itself, instantly followed by the other letters, the name of the tree—one of the names of Jehovah, Ieu.¹²

In a chapter on Maltese Folk-lore, Bradley tells us "The earliest tales appear to be those relating to the mysterious lands, Bufiles and Bugibda; of which the first seems to mean Axe-land, and the other the "land which grips"; that is, apparently, The Land of Death, or else The Land which Draws, having some vague reference to the loadstone and magnetic attraction. The case for the last explanation has, however, hardly been made out. At any rate, these are dim and distant lands whither it is well to send unpleasant relations, for no one comes back from them. As said, the Land of the Axe—and for the exact meaning of Bu we have to go back to Bantu, an ancient relation of Hamitic—may be the original home of axes and the axe-people probably somewhere south of the Sahara, and according to other items in the story, situate somewhere near the west coast. These are rich and wonderful lands at the ends of the earth, inhabited by lions and black people, and cannibals, where there are trees covered with flies or insects, possibly locusts; wonderful singing birds, who also talk, so that we are doubtful whether they are parrots or canaries; gardens of green canes which grow and get small; dancing water, and a well of pure water, which if sprinkled on pillars of salt, makes them to become live people—in short the water of life. A great journey has to be made by land to reach this place, through a sparsely inhabited region, whose few denizens appear to be cannibals."¹³

The battle-axe as a symbol was equivalent to the sword, hammer, or cross, Bayley tells us "some writers believe the

¹²Higgins' *Anacalypsis*. Preliminary Observations. Vol. I, 33, 34.

¹³R. N. Bradley, *Malta and the Mediterranean Race*.

symbolism of the fish to be based upon the very natural comparison between a fish tail and the sacred "double axe." The Egyptians worshipped a God of the Beautiful Face, who was called Great Chief of the Hammer; one of the Mexican divinities was entitled Great Seer of the Hammer, the sign of Thor was the Solar wheel and his weapon a short handled hammer named Mjolner (the smasher), which he used in peace or war to bless or to shatter; when Thor donned his belt of strength and his gloves of iron there was no monster that the hammer would not crush, and after being thrown it always returned of itself into the hand of its Master; the swastika was termed Thor's Hammer and was equivalent to the cross of Christ. The various forms of the word cross, crux, cruz, crowz, croaz, krois, krouz and so on, resolves into "ak ur os, the light of the Great Fire." The word "hammer" in Anglo-Saxon was "hamor, the fire or gold of the Immutable Sun," hamor is cognate with "amor," to love. See Figure 43, shown on plate.

The African Dinkas of to-day have a "Great Chief of the Hammer," and also the "House of the Axe," in the form of a "Sacred Spear," which in their tradition "came down from heaven or the clouds in a thunderstorm."

In Figure 47 four Thaus point like the flaming sword that guarded Eden, to the four quarters of the universe. In German the word thau means dew; in Cornish ta or da meant good.

The word palm, meaning a tree, and palm, the inner part of the hand, are the same, and as Bayley states, may have originated from the same root because of the similitude between a palm leaf and the outspread fingers of the hand. He mentions the red imprint of a hand as seen in the ruins of America, and says they probably were intended to ward off evil, and may have originally symbolized the flaming sun—this sign of the sun was presumably the earliest form of a seal. The word seal is fire-god, and legal sealing is still accomplished by applying a ceremonial finger to a round, red seal. The word hand (A. S. hond) resolves ultimately into "immutable, resplendent One, and may be equated symbologically and etymologically with "Hound of Heaven" and the

"Hind of the Dawn." The French for hand, main, is the same as our main, meaning chief or principal. The Latin manus is "sole light"; OM AN US, the sun, the one light. The Greek for hand is Chier, the Great Fire."¹⁴

While in Central America some years ago, I occasionally noticed in some of the native houses the red imprint of a hand on the wall near the door. On asking the meaning of the symbol, a shake of the head or shrug of the shoulders was the usual "answer"; but later, having won the friendship and confidence of an Indian, who claimed descent from the wizards, he told me it meant ownership: It is mine; I made it.

In the year 1453, when the Sultan Mohammed II. conquered Constantinople, on entering the mosque of St. Sophia, he dipped his hand in the blood of the slaughtered Christians and stamped it upon the wall to seal his victory. Burdick quotes Trumbull as stating that this shows that the idea of the custom still lingered in the minds of the Oriental peoples.¹⁵

Le Plongeon tells us that in India, Polynesia, as in Mayach, devotees dipped their hands in red liquid and stamped them on the walls of the temples, sacred caves, and other hallowed places, when invoking some blessing from the Deity. The fact that no two individuals have hands alike in shape or size, the lines in the palm being different, the red imprint of a hand became a private seal or mark of ownership.

This has descended to modern times in the expression to legal acknowledgments, "I hereunto fix my hand and seal." Among all nations of antiquity (Asia, Africa, Polynesia and America) red as a color was a symbol of nobility of race, and of invocation, of power, might and dominion, a favorite color of the gods. When chiefs, kings, and nobles died, they were deified, became minor gods, watched over the destinies of mankind, and were mediators between man and the godhead. The red color seems to have continued to be symbolical of their new powers, as it had been of their authority on earth.¹⁶

According to Bayley, the Egyptian word for hand is "toot" equated with tat or dad, the parent "pillar of the

¹⁴H. Bayley, *The Lost Language of Symbolism*, Chap. XVI., Vol. II.

¹⁵L. D. Burdick, *The Hand*.

¹⁶A. J. LePlongeon, *Queen Moo and the Egyptian Sphinx*, Chap. IX.

universe." This well-known symbol for eternity (stability) is the column Tet (see Plate 14) represented as a pillar of four or five parts. Mrs. Nuttall calls attention to the hand being "tet"; and used as a rebus, it would express the name for eternity and may have been employed as a secret sign for the divine center, eternal stability, and the sacred number five, consisting of the "middle and four quarters" symbolized by the fingers and thumb. In hieratic script, the hand expressed the sound "a" power, while "aa" great, "aat" great and mighty, "aa" mighty one. To one initiated in the reading of hieroglyphics, the hand as a rebus expressed "the eternal, permanent, stable, great, mighty, power; one, yet double and fourfold; the sacred five in one, the "middle and four quarters."¹⁷

Burdick tells us that a frequent expression of the Psalmist was I will wash mine hands in innocency. It was an act of impiety among the Greeks (ancient) to cross a stream without a ceremonial washing of the hands. The gods of the rivers were offended, and harm threatened the transgressor afterwards. When Aeneas fled from the burning Troy, he put the sacred vessels and household gods in the care of his aged father Anchises, because it was a crime for him to touch them with his own hands, defiled with participation in the bloody carnage until he had purified them in running water. Persians lifted their hands to the sun in adoration. The Hebrews, like the Babylonians, accompanied their prayers with the lifting of the hands. Some of the language of the prophets and apostles indicates that the act may have been in itself a prayer. "I will lift up my hands in thy name," said the Psalmist. "Lift up thy hands toward Him for the life of thy young children," cried the prophet.¹⁸

From the royal library at Nineveh are a series of clay tablets, now in the British Museum, which the Assyrians themselves designated: Prayers of the lifting of the Hand. King Ashurbanipal, who reigned in Assyria during nearly

¹⁷Zelia Nuttall, *The Fundamental Principles of Old and New World Civilizations*. Papers of Peabody Museum, 1901.

¹⁸L. D. Burdick, *The Hand*.

half of the seventh century before the Christian Era, caused these copies to be prepared and preserved. The exact source and age of the originals is unknown, but it is believed they date from early Babylonian times.¹⁸

With the Babylonians and Assyrians the expression "to raise the hand" was frequently used by itself in the sense of offering a prayer; and so by natural transition it came to be employed as a synonym of to pray, namely, to utter a prayer. An expression occurring frequently, to account for achievements, in the Annals of Sargon, is "I lift my hands to the gods."²⁰

The ancient Chaldeans sealed covenants with uplifted hands. The touch of the uplifted hand of the deity imparted increased vitality to the Egyptian kings. The ceremony was known as the "imposition of the Sa." There are representations of it on the monuments. The Hebrew Yad, the pointer used during the service in the synagogue in connection with the reading of the Torah; the most sacred part of the Jewish scriptures, signified hand, and was usually in the shape of a hand.²¹

A popular Accadian hymn, written more than two millenniums before Christ, is supposed to be voiced by the god Hea:

"In my right hand I bear my disk of fire;
In my left, I bear my sphere of carnage."

Lenormant calls attention to the fact that the weapon or disk which it celebrates, is analogous to the flaming sword that guarded the entrance to Paradise. A blood red hand impressed upon the sanctuary walls of the ancient Mexicans symbolized the sacrificial fire. Fire was emblematical of peace, happiness, and abundance.

Figure 41, shown on Plate 12, is a Maya god holding a standard terminating in an uplifted hand. This is almost identical with the Roman standard (46) from the column of Antoninus shown on the same plate. The trophy of a hand borne upon the top of a staff was used by the ancient Mexi-

¹⁸L. D. Burdick, The Hand.

¹⁹L. D. Burdick, The Hand.

²⁰L. D. Burdick, The Hand.

²¹L. D. Burdick, The Hand.

cans and is sometimes so represented in their mythological paintings. Kingsborough states that the Hebrew word for hand, also signified a trophy, and a large hand erected on a pillar was emblem of power and used as a monument of victory. Elworthy speaking of the open hand, tells us the Jews use it as an amulet in this form. It is cut out of flat sheet metal, each side is covered with Hebrew texts, such as "Hear O Israel, the Lord our God is One." The Sunni or Arab sect, like all the Moslems, regard the open hand as peculiarly sacred. Each digit is especially dedicated to and personifies one of the holy family. Thus, the thumb represents the Prophet; the index finger is Abubakr, 1st Kalipha; the middle finger, Umar, 2nd Kalipha; the ring finger, Uthman, 3rd Kalipha; and the little finger Ali, 4th Kalipha. The four are called "Chakar Yaran," the four companions (of the prophet). Among the Shiah or Persian sect, the thumb also represents the prophet, while the fingers are: 1st, the Lady Fatima; 2nd, Ali, her husband; 3rd, Hasan; and 4th, Husain, sons of Fatima and Ali. The open hand, symbol of victory on Roman standards and Phœnician "places is" also a sign of adoration and benediction, and, as Elworthy says, is known to be distinctly prophylactic as well.²³

On plate 14 is shown a drawing from the Papyrus of Ani. The Sunrise, the Tet or tree trunk, which held the body of Osiris; between Isis and Nephthys, who knelt in adoration, one each side of it. From the Tet proceeds the emblem of life, which has arms to support the Disk of the Sun. The six apes represent the spirits of the dawn.²⁴ According to Budge, the Tet or tree trunk, in which Isis concealed the dead body of her husband, has four cross-bars, which indicate the four cardinal points; it became a religious symbol of great importance to the Egyptians; the setting up of the Tet at Busiris, which symbolized the reconstituting of the body of Osiris, a solemn ceremony in the worship of the god. The Tet is associated with the CLVth Chapter of the Book of the Dead, which reads: "Rise up thou, O Osiris! Thou hast thy backbone, O Still-Heart Thou hast the fastenings of

²³Elworthy, *Horns of Honour*.

²⁴E. W. Budge. *Books on Egypt and Chaldea*. Vol II (series).

PLATE 14.

Fig. 62.

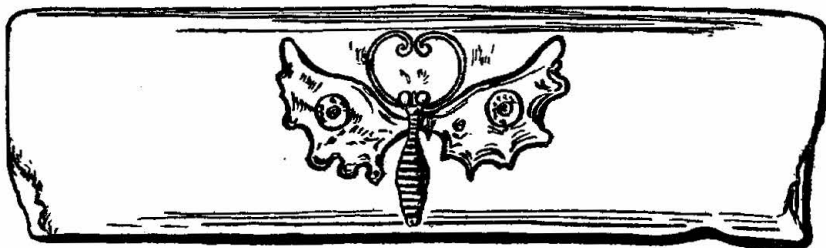


Fig. 63.

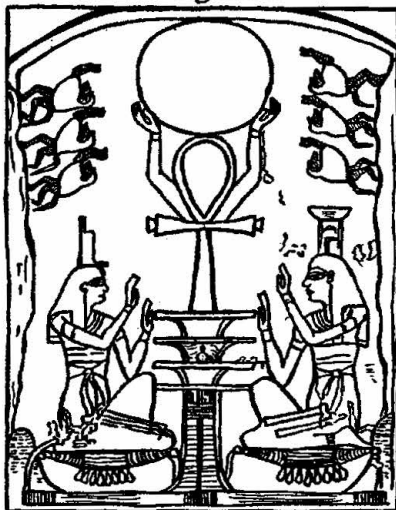


Fig. 64.

A.

B.

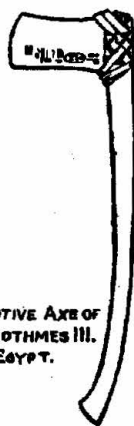
VOTIVE AXE OF
THOTHMES III.
EGYPT.THE ANKUS
OR ELEPHANT-
GOAT OF IN-
DIA.

Fig. 65.



"MEN WILL BE CHEERFUL,
DEAR TO THEIR FRIENDS,
SHALL YET EACH ONE
DEPART FROM OTHER,
FOR THE LORD BY HIS DOOM
THE 'VILE BODY'
COMMIT TO EARTH."

Fig. 66.

"OF EARTH AND LAME AS WAS ADAM
MAKED TO NOYE AND NEDE,
WE ER ALS HE MAKED TO BE,
WHILES WE THIS LYFE SALLE LEDE."

Fig. 68.

OLD HEBREW
LAMEDH =
OX GOAD.

PHOENICIAN
LAMEDH =
OX GOAD.

✓ 6L

Fig. 67.



FLAIL.



CROOK.



PILLAR (TES)



SCEPTRE.

MENAT, EMBLEM OF
JOY, PLEASURE.

Fig. 62. Double axe of bronze from Phaestos; considered a masterpiece of pre-historic art, reproduced from "The Dawn of the Mediterranean Civilization," Angelo Mosso.
Fig. 63. The Sunrise, from the Papyrus of Ani, Book of the Dead, E. W. Budge.
Fig. 67. Egyptian symbols of power.

thy neck and back, O Still-Heart Place thou thyself upon thy base, I put water beneath thee, and I bring unto thee a Tet of gold that thou mayest rejoice therein." The Tet had to be dipped in the water in which ankham flowers had been steeped, and laid upon the neck of the deceased, to whom it gave the power to reconstitute the body and to become a perfect Khu, spirit, in the underworld. On coffins, the right hand of the deceased grasps the buckle, and the left the Tet.²⁵

Figure 42 represents Osiris, Lord of the Underworld, King and Judge of the Dead. He was chief of the gods of the dead. On his head is the white crown, with feathers emblematic of right and truth. In his right hand he holds the ankh, symbol of life. At the hands of his brother Set, the god of darkness, he suffered a cruel death on earth, his body mutilated and its members scattered throughout the land of Egypt. By his divine power he rose again in a glorified body, and became the god of the dead. The Egyptians based their hope of the resurrection on the resurrection of Osiris.²⁶ The sceptre which Osiris holds is similar to the Figure 45, shown on same Plate. Bayley sees in this symbol "an intentional combination of the hammer and the axe."

Figure 40 shows Ptah represented as a mummy. In his hand he holds the signs of power, flail, crook, and sceptre which is ornamented with the four bars of the pillar, Tet. On the back of the neck, he has the emblem of pleasure, menat. He was worshipped at Memphis from the earliest times, and was the chief member of the triad of that city. On Plates 11 and 14 are shown other symbols, which will be discussed in the next article.

In the neolithic period, the axe was a symbol of the divinity. Mosso tells us the most ancient bipennae were in the form of two square axes, which form a parallelogram. Later the axe was widened, the cutting edge rounded, heel narrowed, the outline bell-like. The form of the flat axe passed through the same changes. There is a distinction to

²⁵E. W. Budge. Books on Egypt and Chaldea. Vol II (The Book of the Dead).

²⁶See Plates LV and LVI, p. 21—Appendix to "The Oxford Bible for Teachers.

be made between the great bipennae, which were true cultus images, and the votive bipennae; it is the size which distinguishes. Votive weapons were either very large or very small and unfit for practical purposes. On plate 13 are shown prehistoric axes of different shapes. Figure 48 was discovered at Haghia Triada. On the margin of this is a furrow with a projecting fillet, which seems to have been filled with enamel or faced with a precious metal; small votive double-headed axes and hatchets were common in Crete. Figure 54 is cut from a thin sheet of copper and is identical, with little double axes of gold leaf found at Mycenae by Schliemann. The larger sacred bipennae have a bowed blade. Mosso tells us this is a characteristic and that the blade is often thrice the width of the central part.²⁷

The Cretans were skilled artisans in the casting of bronze. Figure 62 is a double axe from Phaestos, described by Mosso as a masterpiece, surpassing any known up to the present day. On each side of the axe is a butterfly of great beauty, conventional in design, and resembling the butterflies impressed upon the golden disks found by Schliemann in the third tomb at Mycenae. We have not a butterfly like this in nature. The antennae spring from below the head and turn in a spiral. Instead of four wings, as have all butterflies, this has but two; the wings are edged with festoon curves and have an eye in the center. The butterflies on the disks from Mycenae have the same peculiarities.²⁸ There may have been a religious motive in designing the butterfly in this manner. To the ancients the butterfly was a symbol of the resurrection of the soul. This axe may have represented the physical body, and the butterfly the soul living after the death of the body. On plate 15 is shown a sign for the letter M, which resembles the crude drawing of a butterfly sometimes seen in Indian picture writing.

The votive axe disappears in the last Minoan age. Small stone axes were found by Petrie at Naqada, the axe as a sacred symbol was carved as an image of the divinity upon the ancient monuments of Egypt. Figures 53 and 57, re-

²⁷Angelo Mosso, *The Dawn of the Mediterranean Civilization*.

²⁸Angelo Mosso, *The Dawn of the Mediterranean Civilization*.

produced from Mosso's book, are carvings on the funeral monuments of the first dynasties.²⁹

Mosso states that several double-axes from tombs in Crete had been intentionally broken. The reason for this is not known; Figure 58 shows one of these axes. This is of interest, if we compare it with the translation given by Brasseur de Bourbourg for the word lam-bat. "The broken axe or hatchet rent by the cross, sign of the earthquake."³⁰

The axe symbolizes man. There seems to be a relation between the symbols of the votive axe, the letter or rune for M, man, the butterfly, and the swastika. In Japan a name for the Swastika is Manji, and Bayley tells us their God Monju is the personification and apotheosis of transcendental Wisdom.

The word Lamh has many meanings, a few of which have been given. Elworthy tells us that the red hand of Ulster was named Lamhdearg.

²⁹Angelo Mosso, *The Dawn of the Mediterranean Civilization*.

³⁰See THE WORD, June, 1914.

(To be continued.)



THE ESKIMO PEOPLE.

(According to Iyaka, a Noonatomic Eskimo.)

By Joe Stronton, a Prospector.

THE Eskimo people of northern Alaska are but a part of the Eskimo Nation, which extends from Point Barrow, Alaska, to and including the shores of Greenland.

The present Eskimo of the Alaskan coast is divided into two factions, the Kokmolic and the Noonatomic; the Kokmolic meaning Eastern Native, and the Noonatomic, Land Dweller. Originally they were all Kokmolic, but many generations ago a few of them made a trip to Kotzebue Sound, where they married some of the Kotzebue women—who were mixed with the Japanese—and, on their return, were promptly ostracised and forced to live in the interior, being allowed to come to the coast but once a year, during the long summer day, in which the sun shines continually for 64 twenty-four hour days.

The Kokmolic people have many admirable traits. They have a high conception of morality; they are absolutely honest and truthful—where they have not come in contact with the white people—and they are most hospitable people.

An instance came to my notice in 1902 on the coast, when two families were camped close to a white man's cache on which was a large quantity of food supplies. These natives were out of everything to eat and were living on their skin boat, which they cut up and cooked. A white man came along and asked them why they did not take some of the food. They said: "It does not belong to us, and if we should take it the white man would die, for he could not live on what we can. Anyway, it is not ours and we have no right to take it."

Another instance, which shows their punishment for theft. In the spring, as I was about to leave to cross the Endicott Mountains, I was warned that if I went into the valley of a certain river to look out for my supplies, as there was a native lived there who would steal. Upon inquiry, I found he was an Eskimo who had stolen a knife some five years before; that he had only stolen once, but that he had to live alone as the others would not trust him. I found they pitied, rather than despised him, but their laws were strict, and he must live alone the rest of his life. I asked why he did not go where he was not known. The answer was, that, according to tradition, he could only go to the head of the Koyukuk River, and that it would do him no good, as they would send word over that he was a thief. He was forced to live apart from his people for life, for one crime, that of stealing a knife.

We have no law in what is called civilization that is equal in punishment to this, and yet it is more humane than many of ours.

"JONAH AND THE WHALE"

THE following legend was told to me on the north coast of Alaska in the spring of 1902.

The scene was described to have been at Icpik-puk Lake, near the heart of what is now known as the Chipp River, and the Eskimo tried to impress me with the idea that it happened a "long time ago." When I asked him what he meant by a long time, he said: "I guess you no understand a long time."

"I said: 'You show me; may be I understand.'"

He held up his hands, indicating each finger as he repeated: "When I little boy, my Papa speak; when him little boy him Papa speak," going over all ten fingers, thus indicating ten generations; then he asked: "Now you plenty understand?" Being assured that I did he began moving his hands up and down, each movement indicating ten gen-

erations. After marking more than one hundred generations he said: "I guess Kablona (white man) no understand." He then told the tradition, which I endeavor to set down just as he gave it.

"A long time ago, Eskimo was chasing a tookto (cariboo). Tookto him jump into Icpikpuk lake; Eskimo him jump into kiack (skin canoe). Big fish him come up and swallow tookto; him go down. Bim'by him come up and swallow kiack and Eskimo. More Eskimo's look. One go tell Omailic (Medicine Man). Omailic come; he make medicine. Him build big fire against cliff of rock; rocks get hot and fall off into water and make him boil. Big fish him come out on shore and muckie (die). Omailic him cut fish open; him take out Eskimo; him take out kiack and tookto. Eskimo him no hurt, him all right.

A man can not speak, but he judges himself. With his will, or against his will, he draws his portrait to the eye of his companions by every work. Every opinion reacts on him who utters it. It is a thread-ball thrown at a mark, but the other end remains in the thrower's bag.

Or, rather, it is a harpoon thrown at the whale, unwinding, as it flies, a coil of cord in the boat, and, if the harpoon is not good, or not well thrown, it will go nigh to cut the steersman in twain or to sink the boat.

—Emerson, "ESSAYS ON COMPENSATION."



THE SCARAB OF DESTINY.*

By Maris Herrington Billings.

CHAPTER XX.

THE GODS DEMAND THE SACRIFICE.

THE Princess Raneë could not conceal her rage at the action of the Pharaoh; for she was by nature cruel and revengeful, and she had decreed that Nicia should die for daring to aspire to the love of the man she claimed as set apart for herself.

How had her hair become red? That puzzled her. She could have sworn that it was golden when she saw it in the judgment hall; but whether Seth had set his seal on her or not, Raneë had accomplished her end, for on the morrow Nicia was to die at the shrine of Eleithya. She paced up and down in her pavilion, troubled not a whit that this beautiful blue sky and glorious sunshine would be the last that a young girl, scarcely as old as herself, should see; then, humming a gay little tune, she wandered down the walk, carelessly picking flowers as she sang.

"I shall be glad when it is all over", she said. "Then I can begin to comfort him, if indeed he needs comfort for the loss of a slave. But I notice she weareth no anklet, nor doth she mention his name; so perhaps she is only light of love after all" and a thrill akin to happiness shot through her frame. "My love, my love," she said, "thou couldst have had a dozen of her kind; but thou shouldst not have refused me. Refused *me!*" she repeated; then she thought of the tiny red box in her bosom, and taking it out she gazed upon it. "Oh thou talisman, thou wilt give me power to win him now. By the Hathors thy words have come true. He will never see her more. By the magic power that I

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possess in holding this box, *I bid thee show me thy power*. Turn his thoughts to me. All I crave is his love. All else may go. I will go to see him soon. Oh love, my love, wilt thou welcome the hand that will restore thee to liberty? Oh, make him show his gratitude, for he is all I care for in the world."

So, wrapped up in her own thoughts was Ranee that she did not notice her brother's leopard, far down the tiled walk. With graceful bounds the great luminous-eyed cat came on, and playfully jumped upon her. The force of this huge animal leaping suddenly against her threw her to the ground. The box flew out of her hand and came down with a crash on the tiled walk, scattering its contents in little flakes of dust. As she stood gazing at the broken box she could have sworn she heard the tinkling laugh of the phantom of the cave. She stooped to gather up the fragments, but they only blew away in little whirls. "Sunro was right", she said. "It was only a little powder after all! I wish I had let him have it now, for he wanted it so much", and she laughed as she returned to the pavilion; but it was not long before she began to feel a strange oppression in the air. The palm trees began to whisper, the leopard began to whine and ran swiftly for its kennel, and the tame antelopes and goats began to gallop madly over the stretch of green sod. She could hear the clashing of the palm leaves; a sudden gust of hot wind blew overhead, and she ran for the palace and gained her own rooms where she cowered in fright, remembering that Sunro had said, "The contents must not come in contact with the air." She could see the palm branches waving their fronds like arms tossing in wild dismay and terror; the wind continued to rise, but still it was only a stiff breeze that swept over the hot dry desert. A sudden hot blast coursed its way through the palace, and the air was thick with sand. Now it had almost risen to a gale, and all the animals in and around Memphis had gone mad with terror.

As the night wore on the palms moaned and wildly waved their branches in the gathering gloom, and the stars were veiled, for the air was thick with dust and sand. Sethos was talking to Maris when first the simoon came up, and said with a laugh, "This is quite unexpected;" but as the wind continued to rise, and he noted the shivering of the animals, his face became grave. "The wind hath evil in its train Maris," said he; "there is death and danger abroad."

Una cowered in a shivering heap on the floor. "I am afraid,

afraid!" she moaned. "There are evil spirits abroad. The air is full of forms. I can *feel* them."

"Una is very susceptible to atmospheric influences", said Sethos. "There, there, little girl; thy grandsire is with thee, and no harm shall come to thee. I will protect thee. But in very truth it doth sound like a carnival of the Gods." He put his hand in his robe, and taking out his jade cross he hung it over the window, then he returned to her.

The air was sultry and hot. The wind blew with a steady roar, and a thick darkness hung over the land. With a howling shriek the full force of the sirocco descended on Memphis. The river grew white with foam, the boats rocked at their moorings, and those outside, in the centre of the river, were capsized, one after the other. The air was so thick that one seemed to feel it like a wall. The wind howled and shrieked like a horde of maddened demons let loose. The gale, in its savage fury, tore through the streets, uprooting the palms, and carrying everything movable before it. There was not a light in the city; and the frightened people huddled in their homes and prayed to all their gods. Black darkness hung over the land, and obscured everything. Presently the rain, hot and steaming, descended in sheets; the lightning flashed in blazing forks from a lurid sky, and the thunder answered it in deafening roars. All creation seemed to be in a convulsion; and in her gorgeous apartment Ranee sat alone, faint with terror. She seemed to hear voices moaning in the winds, and eerie echoes seemed to fling back the tinkling laugh of the phantom, while the wind wailed like a legion of lost spirits.

Well Ranee knew that more than the simoon was abroad. "Seth hath commenced to reign in Egypt", she moaned to herself; and everyone in that great palace was too frightened to notice her, for one and all thought that the end of the world had come. Egypt was a scene of desolation when the sun arose and flooded the valley with ruddy gold.

On the morning of the day before the storm, Sethos had been with Nicia. Long and earnestly he had talked, and begged her to trust implicitly in him. "My child," he said, "my heart doth bleed for thee; but put thy trust in thy God, and should it be his will, thou wilt come safely through the dark waters. Pray fervently to the Unnameable One who hath created the heavens and the earth, and Who alone rules the world; pray, Nicia, that he will give thee his aid. Thou hast a fearful trial before thee, my poor child; but I brought thee through before, and I will do

so again. This time thou wilt have to enter the shadow of the Valley of Death. Wilt thou have perfect faith in me?"

"Aye, my more than friend. I will obey thy commands, be they what they will", she said brokenly.

"My child, thou seest this golden bracelet, this snake with its ruby eyes; now watch closely, Nicia", and he held it inverted in his hand. "See the flat surface of its head; now back of the ruby eyes see this small diamond? By pressing this stone, two tiny needles dart out like fangs. The head is hollow, and is filled with a poison known only to the high priests of Egypt. I am going to put the bracelet on thy left arm", he said, suiting the action to the word. "When they come to take thee to the shrine of Eleithya, be not afraid, but keep thy senses about thee. When thou comest to the Square of Amti——"

"How shall I know it, my Father? Thou art aware that I do not know the streets of Memphis."

"True, true, I had forgotten. 'Tis a large square, in the centre of which stands the great sun-dial and the white statue of Rameses and his queen. They are forty feet high, and pure white; thou canst not fail to see them. Una shall throw thee a bunch of red roses as the signal; but if by chance the signal should fail, and the roses be not flung, when thou comest to the statue of the queen, which is holding a vase of flowers, press thy hands together, so—with the head of the snake lying directly over that blue vein. Dost thou fully comprehend my saying?"

"Aye, and I will obey thee. And then, Sethos?"

"Thou wilt begin to dream, my child. The people will fade away, the jeering crowds will disappear, and in their place thou wilt have heavenly visions. This poison will let thine astral body loose, and thou shalt wander midst fields of flowers and pleasant scenes. The poison will take full effect when thou hast reached the altar; there thou wilt fall as one dead. I will pronounce thee dead; and I will have others do so. Then I will have thee taken to the tomb, where I will revive thee, and a boat shall take thee away. I will send the scarab to Ardas, and when the two halves are once more put together the Gods will once more open the prison doors. Remember the words of Athor, 'No power on earth his love can sever.' Doubt not her promise; it will be fulfilled, and he shall join thee on the boat that shall bear thee away."

"Oh, my Father, that would be worth all the suffering. Thou wilt see how gladly I enter the realm of death in order to join my beloved."

"Farewell, my child, farewell. Be very careful not to press that glittering stone one moment before thou comest to the statue, for it takes just so long for the poison to work."

He took her pale face in his hands and kissed her affectionately—a very rare thing in Egypt—and left her to the gloom and solitude of the dungeon. Perhaps of all people in Memphis that night, Nicia was the least disturbed; for within the solid walls of the cell she heard only the faint moan of the wild winds, as they tore madly through the streets above. She spent the hours in silent prayer to the God whom she had been taught by Ben Israel to revere, and at last lay down to sleep, calm and peaceful, saying, "Only a little while and I shall once more see my love."

When the virgins of the Sun came to robe her for the sacrifice she was quite calm. They dressed her with stony faces, feeling no pity for the fair young life that was about to be blotted out. She was accursed, and one and all carefully avoided touching her glorious red hair, which she plaited in two long shining braids and allowed to hang down in the old fashion. She followed the priest to the same chariot, with its two black horses with blue housings, and its charioteer wearing a gown of indigo, the color of mourning; and once more the solemn procession started. The streets were thronged with people, with chariots, riders and litters, and the Holy City was in a ferment of unwonted agitation. The crowds were not so great as before; but the temper of the people had been aroused. Many were the mutterings as the procession passed through the devastated streets; for the poorer classes had been the worst sufferers. All the workshops of the artisans had been blown away, and the stalls of the merchants were wrecked, and the people laid it all to the anger of Hapi in being defrauded of his bride. So the murmur grew louder and the crowds surged as they caught sight of her. Divinely beautiful, pale as a lotus bloom she stood. Her violet eyes were shining like stars, for what cared she for the rabble? It would soon be over, and then she would be able to leave these horrible people; for she trusted implicitly in the words of Sethos.

Louder and louder grew the angry roar of the people. They began to pelt her with mud, and she was getting frightened at these fierce demonstrations when the chariot turned into the great square of Amti, and before her arose the gleaming statues of Rameses and his queen. In a white chariot, quite close to her, she saw the white face of Una, as, full in her face, she dashed a

bunch of scarlet roses. Then Nicia raised her eyes to heaven and murmured, "Oh God, into thy keeping I commend my soul."

She pressed her hands together as she passed the statue of the queen. Then she stood straight and firm, with a look of proud disdain upon her face. No longer could she hear the jeering mob; she seemed to be treading on air and climbing upward through fleecy clouds. At last the procession reached the shrine of Eleithya, and the people, with one accord, turned toward the declining sun.

Sethos stood there, surrounded by priests in their white robes. Nicia, supported by two priests, walked from the chariot. Sethos glanced anxiously at her, then, after a short delay during which he kept his eyes fixed steadily on the setting sun, he advanced to the altar which had been especially erected for this sacrifice, followed by a priest who carried the golden goblet filled with wine for the libation.

Turning slowly to the assistant priest, he received the golden cup, filled to the brim with Cyprian wine, and poured from it a libation to the four quarters of heaven, finishing with the west. A hundred priests then advanced, chanting a solemn hymn in time to a measured march, and sang praises to Eleithya.

The two priests now assisted the victim up the steps that led to the sacred altar. Sethos laid his hand upon her shoulder, gazed into her unseeing eyes, then raised the golden knife with which he was to slay the victim. A hush fell over the vast multitude. The sun had dipped behind the horizon. Sethos was uttering the sacrificial prayer that accompanied the slaying of the victim, when a flash of lightning zig-zagged across the darkening sky, followed by a crash of deafening thunder. The victim fell at the feet of the high priest, and rolled down the steps of the altar.

Sethos held up his hand, saying in a loud voice, "The Gods have rejected the sacrifice, and Seth hath claimed the victim as his own. She hath been killed by fire from heaven. I call upon you all to witness, by the Goddess Ma-t." Then, turning to the attendant priests, he asked, "Is the maid dead?"

"Aye, aye!" rose in chorus from many voices, as a great physician knelt over the body.

The frightened people hurried to their homes, trying to reach shelter, fearful of a repetition of the storm of the night before. After the crowd had fled, Sethos motioned to a couple of priests, who brought a bier and placed her on it. Four slaves carried it

back through the gathering gloom of the deserted streets to the Temple of Ra, where, through the night of solitude and desolation, the body would rest. On the morrow it would be brought before the Forty-Two, and burial would be refused. The body was laid upon a marble table, and two great torches were placed at her head and feet. There was no need for locking the ponderous door, so it was left wide open, and the slaves and attendant priests hurried from the temple. No guard was needed at the Temple of Ra, and the priests locked the great front doors and fled. "Will not the demons of Seth dance around his victim tonight?" said he, shaking his head. "She must have been the very incarnation of evil."

In the silence of the night, about the tenth hour, a shrouded figure made its way to the Temple of Ra. She went round to a side door, used only by the priests, inserted a key, and let herself into the darkness of the temple. She listened for a few moments, and, hearing no sound in the intense stillness, she lighted a torch and made her way through endless passages to the silent dungeon below. She set her torch on the floor and threw off her dark burnous, and behold, it was none other than the Princess Ranee. She walked over to the quiet form, lying so pale and still, with hands folded across her breast, her shiny braids sweeping the dungeon floor.

Ranee bent over her and laid her hand on the marble forehead. How beautiful she was! A calm smile was frozen on the still lips, and a faint pink flush lingered on the cheeks. Ranee's eye caught sight of the scarab hanging on Nicia's neck. She wrenched it off, and going to the light, she held it up and read it—"Under the protection of all the Gods!" she muttered; then, looking more closely, she read, "His love can never sever, his love shall live forever."

"A magic talisman! Where got she that? Is that why she held him? This is only half the scarab. The prince must have the other."

Then she became a living fury. She put the scarab in her bosom, and stepped back to the silent form.

"So thou wouldst play thy brains against mine!" said she mockingly. "Didst thou think that thou, poor slave, couldst frustrate my desires? Thou wert saved from the crocodiles, but now!" and she laughed exultingly, "now thou art silent forever. Thou knowest now what it is to cross my path. So thou wouldst have taken him from me? Thou, with thy white face, wouldst

dare enslave the man on whom I set my heart. Didst think thou couldst match thy puny powers against mine?" she screamed in an access of fury. Then, drawing the golden bodkin from her hair, she savagely plunged it into the heart of the silent maiden. Then a strange thing happened. The red blood spurted in a stream from the tiny wound and flowed over the white robe.

Ranee stared at sight of the blood; then she laughed a horrible, ringing laugh, and dipped her fingers in the crimson flow, as she gloated like a demon over the slain girl. The laugh echoed round the stone walls, and sounded like tinkling glass. When she drew back, her eyes were squinting horribly. She heard that queer laugh, and catching up her torch she fled through the night, with the scarab held fast in her hand.

Sethos, in his palatial home, was trying to comfort Una and Maris. "Fear not, my son; the maid is only sleeping. Go on with thy preparations for flight. She will suffer no harm. She was not struck by the lightning, Una; nay, that was only a providential clap of thunder, which came just at the right moment", and he was quite gay as he instructed Maris to get certain things in readiness for the morrow. "The maid is perfectly safe," he asserted. "Not a soul in Egypt will go near the Temple of Ra. The body that Seth hath claimed will be safe from all intrusion. I will have her placed in a plain cedar case, and after she is condemned by the Forty-Two, and denied burial, then I will ask if the maiden had any friends, and Darda and thyself will step forward and claim the body. I will then give her to thee; convey her to the villa, and I will come to the house, dressed as an old Egyptian. We shall then convey her to the tomb; and there I will revive her. Una shall bring thee the scarab, Maris, and thou wilt take it to the prince; he will then be able, in some way, by the help of the Gods, to reach the side of his wife." With this Maris was fain to be content, for he had great belief in the magic of Sethos.

The morning sun had scarcely flung his golden beams athwart the sky, when Sethos, accompanied by Una, who was to carry the precious scarab to Maris, entered the temple. Only a few neophytes were sweeping the sand from the steps as Sethos approached. "Call the officiating priest", he said. When that individual arrived, Sethos said sternly, "I would have the body of the victim removed as quickly as possible, so that it shall not profane the temple. Come, I will see to it myself. Hath the case arrived?"

"Aye, my lord, 'tis here", said the priest.

"Then bid the slaves carry it to the dungeon."

What a sight greeted his eyes, as he gazed on Nicia! Una gave a scream, and fainted dead away. Sethos went pale as death. "The demons of Amenti have been there, for Seth hath triumphed indeed!" he said; "and behold! the scarab is gone!"

With a sorrowful heart he saw the body placed in the cedar case, and closed the lid. Una, meanwhile, had been carried to the temple above, where the priest was trying to revive her.

Sethos called his litter, and, taking Una in his arms, was borne to his home. He then left and went to the place where, having passed the dread judgment of the Forty-Two, he gave the body into the hands of the three poor relations of the dead girl, two old men and a very old woman. He then hastened back to his palace; and soon after a very old man, with long straggling gray hair, emerged from the palace and swiftly made his way to the villa, arriving almost as soon as Maris.

No sooner was the body set down in the mandara she had loved so well, than Sethos took Maris by the hand. "My son, I have sad news for thee. The maid hath passed away. Some demon of Seth hath stabbed her through the heart, and removed the protecting scarab. She hath passed the gates of the golden kingdom. She hath gone", said he, with tears streaming down his face; and Maris, too, sobbed bitterly.

Nothing was left to the friends but to bear the case to the great silent tomb in the Makkattam hills; so they carried it to the edge of the dyke, where the swollen river had almost reached the top, and a four-oared baris bore it over the great waters that stretched even to the foot of the mountains.

The baris was rowed to the foot of a declivity. Here Sethos bade them stay, while Maris and Darda carried their precious burden up the slope, where stood a lonely tomb, over the portal of which was an inscription which read, "This is the tomb of Evil. Here lie the unhallowed dead."

They carried her within the gloomy portals and laid her in a niche, and Sethos said the Ritual of the Dead (which was forbidden here), and commended her soul to Osiris. Then they sorrowfully entered the baris, and were taken back to the villa.

THE SCARAB OF DESTINY

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LOVE SONG OF THE PHŒNICIAN PRINCE.

RAMESES sat with troubled brow in the great palace of the Pharaoh. What desolation after this awful storm! His heart was filled with misgiving. He knew he had offended the Gods; and was trying to place the blame on Sethos for having persuaded him to abolish the sacrifice to Hapi, for that god was evidently grievously offended. The Nile continued to rise, twenty, twenty-six, twenty-eight feet. Twenty-six feet was abundance, twenty-eight feet overflow, and still the Nilometer showed no signs of diminishing. This meant disaster throughout Egypt, Murrain and disease would overtake the cattle, and fever and pestilence would run riot. Never in the history of the land, or in the memory of mortal man, had such a disastrous storm or such a rise of the Nile been known.

Rameses tore his hair in anguish. No more sacrifice! Perhaps the god of the Israelites was once more showing Egypt his just anger; this time for the sacrifice of the maid who believed in him. He trembled as he thought of this, for the Egyptians had not yet forgotten the Exodus.

The princess was acting very strangely. All morning she had gone from one fit of hysterics into another, and her women could do nothing to soothe her. The queen and Avaris tried to quiet her, but she begged them to leave her. When the day began to wane she became more quiet, and was resting in her pavilion, alone, when suddenly Sunro appeared. His face was drawn and haggard, and his eyes were wild and bloodshot as he said, "Princess; the box! What hast thou done with it?"

Ranee was sick in mind and body, and resented this rude intrusion. "Thou dost forget thyself, Sunro", she said, rising in anger.

"What hast thou done with it?" he demanded.

"I did nothing with it; but on the day of the storm Oceo ran against me as I held it in my hand, and it fell upon the pavement and broke to atoms."

"I knew it, I knew it!" he wailed in anguish.

"Well, 'twas only some flaky powder."

"Dost know what thou hast done?" he said, catching her by the arm. "Thou hast let Seth loose in Egypt."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Well, I certainly could not help the beast bounding against me in that fashion."

"As long as the powder remained in the box he was helpless, but now, *that was he riding on the storm*. Didst thou not hear his demons make merry? Look around thee, at the death and destruction; and 'tis only the beginning. Thou art the ruin of Egypt! Thou wilt see her proud head laid low in the dust; and mark me, Princess, thou wilt not escape."

Raneë moaned in her distress, and her hands hung powerless by her side. "And why, Sunro, since thou knewest the contents, didst thou not tell me? Why not warn me?"

"Warn thee! Wouldst thou have believed me? Nay; mortals will have their own way, to their undoing. I begged thee, again and again, to give me the box, Princess; but thou wouldst have thine own way. 'Tis fate. It will avail thee nothing now. Seth will not let thee have thy desire, for thy will power hath been conquered. The God of Evil hath never been known to keep his promises."

"Well, the deed is done, and a life's sorrow will not replace the box, or bring back the sunshine. Will Memphis be forever wrapped in this mist and fog? 'Tis growing dark, Sunro."

"Princess, what meanest thou?"

"This blue haze over all, Sunro. I would give my life if I could recall it all."

"Blue haze! blue haze!" he muttered. "Ye Gods! The princess is going blind." He bade her a hasty farewell, saying, "I think someone is approaching, oh Princess! I will see thee another time."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ESCAPE OF THE PRINCE.

THAT night a strange thing happened in Egypt. It was about the ninth hour, and the moon had not yet risen, but the stars were shining in all their wonted splendor, when behold, in the eastern sky was seen the figure of a gigantic cross. There, against the dark blue background of the heavens, the strange symbol was outlined in fire. This flaming cross was seen all over Egypt, and the frightened people knew not what to make of the fiery portent. All they could do was to fall on their faces and pray to Osiris and Isis, and beg for protection.

Sethos, on the tower of Athor, saw the dread manifestation. He, too, fell on his knees, saying, "Oh, thou Great and Mighty One, I pray thee to withhold thine anger. Oh, God of the Universe, spare this stricken country", and through the long night he prayed.

From the roof of the palace, Rameses saw this wonder, and his heart was troubled. He did not know whether it was a sign from the Gods, or was like the wondrous pillar of fire, which, according to the papyrus in the temples, went before the Hebrews when they were led out of Egypt.

Maris, gazing on the strange sight, said, "Surely 'tis the sign of the one Great God whom Nicia worshipped. Teach me, thou unnameable One, to find thee. Oh thou Lord of All, teach me the way."

For more than two hours it blazed in the sky, then slowly it faded away.

Rameses sent for the priests and all his wise men, but none could offer a solution of the mystery. At last, in a rage, he sent for Sethos. "What meaneth yonder flaming omen?" he demanded.

"Most glorious King, in conjunction with the comet, I should say it is a sign of war."

"Oh, I thought perhaps 'twas worse", said Rameses. "I dreaded a repetition of the plagues upon us. I am used to the game of war. Let the enemy come", and he dismissed Sethos with a nod, for he was not in his favor just then.

Two days after the appearance of the sign of the cross, Rameses sat on his throne, and prostrated before him was Hadad, who had returned from Judæa, with many presents and a message from the young King Solomon, asking that when the days of mourning were over, the Princess Avaris should be sent to his court in Jerusalem, where he would make her his wife according to the laws of Israel. Hadad had just asked permission of the Pharaoh to be allowed to take Avaris to Judæa himself.

"Oh Son of Ra, I would pitch my tent in the Land of my Fathers", he said humbly.

"Have I not been to thee as a brother?" said Rameses. "Have I not given thee wealth and power? And now thou wouldst leave me!"

"Verily thou hast, Oh Son of Light; and thou hast all my gratitude; but suffer me, I pray thee, to take my wife and children and return to my people with thy gracious permission."

"Have it as thou wishest, Hadad", he said sadly. "Perhaps

Avaris will need a friend at court when she becometh the queen of Solomon."

Rameses had just finished speaking when a courier, tired and worn, threw himself on his face in front of the throne.

"Most glorious Light of the World, the Libyans, aided by the Turisha and the Leka, have invaded thy kingdom. The savages are overrunning the country, destroying everything, on the plains above Thebes."

"What!" shouted Rameses. "They have dared!"

"Aye," said the runner, "Thebes is besieged by the hordes from Arabia Felix."

"Enough!" said the Pharaoh, rising; "Sound the alarm."

"I pray thee to let me go, Father. 'Tis only a skirmish, and I can cope with it", said the Crown Prince.

"Thou shalt go, my son. 'Tis time thou showedst thy mettle; and I will follow, shouldst thou fail to subdue the savages."

"To war! To war!" shouted Rameses, raising his sceptre on high; and the shout went from lip to lip. Brazen gongs sounded all through the city. From every temple in the land rang out the tocsin of war, and every soldier in field and farm dropped his implements of agriculture, for every soldier was allotted a portion of public ground for his support, and all ran at the brazen clanging; and in the early morning Oristan rode in his war chariot at the head of twenty thousand men, in the direction of Thebes.

Una's heart was heavy, not because Oristan had ridden away, but because Hophra, in a few days, would have to lead the second division, which was now being formed.

Maris and Hophra had their heads together quite often, and, greatly to Una's surprise, Maris enlisted as archer to Hophra, to go in his chariot and discharge the arrows while Hophra drove the horses. Maris had a long talk with Sethos, who had not in all this time of excitement been bidden to the palace, but was going today without the call of Rameses. In his hand he carried a large bunch of white roses, surrounded by lotus blossoms. When he arrived at the palace he traversed the great corridors, and seeing Naxo, he called to him and said, "I wish to give these blossoms to the Princess Avaris. Dost think that thou canst find her for me?"

"Aye," said Naxo, on bended knee, "I will carry them to the princess myself for thee, most holy Father."

"Nay, Naxo; thou wilt but tell her the high priest doth wish to give her his blessing", and Naxo departed on his errand and

soon returned, saying, "The princess will be with thee in a moment, my lord."

Soon she came, extending both hands in welcome, and kneeling for his blessing.

"Oh good Sethos, we are all so unhappy. This is a dreadful time. Hast thou come to tell us that the Gods have relented? Verily we do nought but pray", she said sadly.

"Princess," said Sethos, laying his hand tenderly on her head, "I bring thee these flowers from one who needs thy aid,—from Maris", he whispered. "Look amongst the roses, and thou wilt find the papyrus. My daughter, I know thy heart. How is thy father to-day?"

"Oh, so changed, Sethos! I would not see him if I were thou. He is breaking his heart about Raneë; she doth act so queerly."

"'Tis as well, my child; I will go", said Sethos.

Avaris ran to her room and with trembling fingers found the papyrus amongst the roses, and her eyes shone with a happy light and she trembled with joy as she read her first love letter, which ran thus:

"Oh, Love of my life, wilt thou go to the Temple of Ptah at sunset, that I may speak with thee concerning things near my heart. Thou wilt find an old Egyptian on the right hand side of the entrance, who will be interested in the buying of the omen cakes."

At the appointed time Avaris went to the temple with her companion. She bade her feed Hapi, while she lingered at the omen table and spoke kindly to an old man, who followed her into the dim recesses of the grove.

"My Love," he said, as he held out his hands, "I have dared to call for thy aid, for I know thy pure soul will aid me, as I would give my life for thine."

"Aye, Maris, thou hast judged rightly. In life and in death I am thine. How can I aid thee?"

"Avaris, dost thou know that Prince Ardas is in prison at the will of thy father?"

"Nay, I know nought of it!" said Avaris in astonishment.

"Well, he is; and I have been allowed to see him but once. I would fain rescue him; and with thy help I can carry it through."

"Thou canst count on me, Maris. What is thy plan?"

"I will tell thee all, Princess. Sethos is going to make my

hair like that of Ardas, and will give me his seal that I may gain entrance to the prison tonight. I am to give the prince a vial that will turn him into an Egyptian. Then tomorrow, at sunset, if thou wilt visit the prison, I will accompany thee. Thou wilt have the task of entertaining the governor long enough for the prince to join thee. That is all. Dazzled by thy gracious presence, the governor and his attendants will not look too closely at thine escort."

"I understand," said Avaris, "and I will do my part. But thou, Maris, where wilt thou be?"

"In his place," said Maris very quietly, "but even that has been provided for. Thou knowest the Nile keeps on rising, and tomorrow night 'twill be only five feet from the level of the window of the cell. A friend of mine, one Darda, will have a boat under the window at midnight."

"Then thou wilt escape, Maris?" said Avaris eagerly.

"I will try to," he answered, kissing her hand fervently.

She gave him both her hands, saying sadly, "Kiss them both Maris, for my doom is sealed. I am to be the bride of King Solomon. My greatest pleasure will now be in aiding thee; but if thou dost not escape, and the fraud be found out, thy life, Maris, will be the forfeit."

"Well I know the penalty; but I run the same risk by speaking to thee and I would do the same thing over and over again, only to look into thy dear eyes."

"Then thou art a fond and foolish fellow, and I love thee for it; and if thou art caught in trying to get away, I will crave the boon of thy life from Rameses, and if he grant it not, he shall see whether I become the bride of the Royal Asp or of Solomon", she said with a defiant toss of her pretty head.

"My Loved One, thou wilt do nothing rash; for while we live, we may still hope,—or why have the Gods implanted love in both our hearts?"

"For our sins, Maris; and in the long future that stretches before us there doth shine the faintest glimmer of hope. Perchance King Solomon might meet the same fate as his brother. Then I would come to Phoenicia. Wouldst mind wedding a widow, Maris?" she added playfully.

"May the Gods grant thee all blessings, Avaris. I shall never forget thee, no matter how high thy estate. Perchance thou wilt be glad to know that a warm heart beats for thee alone", and they parted with misty eyes.

(To be continued.)

THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS.

By Eduard Herrmann.

VERSE 29. Few know how to be happy; toys of
the passions
They roll to and fro, oppressed by ills
without number.
Tossed up and down on a shoreless
ocean,
They do not know how to resist nor
escape the fearful storm.

In this verse it is shown that the greatest enemies of man are his passions, because they tend to lessen his reasoning powers, whereby he becomes their slave. Pythagoras does not condemn the passions—which he regards as the helpmates of reason—as long as they are the servants of man. On the contrary, he believes them to be necessary for intellectual development. It is true that a man without passion cannot become depraved, but at the same time he cannot take any great interest in life because he lacks just that which makes life worth living, the possibility to become more perfect. Reason must have complete dominion over the passions, otherwise man becomes stupid, vicious, or criminal.

Pythagoras considered man as standing between the higher and lower world, the lowest of the superior beings, the highest of the inferior beings. He is free to choose between good or evil; free to move upward to light and happiness or downward to darkness and misery. The means to do this are given by the passions, which transform into acts the ascending or descending motion of his will. The ascending motion unites him with all that is good, noble, beautiful and wise; the descending motion, with that which is contrary to it.

To show that truth is always the same, irrespective of time, nation, creed, or race, I shall cite a statement of Jacob Boehme, the German shoemaker, poor, but a philosopher who lived in the sixteenth century. It will be interesting to compare it with the one of Pythagoras, just mentioned:

"The habitation of this being (man) is midway between heaven and hell, love and hate: that to which he attaches himself, he becomes . . . If he inclines to the heavenly nature, he takes on a heavenly form; the human form becomes infernal if he inclines to hell; for, as is the spirit, so is the body. He shapes his body into that form, which the spirit wills." This statement is remarkable because it gives a rational explanation for the changes often observed which time and circumstances bring about in the countenance of men; but it might also help to solve the riddle of phantasmal appearances, be they produced by the imaginative power of incarnate or discarnate men.

"The habitation of man is midway between heaven and hell, love and hate." This is what Pythagoras means by saying that man stands between the higher and the lower worlds. He can choose either for his habitation, and his outer appearance will in time show the bent of his will. Let us hope that the lower worlds will not always attract him; that his reason will some time tell him how to escape the fearful storm which rages on the ocean of passion.

Verse 30. God! save them, by opening their eyes.

The master here touches on a question which has in all times furnished strong weapons to atheists and sceptics; the question whether God can and will save humanity from evil.

Hierocles in his commentaries says: "If God can lead all men to virtue and happiness, and will not do it, is God unjust? And, if he will do it, and cannot do it, is he then weak and without power?"

Long before Hierocles, Epicurus, made use of the same argument in order to prove that God does not meddle with

¹Boehme, Vom dreifachen Leben des Menschen, ch. VI.

the things of this world, and, consequently, there can be no providence. A long line of sceptic philosophers have carried forward this thought, which found its clearest and strongest pronouncement in the words of Pierre Bayle (1647-1706): "Evil exists; man is bad and unhappy."

All goes to prove this sad truth. History is largely a collection of the crimes and calamities of the human race. It is true, one may see examples of virtue and happiness; consequently there is a mixture of moral and physical good and evil. Now, if man is the work of an only principle, supremely good, holy, allmighty, why is he exposed to sickness, cold, heat, hunger, thirst, pain, sorrow? Why has he so many bad inclinations, and why does he commit so many crimes? Can supreme holiness produce a criminal creature? can supreme goodness produce an unhappy creature? Origen says that the origin of evil is to be found in the free will of man. "Why, then, did God give such a dangerous free will to man? It is inexplicable, incomprehensible how evil could introduce itself into the dominion of a highest being which is infinitely good, powerful and holy. God either will take evil from us and cannot; or he can do it and will not. In the first case, he would be weak; in the second, bad—which is impossible. If he can take the evil from us, which alone would be worthy of his divinity, why does he not take it from us?"

Many a philosopher, Christian and non-Christian, has tried to answer this question. The only reasonable answer can be given by Theosophy, which is in perfect accord with the teaching of Pythagoras, and his follower, Plato, and this answer is, in the words of Fabre d'Olivet, whose translation of the golden Verses I have presented to you:

"Evil is neither absolutely necessary nor irresistible, because it is not unavoidable, and for this reason God can and will take it from us, and he does take it. If one of the modern disciples of Boyle asks me how and when God bestows such a great favor on humanity, of which they can see no trace, I answer them: By means of the perfectibility of man, and in the course of time. Time is the instrument of provi-

²Dict. crit. article, Manicheans.

dence, and perfectibility is the design of its work; nature is the object and good the result. We all know that there is a mixture of good and evil; all that is good emanates from providence, which is always attempting to transform evil into good. There can be no doubt that good is incessantly augmenting and evil diminishing in the same proportion, and that by means of time and perfectibility, man must finally arrive at absolute goodness, which is the summit of perfection. This is the answer to the question how and when God abolishes evil. If you object to this answer because you cannot see the progress of good, it is your own fault, for you depend on the imperfect senses alone, which deceive you every minute; and even in reference to the objects which belong into the resort of the senses. How can we who are placed in a small corner of nature pretend to overlook the whole immensity of the universe? All that we may understand is that progress is certainly going on in our corner, from which we may infer that it is going on in the whole universe. If our own perfectibility is a fact, then the perfectibility of the race is assured; and if the progress seems to be so slow that it becomes almost imperceptible, why do we not hasten it? What else prevents us from doing this but our indifference, egotism and heartlessness—coupled with profound ignorance." With Pythagoras let us pray: "God! save us by opening our eyes." And when this has happened we shall understand the following verse:

Verse 31. But no! the human race is divine,
And her duty it is to discover error, to see
truth!

This is the confirmation of what was said in reference to the preceding verse. It depends on man himself to make an end to all evil by learning what is error and what is truth and selecting the truth as the only means leading to happiness. But to recognize error, we have to observe the effects of our thoughts, words, acts. This necessitates two things: First, time; secondly, increasing intelligence, perfectibility. These are given, for time is eternal, and perfectibility is the

law of evolution. But man must add one other thing in order to make use of time and of the privilege of perfecting himself; namely, his will. Without his will directed to the acquisition of an understanding of what is good and true, evolution is slow and evil remains long, as we learn from the study of history. But fortunately the effects of evil are so terribly persistent and unavoidable, that the greatest obstinacy of man cannot forever endure the suffering resulting from them, and, therefore, even his free will is, to a certain extent, subordinated to a higher will, the irresistible purpose of which seems to be the perfection of man. But not only the immediate necessity urges man to seek the right path to happiness; there are other powers silently working for this same object. These powers are the good thoughts of living men, and of beings who are on a higher plane of existence. Not so long ago these two statements were regarded as being ridiculous or superstitious, because not provable by facts. Modern experimental psychology has proven that thoughts can be transmitted from man to man, regardless of distance (Myers, *Human Personality* I p. 600); and more advanced thinkers (Lodge, Stead, Richet, Hyslop) believe the second statement also to be true. The influence of concentrated thought, from whatever source, is undoubtedly great and far reaching; anyone who has perseverance enough to study this question impartially will become confirmed of its truth. But even those who still doubt it will do well to guard their thoughts, because they do affect their own well being. It is always our mode of thinking which brings about the changes necessary for the further progress of humanity, wherefore it is absolutely necessary that the number of those who recognize the irresistible power of good thoughts, becomes greater from day to day.

Verse 32. Nature teaches us, Thou that hast
 Penetrated it—thou wise, thou happy one—
 Thy anchor is cast in the harbor of peace.

Nature, by her immutable laws, calls the attention of man to her silent working, showing him that perfectibility

by means of time is indeed a fact. The reasoning powers of man must ultimately lead him to acknowledge this fact and to act in conformity with nature, because a contrary course will surely bring misfortune upon him. It is true that there are scientists who affirm that nothing in nature is perfectible, that it always remains immobile, because they do not see it move nor change, but a true scientist who has not only his eyes but also his heart open, knows very well that perfectibility in all things is one of the best demonstrated truths. Leibnitz, for instance, holds that all changes which take place in nature are the consequences of preceding changes and tend to perfect the whole in the course of time, so that the present already carries the future in itself. Even Buffon, who seems to be opposed to the idea of perfectibility, cannot deny that nature tends more towards life than towards death, and seeks to organize the bodies so that they can resist death better and longer—which is also the kernel of Darwin's teaching of the survival of the fittest. Kant, of course, is the greatest defender of perfectibility; he and Fechner regard Nature as almost a living being, which perfects itself more and more in order to prepare a fitting home for the divine man, which is to come—a beautiful and truly theosophical thought.

Linné says that every true observer of nature knows that our earth must have gone through terrible convulsions and revolutions. The continents have not always been the same as now, the ocean has changed, islands have not always been islands, and living and vegetating beings have been very different from what they are now. Since nature always progresses from the simple to the composite, it is probable that the most imperfect animals were created first, and that the more highly developed came in a slowly progressive order. There might even have been long periods of rest, during which nature silently prepared the life germs which should blossom in the course of centuries. "It is certain that the most perfect beings develop from the less perfect, and that they must continue to perfect themselves in the course of generations. All animals tend to become men; the vegetable kingdom reaches out towards the animal,

and the mineral towards the vegetable. Man is the connecting link between Divinity and nature. The ray of wisdom and intelligence which gleams in his eyes reflects itself in all nature. He is the communicating chain between all beings. . . . Who knows if in the eternal night of time the sceptre of the world shall not pass from his hands into the hands of a more perfect being, one more worthy to carry it? If nature has always given the dominion to the most perfect race, why should nature not continue to do so in the future? Why should evolution cease now? Have we no need of further progress? Are we already perfect? Are we Gods?"³

The only way to get true knowledge is indicated by Pythagoras. We have to penetrate the secrets of nature; we have to pay close attention to the silent workings of those mysterious powers which unceasingly create and destroy; we have to learn that destruction is only a means to create higher types, that life itself is indestructible, ever and ever striving to greater perfection of all things and beings. He who understands this is indeed wise and happy, for his anchor is cast in the harbor of peace, because he knows that the creation and we ourselves are not the product of blind chance, but of that majestic wisdom which is behind all manifestation of nature.

Verse 33. Observe my laws; abstain from things
Which thy soul must fear, by discerning
Them well and by guiding intelligently thy
body.

It is well known that Pythagoras gave his pupils strict laws in regard to diet, to ablutions, purifications and to the general mode of living, all tending to form a higher type of humanity, physical as well as mental and spiritual. His teaching probably had the same threefold aspect which was in use by all initiates, especially by the Egyptian priests from whom he got his knowledge. The first manner of writing and speaking was clear and simple; the second was

³New Dict. Article, Animals.

figurative; the third was symbolic. Each of the three had reference to the body, the mind (or reason), and the spirit, respectively. If, for instance, we take Pythagoras' teaching that purifications are necessary for man's well being, he means by this, according to Hierocles, not only the purification of the physical, but also of the luminous body, and of the soul. He says:

"By the exercise of virtue and by embracing truth and purity, we ought to take care of our soul and of our luminous body, which the Oracles call the subtle chariot of the soul. The purity here spoken of extends also to meat and drink and to the whole management and usage of our mortal body, in which is lodged our luminous body which inspires life into the inanimate body and contains and preserves all its harmony."

That the rules given by Pythagoras are to be taken in a literal and in a hidden sense is shown in the Precept "Thou shalt not eat the heart (of an animal)"; the chief sense of which is that we should avoid anger; but the literal and subordinate sense is that we should abstain from eating that forbidden part. "Abstain from meats" really means abstain from mortal and corruptible bodies. In each Precept the master insinuates our purgation from all carnal affections, and teaches man to return home to himself; that he may say farewell to this abode of generation and corruption; that he may take his flight to the Elysian fields and to the pure ether.

The Pythagoreans have given us the most perfect philosophy for the perfection of the whole man; for he who takes care of the soul and neglects the body, purges not the entire man; and, on the other hand, he who believes it sufficient to take care of the body without thinking of the soul, commits a like fault; but he who takes care of both perfects his whole self.*

Verse 34. That thou, when soaring up into the radiant ether

In the midst of the Immortals, mayest be a
God thyself.

*Hierocles, Commentaries.

This was, and is, and always will be, the grand object of initiation. Every great teacher has constantly kept it before the eyes of his disciples. It is the inestimable price, according to Plato, which awaits him who fights for virtue. "The initiate", says Sophocles, "is not only happy during his life, but he may also expect eternal felicity after his death." "His soul, purified by virtue," said Pindar, "soars up into the happy regions where there is an eternal spring." And Socrates teaches that "the soul, attracted by the celestial element, which has the greatest affinity with her nature, unites with the immortal gods in order to participate in their glory and immortality."⁵

According to Pythagoras, this deification is the work of divine love; it is reserved for him who has found the truth by his intellectual faculties, the virtue by the faculties of his soul, and purity by the instinctive faculties. This purity shows itself after death, in the luminous or ethereal body which the soul has formed while imprisoned in the material body. An emphatic teaching of this master is that besides the physical, the soul has another body which forms itself for good or for bad, according to the use a man makes of his faculties and opportunities. He called this second body the subtle vehicle of the soul, and the physical body only a coarse garment. He says:

"By practising virtue, by embracing truth, by abstaining from all impure things, do we take care of the soul and of its luminous body."⁶ This was the real purpose of the symbolic abstinences which he prescribed for his pupils, just as in our days it is the real purpose of all theosophic teachings. If the soul of man has become pure, wise and unselfish, then it is not necessary to change our social conditions by laws or by terrible revolutions; for if man has become better they must of necessity change for the better. His supreme law will then be the happiness, the contentment of all men; and his whole life will bear witness that he tries by all good and just means to enforce and to fulfill this law. Pythagoras' whole life was devoted to this great task, and

⁵Plato, *Phaedon*.

⁶Hierocles, *Aur. Carnim*, v. 68.

he succeeded in arousing great enthusiasm in the hearts of his disciples, and of men who lived generations after him.

There are souls always ready to receive the truth and to spread it by an exemplary life, for this is really the only way to convince others of the truth. From Pythagoras' time up to our own, these devotees have been misunderstood and persecuted, but the teaching has not disappeared. It is still here, and just as beautiful, just as true, just as wise as when Pythagoras taught it. It always will be here; for it is eternal, it is Divine Wisdom. Let us embrace it with heart and soul; let it become a part of our own innermost being; this is the right way to honor the Great Master who so eloquently taught it 2,500 years ago.

To Be Continued.



AN EXPERIENCE BETWEEN TWO WORLDS.

By T. O. Dempsey.

I SEATED myself in the dentist's chair, and the attendant prepared to draw the cup over my mouth.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Yes. Fire away!" the operator replied, from the small table where he was taking his instruments from a bag, and laying them out in order.

The cup was over my face, and the sickening whiff of the ether was in my nostrils.

"Good, deep breaths", he said.

I faced the window, and my eyes wandered down the sunlit street. I noticed the people passing to and fro, and I felt a selfish and unreasoning anger because they knew not of my plight. It is terrible to suffer without human solace—to feel deserted in moments of agony.

I drew in the distasteful gas steadily—controlling myself, and expanding my lungs to the full.

From where I lay, the clock of the post-office opposite was visible to me. I remember watching the larger hand turning towards the hour of ten; but I do not recollect how long it was from the time I drew my first breath of gas to the entire confusion of my senses. It seemed hours. Sometimes my lungs slackened and my breaths grew shorter.

"Come now! good, deep breath", the medical man intervened in a voice of power and confidence that hypnotized me into exertion.

Gradually my mind became full of shadows. They came between my eyes and the sunlit street. I paused before a barrier of blackness. There was someone with me, and I demanded what we should do.

"Good, deep breath", he answered, and the curtain of night rose as I filled my lungs again. Immediately all things swayed about me: up and down, round and round. Then I lost consciousness for a space.

I lived again. I lived in two places, seated in the chair facing the sunlit street, racked with physical and mental pain; and in another place where the suffering of the passing was on my spirit, and its agony was unspeakable and full of a revolting dread. I lived interchangeably in these two places; sometimes in one, sometimes in the other. I crossed the threshold of another life. I seemed to know with great clearness the secrets and the laws of Nature; and the simplicity of these seemed to me so extraordinary that I blamed myself for my dullness in never having perceived them before. My power of comprehension and elevation of mind was such as I had never dreamed of.

I can not now rise to that elevation of understanding; with each attempt I have failed. I only know that the simplicity of the scheme of existence made me laugh aloud. I recollect one thing—that existence alone is solid; and the world and all its necessities are mere vacuities. In life we think of the things around us as being solid. In death we know that we ourselves are the only true solids. Existence may be described as a long, solid bar.

In the struggle of being dragged back and forth between this life and that greater life, I railed against the Maker of All, who allowed me to be moulded with a flaw; who allowed his subjects to drag me from life at so inopportune a time; who caused me to need the grafting of a portion of solidity into my seemingly solid being. What other existence was robbed that mine might be renewed, I cannot say. What complications or disturbances this will eventually entail, I do not know.

The ordeal is wrapped in present misunderstanding. I only know of the pain it caused me before I became conscious of the fact that I lay in a dentist's chair; that there before me was the sunlit street and the post-office clock marking twenty-five minutes to eleven.

I care not if this is called a dream. I know that one Saturday morning, four months ago, between 9.45 and 10.40 A. M. I crossed the threshold of this world; that in moments which seemed years, my spirit struggled and suffered between the warring forces of earth and another world.

THE RITUAL OF HIGH MAGIC.

By Eliphas Levi.

Translated from the French by Major-General Abner Doubleday. Annotated by Alexander Wilder, M. D.

CHAPTER I.

Preparations.

EVERY intention which is not manifested in acts is vain, and the speech which expresses it is idle. Action proves life, and action also proves and constitutes will. Therefore it is said in symbolic and sacred books that men will be judged, not according to their thoughts and ideas but according to their works. In order to be, it is necessary to act.

Hence we have now to treat the great and awful question of magic works. Here is not a question of theories and abstractions. We come to realities and we are going to place in the hands of the adept the wand of miracles saying to him: "Do not merely repeat our words, but act of your own accord."

The question is concerning operations of a relative power, and of the means of mastering the greatest secrets of nature to make them serve an enlightened and inflexible will.

The greatest numbers known of magic Rituals are either mystifications or riddles; and after so many centuries we are, for the first time, about to tear the veil from the occult sanctuary. To reveal the holiness of mysteries is to furnish a remedy for their profanation. This thought sustains our courage and makes us face courageously all the perils of this work—perhaps the boldest ever given to the human mind to conceive and accomplish.

Magic operations are the exercise of a natural power, which is superior to the ordinary forces of nature. They

are the result of knowledge and habit which exalt the human will above its habitual limits. The supernatural is only the extraordinary natural, or the exalted natural.¹ A miracle is a phenomenon which strikes the multitude because it is unexpected; the marvelous is that which causes wonder. They are effects which surprise those who are ignorant of the causes, or who assign causes out of proportion to such results. Miracles are only for the ignorant; but, as there exists but little absolute knowledge among men, the miracle may still exist, and it does exist for all the world.

Let us begin by saying that we believe in all miracles, because we are convinced and even certain through our own experience of their entire possibility. There are some that we do not explain, but which we none the less regard as explicable. From more to less and from less to more, the consequences are identically relative, and the proportions are progressively rigorous. But to perform miracles we must be outside the ordinary human conditions; we must be either abstracted by wisdom, or exalted by madness;² above or outside of all passions through ecstasy or frenzy. Such is the first and most indispensable of the preparations of the operator.

Thus by a law of providence or fate, the magician can only exercise the all-power in an inverse proportion to his material interest. The alchemist makes so much more gold that he resigns himself to more privations, and holds in higher honor his poverty, the protectress of the secrets of the Great Work. Only the adept whose heart is without passion will direct the love and hatred of those whom he wishes to make the instruments of his knowledge. The myth of Genesis is eternally true, and God allows only those

¹The author gives a correct definition. The prefix, *supra*, in a word, signifies "upper" rather than beyond, as seems to be commonly supposed. Hence, "supernatural" means simply upper-natural, and not divine.—A. W.

²Madness, or rather enthusiasm, was considered by Plato, Aristotle and their disciples as the essential and necessary condition of superior wisdom. To be a poet, prophet, or inspired was to be mad. It is more than possible, therefore, that the moderns must study psychological science from another beginning than the one now in vogue.

to approach the tree of Knowledge who are sufficiently abstinent and strong not to covet its fruit.

Ye, therefore, who seek in magic the means of gratifying your passions, pause in that baleful path. You would only find in it madness and death. This is what was formally expressed by that common tradition, that sooner or later the devil finishes by twisting the neck of the sorcerers. The magus should therefore be impassible, sober, chaste, disinterested, impenetrable and inaccessible, to every species of prejudice or terror. He should be without bodily defects, and proof against all contradictions and troubles. The first and most important of magic operations is, to attain this rare superiority.

We said that passionate ecstasy may produce the same results as absolute superiority. That is true so far as regards the success of magic operations, but not as regards the direction of them. Passion projects forcibly the vital light, and imprsses unexpected movement upon the universal agent, but it cannot hold steady as easily as it is sent out. Its destiny is then to resemble Hippolytus dragged by his own horses, or Phalaris feeling himself the torture which he had invented for others.

Human will made a real fact by action is like a cannon-ball, which never recoils before the obstacle. It makes its way through or enters it, and is lost then, when thrown out violently; but if it is transmitted with patience and perseverance, it is never lost. It is like the wave that always returns, and it ends by consuming the iron. Man may be modified by habit which, according to the proverb, becomes in him a second birth. By means of persevering, and graduated gymnastics, the forces and agility of the body develop themselves or are created to an astonishing degree. It is the same with the powers of the soul. If you wish to rule over yourselves and others, learn to will.

How can we learn to will? Here is the first arcanum of the magic initiation, and it is to make the very basis of

this arcanum understood that the ancient depositories of the sacerdotal technic surrounded the access to the sanctuary with so many terrors and illusions. They only believed in a will that had been tried; and they were right. Strength can only be affirmed by victories. Indolence and forgetfulness are enemies of the will, and all religions have therefore multiplied rites and rendered their worship minute and difficult. The more that one discommodes himself for an idea, the more energy he acquires in the direction of that idea. Do not mothers prefer those of their children who have caused them the most sorrow, and have cost them the most cares? The force of religions is therefore entirely in the inflexible will of those who practice them. So long as there shall be a faithful believer at the holy sacrifice of the mass, there will be a priest to say it to him; and so long as there is a priest every day repeating his breviary, there will be a pope in the world.

The most significant practices in appearance and in themselves the most foreign for the end proposed, lead, nevertheless, to that end, through the education and exercise of the will. A peasant who should rise every morning at two or three o'clock, and go very far from home to cull for himself a blade of the same grass before sunrise, would be able by carrying this grass about him, to perform a great number of wonderful things. This grass would be the sign of his will, and would become through this same will all that he wished it to be and to the advantage of his desires. In order to be able to do we must believe ourselves to be so, and this belief should transform itself immediately into acts. When a child says, "I cannot;" his mother replies, "Try." Faith does not even try. It begins with the certainty of achieving, and it calmly works as though having omnipotence at its command and eternity before it.

You, then, who present yourself for the knowledge of the Magi, what do you ask? Dare to utter your desire, whatever it may be; then set yourself immediately to work, and

never cease to act in the same direction and to the same end. What you wish will be done, and is already begun for you and by you.

Sixtus V., while guarding his swine, declared: "I will be Pope."

You are a beggar and you desire to make gold. Set yourself at work and never stop. I promise you in the name of science all the treasures of Hamel and Raymond Lully.

"What must be done first?" You must believe that you can do it and then act. "Act how?"

Rise early every day at the same hour. Wash yourself at a fountain in all weather before daybreak. Never wear soiled clothes; cleanse them yourself if necessary. Exercise yourself in voluntary privations, that you may the better support involuntary ones; then impose silence on every desire, except that of the accomplishment of the Great Work.

"What! By washing myself every day at a fountain I shall make gold?" You will work in order to make some.

"It is a mockery!" No, it is an arcane art.

"How can I use an arcanum which I do not comprehend?" Believe and act! You will comprehend afterward.

A woman said to me, one day: "I would like to be a fervent Catholic, but I am a Voltairian. What would I not give to have faith!"

"Very well," I replied to her, "say no longer, I would like. Say, 'I will,' and do the works of faith. I assure you that you will believe. You say you are a Voltairian, and among the different ways of comprehending the faith you have the greatest antipathy to that of the Jesuits, and, nevertheless, it seems the most desirable to you and the strongest. Begin again the exercises of Saint Ignatius without being discouraged, and you will become as believing as a jesuit. The result is unfailing and if you are simple enough to believe that it is a miracle, you are already mistaken in thinking yourself to be a Voltairian."

An indolent person will never become a magician. Magic

is an exercise for every hour and every moment. The doer of great works must be absolute master of himself: he must know how to overcome the attractions of pleasure, appetite and sleep; and he must be as insensible to success as he is to insult. His life should be a will, directed by a thought, and served by his entire nature which he will have subjected to mind in its proper organism, and by sympathy in all the corresponding universal forces. Every faculty and sense should take part in the operation, and quality in the priest of Hermes has the right to remain idle. We must give expression to intelligence by proper symbols, and sum it up by characters or pentacles. We must determine the will by words, and complete the words by acts. We must transform the magic idea into light for the eyes, into harmony for the ears, into perfume for the smell, into savors for the palate, and into forms for the touch. In one word, it is necessary that the operator shall bring into activity in his entire life what he wishes to realize outside of himself in the world. He must become a magnet in order to attract the desired thing; and when he shall be sufficiently magnetic, let him know that the thing will come without thinking of it, and of its own accord.

It is important that the Magus should know the secrets of knowledge, but he can perceive them by intuition without having learned them. Recluses (*solitaires*) who live in habitual contemplation of nature often divine its harmonies, and are better educated in their simple good sense than learned men, whose natural sense is rendered false by the sophisms of the schools. Thus practical magicians are almost always found in the country, and often are individuals without instruction, and plain shepherds.

There also exist certain physical organizations better fitted than others for the revelations of the occult world. There are sensitive and sympathetic natures in whom intuition in the astral light, so to speak, is innate. Certain vexations and disorders may modify the nervous system,

and make of it without the concurrence of the will an apparatus of divination more or less perfect; but these phenomena are exceptional, and generally the magic power must and can be acquired by perseverance and labor.

There also exists substances which produce ecstasy and dispose to magnetic sleep. There are some which place at the service of the imagination all the most lively and highly colored reflections of the elementary light; but the use of these substances is dangerous because they generally produce stupefaction and intoxication. They are nevertheless employed, but in proportions rigorously measured, and under circumstances altogether exceptional.

He who seriously wishes to give himself up to magic operations after having strengthened his mind against all danger of hallucination and fear, should purify himself exteriorly and interiorly for forty days. The number 40 is sacred, and its very figure is magic. In Arabian ciphers it is composed of the circle, O, image of the infinite, and of four 4), which completes the ternary by unity. In Roman ciphers arranged as follows, it represents the symbol of the fundamental dogma of Hermes and the character of Solomon's Seal.



The purification of the Magus should consist in abstinence from brute voluptuousness, in a mild vegetable diet, in the disuse of strong liquors, and in regulating the hours of sleep. This preparation has been indicated and set forth in all worships by a period of penance and probations, which precede the symbolic festival of the renewal of life. It is nec-

essary—as we have already stated—to observe for the exterior the most scrupulous cleanliness. The poorest can find water at the fountains. It is also necessary that the clothes, furniture and vessels which we use are carefully cleansed. All uncleanness shows negligence, and in Magic negligence is deadly. The air must be purified when we get up or go to bed, with a perfume composed of laurel-sap, of salt, camphor, white resin and sulphur, and by uttering at the same time the four sacred words while turning toward the four quarters of the globe.

We must not speak to anyone of operations that we are performing; and as we have already said in the Dogma, mystery is the rigorous and indispensable condition of all operations of the science. It is necessary to foil the curious by implying other occupations and other researches, such as chemical experiments for industrial results, hygienic prescriptions, the quest after certain secrets of nature, but the forbidden word magic should never be uttered.

The magus, in order to concentrate his force within himself, should isolate himself when beginning and appear unsociable, and choose the points of contact; but just in proportion as he shall be repulsive and unapproachable at first, when he shall have made his chain magnetic and chosen his place in a current of ideas and of light, he will be seen thronged and popular.

A life meager and laborious is so favorable for the initiation through practice that the greatest masters have sought it, even when they had the riches of the world in abundance at their disposal. It is then that Satan—that is to say, the spirit of ignorance sneers, doubts, and hates knowledge because he fears it—comes to tempt the future master of the world, by saying to him: "If you are the Son of God, command these stones to become bread."³ Moneyed men then seek to humiliate the prince of knowledge by hindering, undervaluing, or taking advantage of his work. They

³ Gospel according to Mathew, iv. 3.

break the piece of bread which he seems so much to need, into ten pieces, so that he is obliged to extend his hand ten times. The magus does not condescend to smile at this unbecoming conduct, and goes on calmly with his work.

It is necessary to avoid as much as possible the sight of hideous objects and ill-famed individuals, and neither eat or drink with persons whom we do not like; to avoid all excesses, and to live in the most uniform and regular way. One should also entertain the greatest reverence for himself, and look upon himself as a sovereign who consents to be unknown in order that he may reconquer his crown. He should be gentle and dignified with everyone, but he should never allow himself to be absorbed in social relations, and he should retire from circles where he cannot have any initiative whatsoever.

Finally we can and even ought to fulfill the obligations, and practice the rites of the worship to which we belong. Now of all worship, the most magic is the one which accomplishes the most wonders, which rests upon the wisest reasons, the most inconceivable mysteries—which has lights equal to its darkness, which renders wonderful things common, and incarnates God in men through faith. This religion has always existed, and has always been under diverse names the one and dominant religion in the world. Among the peoples of the earth even now it has three forms, hostile to each other in appearance, which soon will reunite in one alone, in order to constitute a universal church. I wish to refer to Russian orthodoxy, Roman Catholicism, and to a last transfiguration of the religion of Buddha.

We believe that we have made it sufficiently intelligible by what precedes, that our magic is opposed to that of the goetians and necromancers. Our magic is both a science and an absolute religion which should not destroy and absorb all opinions and all worships except to regenerate and direct them by constituting again the circle of initiated persons, and giving thus to the blind masses wise and clear-

sighted leaders. We live in an age when there is nothing left to destroy, but all is to be made over since all is destroyed.

"What is to be made over? The past?" We cannot restore the past.

"What is to be reconstructed? A temple and a throne? What good will it do since the ancient ones have fallen." It is, as though you were to say, "my house has just fallen from old age; what is the good of constructing another?"

"But will the house which you are going to build be like that which has fallen?" No, the one that fell was old, and this will be new.

"But after all it will still be a house?" What, then, do you wish it to be?

*Neither Protestantism nor America is regarded in this summary as a distinct entity by itself.—A. W.

(To be continued.)



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GHOSTS.

Desire Ghosts of Dead Men.

AS the taste element in the gross food is the elemental food which is transferred by the sense of taste and by organic action in the living man to the hog desire ghost of a dead man feeding on or through the living, so is likewise, by bodily action through the sense of feeling in the living man, an inner elemental feeling transferred to the desire ghosts of the dead, which are of the nature of sexuality or of cruelty. This essence drawn off through the feeling is the food of the desire ghosts.

The desire ghost of the dead is either in the body and feeding through the act and feeling of sex, cruelty, greed, or it is feeding through the individual atmosphere of the living man. This atmosphere is a magnetic bath connecting the man and ghost. In such case there goes on an osmotic or electrolytic action, which transfers to the desire ghost of the dead man—which is of one of the forms of greed or sexuality or cruelty—the elemental and essential food necessary to it through sex, taste and feeling. The strong desire ghosts of dead men, though not visible to the eye, are to the inner sense of sight fairly well defined in outline, and appear in a more or less substantial body.

The desire ghosts of dead men who have been impotent, weak, or of unstable and uncertain natures, are misshapen

animal forms often ill defined in outline and apparently heavy or sluggish of body. The weak ones are usually content if allowed to fasten themselves like leeches to some living body of like nature until they have drawn enough matter to allay their immediate hunger; then they roll off and bathe in the atmosphere of the living prey, and soak up new energy from his unresisting form. The more active desire ghosts behave differently. The hog or boar or sow desire ghost of a dead man will snort its disapproval of the tardiness of its victim, and root him into action to supply its wants. When the man complies with its demands it grunts its satisfaction or squeals with delight. The fatter the hog the hungrier is it.

The wolf desire ghost of a dead man hungers for gain, pants in the breath of the living; in his atmosphere it slinks and there stalks its prey until the opportune moment, and then it pounces upon the victim to devour it. The hunger of the wolf desire ghost is different from the hunger of the hog desire ghost. The hunger of the hog desire ghost is for sensuous foods through the sense of taste; that of the boar or sow desire ghosts, as such, is for sensual gratification through sensual feeling. The hunger of a wolf desire ghost is for gain by a person's loss, or the hunger is for blood. The wolf desire ghost of the dead gratifies its desire for gain through the body of a living man of like desire. Not the accumulation of wealth nor the acquirement of possessions is sought by the wolf ghost. It cares not for wealth nor possessions. It is gratified only by the peculiar subtle psychic sense of taking from another by craft or struggle what that other strives to hold. The gain-hungry wolf desire ghost of the dead is gratified when the victim is completely despoiled. The gain-hungry wolf desire ghost is not gratified by the victim who is despoiled, but through the living man who despoils the victim. The blood-hungry desire ghost of a dead man is not satisfied with gain. It wants blood, animal or human. Acts of murder are invariably caused by desire ghosts of dead men, especially when the act is not in self-defense or in defense of honor. The blood-hungry wolf desire ghost of the dead urges through such feelings as hatred, anger, revenge, the living man, through

whom it feeds, to murder. Then the wolf ghost extracts from the gross life blood that subtle psychic life essence which the dying man loses.

The cat or tiger ghost will rub against the human and prowl around and beat the atmosphere with its tail, until such feelings as jealousy or envy are sufficiently aroused to cause the living to do some act of cruelty which gratifies the cat.

The snake ghost coils around the body, or rolls in graceful movements in the atmosphere, until it fascinates and allures to acts the one through whom it feeds by sensual feelings. Desire ghosts of cruelty or sensuality may feed on the bodies through whom they act, as well as on those on whom the acts are performed.

The desire ghost of a dead man which is the result of an inordinate desire for and the imbibing of alcoholic drink during life is somewhat different from other desire ghosts. The alcohol desire ghost of the dead, which was the controlling desire of a confirmed drunkard during life, is almost, if not entirely, devoid of desire for sensuality or cruelty. The particular root of desire from which it springs is that of greediness, which it manifests as thirst, and which it seeks to satisfy through the sense of taste. The alcohol desire ghost is not specialized as any of the known animal forms. It is a misshapen, unnatural thing. Its semblance, if it may be said to have form, is that of a sponge, of changeable shape with irregular organs. It is as thirsty as sand, and will soak up the spirit of the alcohol in strong drink as eagerly as sand all the water given it. Drink or alcohol desire ghosts of the dead frequent places of insobriety, like clubs, saloons, carousals, where the bowl flows, because they may there find and select such men as will best minister to their needs. Without a living man an alcohol ghost cannot partake of the liquor, even though barrels full were exposed to it. If an alcohol desire ghost of the dead succeeds in conquering and making a man its slave through his desire for drink, then it will periodically or permanently sink itself into his body and brain, and will drive out conscience, self-respect, and honor drive out his humanity, and make of him a useless, shameless thing.

THE SWASTIKA IN RELATION TO PLATO'S ATLANTIS AND THE PYRAMID OF XOCHICALCO.

By M. A. Blackwell.

PART IV.—VASES I.

THE vase and bowl are emblems of the earth, the earth-mother, and of Atlantis and also symbolized the feminine. As sacred objects, they were buried with the dead; more often the dead or the ashes of the dead were placed within.

Among its numerous meanings, the swastika symbolized reincarnation, "the life to come", spiritually and physically. This was its significance when placed upon the bowls and vases of pre-historic ages; there is evidence to support this statement.

The Atlanteans, knowing that man is an epitome of the universe, laid out their government on the plan of the human body. Traces of this plan of government are to be found in both hemispheres; and in the symbols and legends, distorted and interwoven with superstitions, can be traced the wisdom religion given to the ancient world by the masters.

Confusion will be avoided in the interpretation of symbols and signs if consideration is given to the fact that these symbols and signs embodied the religious conceptions of the ancients. These signs are applicable to all planes; in some cases, interchangeable.

In tracing the possible origin of the American aboriginal races, many hypotheses are used; but the most reasonable is ignored, in the legend of the Mayas that the land from which their ancestors came, sank in the waters of the Atlantic thousands of years ago. We know that there are cities beneath the Carribean sea; objects have been recovered from them.

In our era, the coast of England has been subsiding; forests in which the kings of England once hunted are now

beneath the sea. The Britons told Julius Caesar that in ancient times their land extended far out into the sea.

Greenland, which some writers regard as the remnant of the northern extremity of the Atlantean continent, is sinking so rapidly that ancient buildings on the low, rocky islands are now submerged. This has taught the people of that country not to build near the waters edge.

Certain scientists state that at one time land connected the African and South American continents, and that traces of the same flora and fauna are found on each.

Great changes occurred on the face of the globe during the vast lapse of time between the creation of man and the deluge as related in Genesis. Geological research shows that continents appeared and others disappeared. It was possible for civilizations to rise and fall; it is likely that Plato's "myth" of the island of Atlantis, and the legends of the "golden age" have had foundation in fact.

We, as the ascendants of European peoples who were barbarians two thousand years ago, ignore the traditional history of America, India, China and of Egypt "hoary with age"; which tells of a superior race from which their culture was derived, and of a land that disappeared in a terrible cataclysm.

In the thousands of years while the continent of Atlantis was gradually going down till the final submergence of the island described by Plato, the civilizations of the neighboring nations rose and fell and were conquered by barbaric tribes. Thus the purity of the Atlantean religion was lost, its remnants intermingled with the superstitious beliefs and practices of the conquerors.

Owing to recent discoveries, the civilization of the Mediterranean has been set back several thousand years and Archaeology confirms statements made by Herodotus and Strabo.¹

The swastika is a sign which we were told was a religious symbol introduced into Europe from India. According to Mosso it appeared in the Mediterranean before it was found in the East. Excavations have revealed that the swas-

¹Angelo Mosso, Dawn of the Mediterranean Civilization.

PLATE 15.

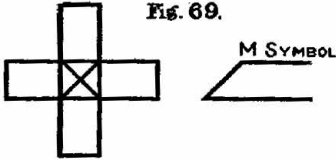
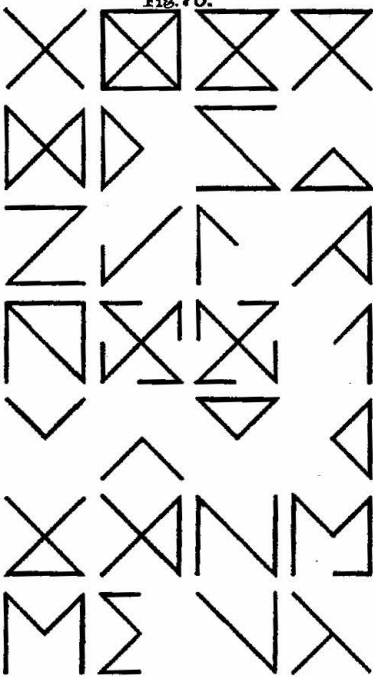

Fig. 69.				Value.
	M SYMBOL			X KH X (G)
	Figure 69 is formed by merging 4 M symbols.			TH.
	Symbols obtained from Figure 69. — See Plate 16.			Q. (G, T, Z)
	Fig. 70.			Q.
	All the forms under Figure 70 are derived from the center of Figure 69. Compare these with the signs in the right-hand column reproduced from Dr. Flinders Petrie's book "The Formation of the Alphabet".			M.
	Compare this plate with plate eleven, Part III.			R.
	Votive axe and rune for man are derived from Figure 69			S. (I).
				D.
				G. (I).
				G, L, (I).
				A.
				A.
				P. (G).
				V. (U).
				D.
				Q.
				Q. (J).
				N. (G, KH).
				M.
				M. (SH) (SS) (TZ)
RUNE M - MAN	VOTIVE AXE	GRUDE FORM OF BUTTERFLY	APHONIC (TEMPLE)	SH. (SS, TZ)
				L.
				V.

PLATE 16.

Fig. A.

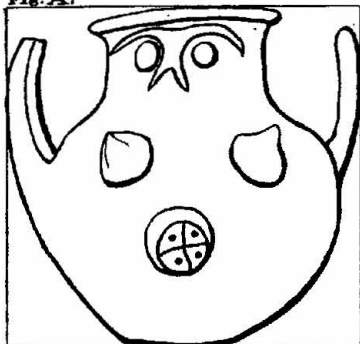


Fig. B.

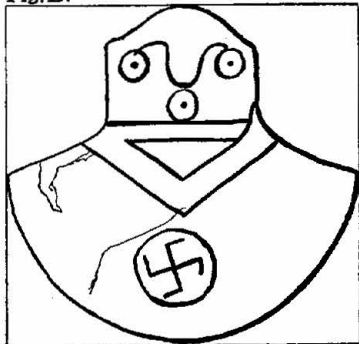


Fig. C.

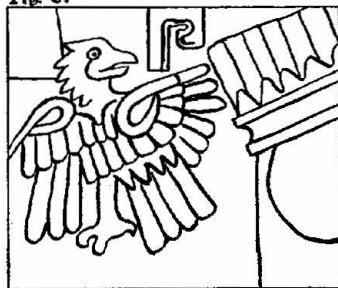
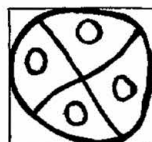
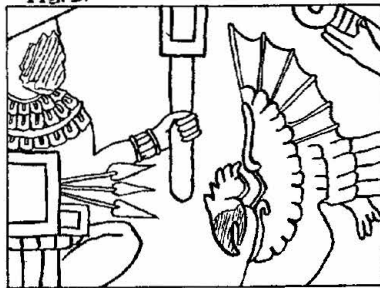


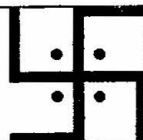
Fig. D.



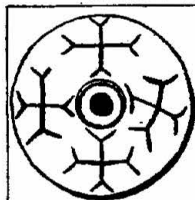
MAYA SYMBOL
LAMAT—SUBMERGED LAND.
COMPARE WITH SYMBOL
ON THE VASE ABOVE.

CROIX SWASTICALE
(ZMIGRODZKI)

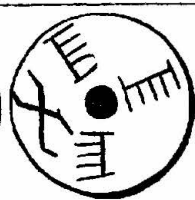
SWASTIKA WITH DOTS.
COMPARE WITH SYMBOLS
ON THE VASES ABOVE.



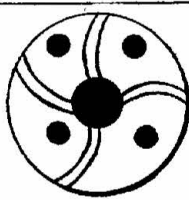
FIGURES A AND B, VASES EXCAVATED BY SCHLIEMANN, ON THE SITE OF TROY.
FIGURES C AND D, CARVED STONES, PYRAMID OF XOCHICALCO, REPRODUCED FROM
PEÑAFIEL'S MONUMENTOS MEXICANOS, PLATE 186.



WHORL EXCAVATED
BY SCHLIEMANN ON
THE SITE OF TROY
DEPTH 23 FEET.



WHORL EXCAVATED
AT A DEPTH OF
19.6 FEET



WHORL FROM A
DEPTH OF 23 FEET.



The little figure in the lower right hand corner is an ancient terra-cotta from Cyprus. Wilson, "The Swastika," p. 84.

tika "arrived on the continent of Europe at the close of the Neolithic age". In France it has been found in numbers, especially in the lake villages.² The swastika has been found on ancient pottery of both hemispheres, and also its variant the cross, and other symbols that are related to it.

On Plate 16 is shown a vase, which was excavated by Schliemann on the site of Troy, at a depth of twenty feet. It is of terra-cotta, has an owl's face, two upraised wings, the breasts of a woman, the navel is ornamented with a cross and four nails. This symbol is identical with the Maya sign *lamat*—submerged land.³ The vase is emblem of Atlantis (MU); the owl or birds face still further supports this theory. An emblem for the land of MU (Atlantis) was the Macaw, a bird called in the Maya tongue *Moo*.⁴ Among the stones scattered around the Pyramid of Xochicalco, many are broken, but have portions of the sculptures fairly well preserved. Two of these stones are shown on Plate 16, in Figure C, the bird appears to have been hurled from what seems to be a breaking pillar. On the other stone, Figure D, the seated figure of a king or god appears to have struck the dead or wounded bird, which is falling. It is possible that this symbolizes the destruction of Atlantis, called by the Mayas "MU—the life—the glory of the ocean".⁵ In Penafiel's drawing, the beak of this bird is unmistakably that of the Macaw.

On Plate 17, Figure E, is a vase, described by Schliemann as a splendid Trojan vase of terra-cotta, representing the titular goddess of Ilium. The cover of the vase forms the helmet of the goddess. It is the curious form of the handle on this helmet or cover which attracts attention. It is a horn or flame. The flame symbolizes the soul escaping from its earthly tenement. This same symbol is carved on the Pyramid of Xochicalco. See Figure L, on Plate 18.⁶

On the vase, Figure F, is shown a sign which is identical

²Angelo Mosso, *Dawn of the Mediterranean Civilization*.

³The Word, June, 1914, p. 184.

⁴Pyramid of Xochicalco, The Word, November, December, 1913, pp. 107, 161.

⁵The Word, May, 1914, p. 96.

⁶Schliemann, *Troy and its Remains*, p. 258. Also, *Origin of the Egyptians*, The Word, August, 1913, and *Pyramid of Xochicalco*, The Word, December, 1913.

PLATE 17.

Fig. E.

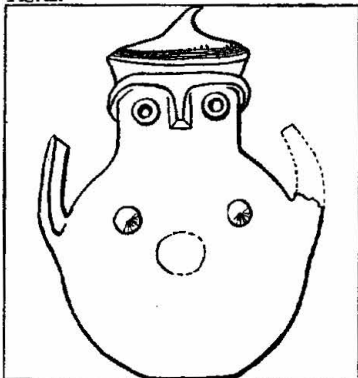


Fig. F.

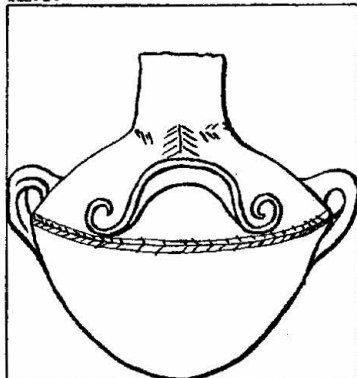


Fig. G.

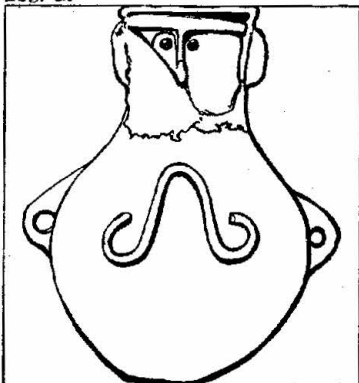


Fig. H.

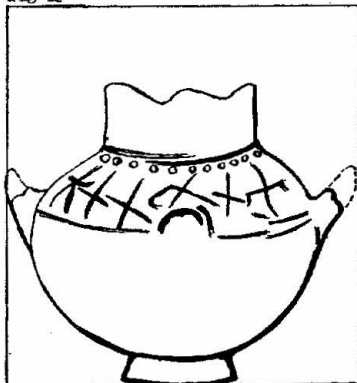


Fig. J.



SYMBOL FOR "BASIN OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN" COMPARE THIS WITH THE SIGNS ON THE VASES ABOVE, FIGURES F AND G. ALSO COMPARE WITH FIGURE L ON PLATE 18.



PREHISTORIC SIGN, ALPHABETIC VALUE, E, SIMILAR TO SIGN ON VASE, FIGURE F.

Fig. I.



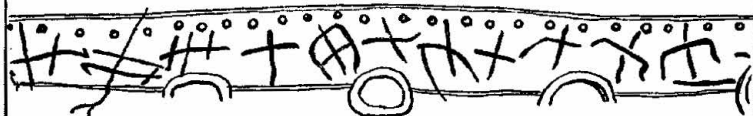
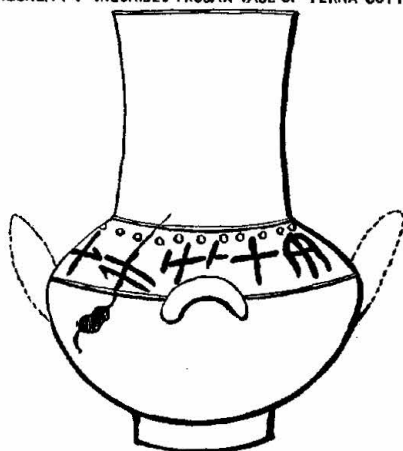
CROSSED BONES ON A BLACK BACKGROUND INDICATE THE EARTH ENTIRELY BURIED BENEATH THE WATERS.

TROANO MANUSCRIPT, BASEL MUSEUM OF ARTS.

Vases E, F, G, H, excavated by Schliemann on the site of Troy.
Figures I and J are from a plate in the Troano Ms., translated as an account of "The Deluge."

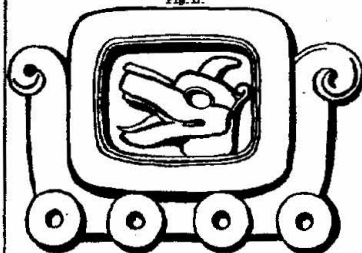
PLATE 18.

FIGURE K . INSCRIBED TROJAN VASE OF TERRA-COTTA.



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
 FUSSE (LA) TERRE FAIRE GERMER DIX LABOURS DIX - DIX DIX DIX PIÈCES D'ÉTOFFES.
 MILLE

Fig. L.



CARVING ON SOUTH SIDE OF STAIRCASE, PYRAMID OF XOCHICALCO. COMPARE WITH FIGURE M, AND WITH THE VASE, FIGURE E, PLATE 17.



SEE THE WORD, DECEMBER 1913, P. 168.


Fig. M.



HORNED SERPENT HEADS OF STONE CROWNED WITH A FLAME; DISCOVERED BY LE PLONGEON IN THE RUINS OF CHICHEN-ITZA, YUCATAN. "THE FLAME IS SYMBOL OF THE SOUL ESCAPING FROM ITS EARTHLY TENEMENT".

with the Maya symbol for the basin of the Atlantic Ocean; but here the figure is inverted, and may have symbolized the basin of waters as having been spilled. Schliemann speaks of the sign on the vases, Figures F and G, as resembling the Greek lambda. LePlongeon translated this word lambda, from Maya vocables, Lam, submerge; be, go, walk; ta, where, place. The twelfth letter of the Greek alphabet, Mu, remains the same as the Maya name MU.⁷

The symbol  is one of the signs for the Maya letter, U, it signi- fies basin, water, also "image of the crest of the wave about to break". When this sign was placed over the eye of the bird, it indicated that the name should be pronounced Mu instead of Moo.⁸ This figure U forms the two ends of the basin symbol, thus 

Crossed bones on a black back  ground indicate the earth entirely buried beneath the waters. This symbol occurs in the Troano MS. among others, translated as a narrative of the deluge. Part of this is reproduced on Plate 17, Figure J, the vase within the folds of the serpent has the same owl-like face as that shown on the Trojan vase found by Schliemann.

In a fable told by the Mayas, the Macaw was ordered to perch at the cross-roads at the time of the deluge, and to direct divers creatures to a place of safety. This it did by crying toh, toh—straight, straight. This bird was totem of Queen Moo. The bird-headed god is symbol of the principal female divinity and can be traced in every ancient civilization.⁹

The macaw of Central America has brilliant plumage and a harsh voice. It makes the sound: Toh! toh! While in Central America an acquaintance presented me with one of these birds, stating that it could speak Spanish, French, German, English and Carib, but forgot to mention that sometimes it was bad tempered. It objected to being chained to a perch, bit a leather thong in two, broke a small chain, tore

⁷Schliemann, *Troy and its Remains*, pp. 214, 308. Also, *The Word, May*, 1914, pp. 96, 97.

⁸Pyramid of Xochicalco, *The Word*, December, 1913, p. 162.

⁹Augustus LePlongeon, *Queen Moo and the Egyptian Sphinx*, Pl. LIV, p. 147, and pp. 12, 13. See, also, Alice D. LePlongeon, *Here and There in Yucatan*, p. 121.

a saddle to pieces, and broke the rungs in the back of a chair. It had an amusing way of running across the room with its beak on the boards, which made a rattling noise. The beak of this bird is very powerful, one's thumb may be broken by its bite. It had a trick of climbing on top of my head, digging its claws into my hair, and shrieking, toh, toh; biting at any one who tried to remove it. It was an interesting but a too strenuous pet. Finally I gave it away after which our family breathed more freely.

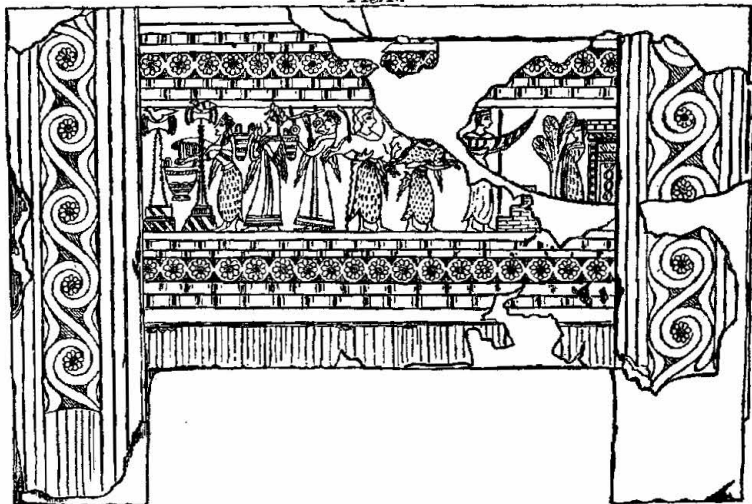
The words Tau and Toh are similar. Tau "is a Maya word composed of three primitives: ti, here; a, for ha, water; and u, month; which translated freely is, this is the month for water, hence for the resurrection of nature—the life to come." The mystical T, tau, is a representation of the god of rain and is connected with the cross being symbol of the southern cross—harbinger of rain. The four brilliant stars which form the figure of an erect cross appear above the southern horizon early in the month of May and herald the approaching season of rain. Thus one phase of the cross, the tau, and the swastika, connect each with the god of rain, the rejuvenator of nature, the life to come. Another phase would connect them with life and death. These symbols are connected with the Babylonian conoidal pillar surmounted by a sphere, symbol of life and death. To the initiated, the cone, the tau, and crux ansata, had the same symbolical meaning "emblematical of Deity, of the life to come, of the dual powers, of fertility."¹⁰

Similar to these emblems is the Yaxché, sacred tree of the Mayas, under which, the natives assert, is to be found a source of pure cold water. The trunk of the tree forms a perfect cone from the root to the top, and the main branches shoot out in a horizontal direction. From a distance the leafy top has the appearance of a half-sphere. On Plate 19 is shown the decoration on a Cretan sarcophagus. The bird seated on the cross or tau shaped pillar, is similar to the picture below from a Mexican MS. In the sculptures and paintings of Central America the sacred trees were represented shooting horizontally from the top of the trunk, thus presenting the appearance of a cross or tau.

¹⁰LePlongeon, Sacred Mysteries, pp. 131-134.

PLATE 19.

Fig. N.



CRETAN SARCOPHAGUS FROM HAGIA TRIADA. PROBABLE DATE 1500 B.C. SHOWING DOUBLE AXES.

Fig. O.

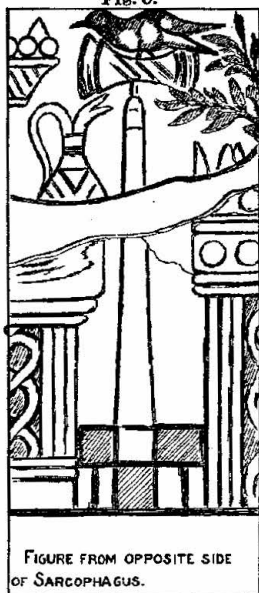
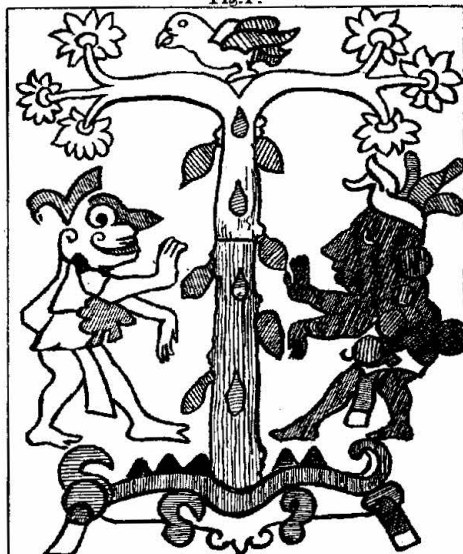
FIGURE FROM OPPOSITE SIDE
OF SARCOPHAGUS.

Fig. P.

FROM A MEXICAN MANUSCRIPT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM
REV. RICHARD HENNING, L.L.D. PLONGEON

In Maya one of the meanings of the word, chaac, is red. Chaac was also god of the rain, keeper of the fields, god of plenty. A festival in his honor was called Tupp-Kak, the extinguishment of fire. The cross was his emblem. Reference to red as a color of the gods was made in Part III of this article.

Mrs. Nuttall tells us that the bowl or vase, emblem of the earth and of the terrestrial center, was also receptacle of fructifying showers. Filled with rain water, on the surface of which the pole star reflected itself, the bowl typified the union of heaven and earth, by means of light and life proceeding from the "Heart of Heaven." The summits of high mountains were sacred because there Heaven and Earth met and generated fructifying showers.

A Maya name for "the tree of life" is ua-hom-ché, uah means a certain kind of life; hom, is an ancient name for artificial elevation, mound or pyramid; ché means tree. Ho was the name of the capital on the ancient map, figured as the center of the cross, and was "the head of the land". Ho also means five, and is the radical of many words. Hol, hoot, hool, means chieftan, king or head. The title hol-pop, the chieftan of the mat, whose prerogative it was to sit on a mat and beat the sacred drum during public dances or ritual performances.¹¹ In the National Geographic Magazine, April, 1914, page 436, is a picture of the last of the Deb Rajas in Tibet. Among the paraphernalia of office on the table before him is a double drum, the shape of which suggests the ancient form of the votive axe, and the rune for man referred to in the previous article.

In the Maya, an ancient word for vase, vessel or cup, was ho-och, and o-och, means food or maintenance. Ho-mul or O-mul was the name for pyramidal elevation on which temples or palaces were built.¹²

There is a similarity between these Maya words and the following from the Anglo-Saxon dictionary of Bosworth, wherein he states: "Holm, es—A mound, hill, rising ground;

¹¹Zelia Nuttall, *Fundamental Principles of Old and New World Civilizations*, Peabody Museum Papers, Vol. II, 1901.

¹²Zelia Nuttall, *Fundamental Principles of Old and New World Civilizations*, Peabody Museum Papers, Vol. II, 1901.

but in this sense which belongs to the word in old Saxon, it is not found in English. (1) Its most common use in the latter, in the poetry, is in reference to water, with the meaning wave, ocean, sea, water. Holm—the water of the deluge. Holm-maegen, es—the might of the ocean, the ocean. (Hom, home, homer, v. also ham, ôme, hamer)."

From other Anglo-Saxon sources the following are obtained: Hame, hom, hām, meaning home. As we know, home means one's place of abode, native or ancestral country, habitat, but its most beautiful meaning is "the eternal abode of the soul; the future state". In addition to the above is, holm (1) low, flat land by the side of a stream; (2) a small island in a river; (3) a hill. Holm, also means an island, sometimes spelled holme. Holm, the holm-oak, which is the European evergreen oak.¹³

In comparing the Maya name for pyramid, Hom, with the latin Homo, man, an interesting analogy is seen, in that the pyramid typifies man physically and spiritually, also fire, and perfection—God. The word Man, among other meanings, signifies earth, land; a connection between the rune for this word with the prehistoric votive axe has been shown.

A comparative study of ancient symbols, and names applied to them, show an interrelation. Some authors state that the ancient names for the letters of the alphabets are "nick-names", but this does not seem to be the case because a number of them relate to man or the story of the deluge.

An ancient signary that preceded the more remote alphabets was discovered in Egypt and the Mediterranean.¹⁴ These signs and some of their variants are given by Dr. Petrie in his book on "The Formation of the Alphabet". This prehistoric signary seems to be part of an ancient system of which the cross and swastika are fundamental and more or less related to the worship of the sun and the cult of the human body.

Archaeologists are not agreed as to the origin of the early Mediterranean civilizations, and they disagree as to the chronology of the early period of the history of Egypt by about 1,500 years.

¹³Funk and Wagnalls Standard Dictionary, edition 1898.

¹⁴W. M. Flinders Petrie, The Formation of the Alphabet, British School of Archaeology in Egypt, Studies Series, Vol. III, 1912.

The signs formed from the center of the swastikas shown on Plates 11 and 15—some of which correspond to alphabetic signs from Dr. Petrie's book—have not all been proven to be prehistoric nor derived from the swastika, and by no means is it to be understood that Dr. Petrie made such a statement.

Some of the alphabetic signs in this signary correspond to symbols which relate to the human body in its various aspects. One of these is the breath sign, which is also a sign for a serpent.



The Indians have a symbol, supposed to be a Maltese cross, which represents woman with the breath sign displayed in the interior, thus:



Keam states that the Maltese cross was emblem of a virgin. It is still so recognized by the Moki Indians. "It is a conventional development of the common emblem of maidenhood, wherein the maidens wear their hair arranged as in a disk three or four inches in diameter on each side of the head. This discoidal arrangement of the hair is typical of the emblem of fructification, worn by the virgin in the Muingwa festival. Sometimes the hair, instead of being worn in the complete discoidal form, is dressed upon two curving twigs, and presents the form of two semicircles upon each side of the head. The partition of these is sometimes horizontal and sometimes vertical. The combination of these two styles



present the forms from which the Maltese cross was conventionalized."

"Among the Kiatéxamut and Innuít tribes, a cross placed on the head, thus  signifies a shaman's evil spirit or demon. This is  an imaginary being, under the control of the shaman to execute his wishes".¹⁵

There is no known symbol that has so many religious and secular meanings assigned to it, as has the cross with its variants.

On Plates 16 and 17 are shown vases, which were excavated by Schliemann on the site of Troy. Figure B bears the swastika, emblem of fertility and the life to come.

Figure H is a vase described as having a band of symbols in which the cross is conspicuous in almost every figure.

¹⁵Wilson, *The Swastika*, Report of the Smithsonian Institution, 1894, p. 938.

On Plate 18, Figure K is a Trojan vase of terra-cotta with a row of signs that form an inscription that Burnouf identified as Chinese characters, and which he translated into French. This inscription is also shown below the vase.¹⁶ The cross which is frequently repeated is the Chinese radical Shih, which stands for ten, and perfection, but is also related to the tau as shown in *The Word*, June, 1914. This shih bears a close relationship to the Maya X.

On Plate 19 is reproduced a sarcophagus from Haghia Triada. This sarcophagus is beautifully decorated in colors. The probable date of this is about 1,500 B. C. On one side is seen a priestess pouring a vase of red liquid into a kratera, which is placed between two sacred axes fixed upon staffs resting in pyramidal bases. The base is a square marble block with a smaller one surmounting it; a tapering staff passes through an opening in the base. At the top of the staff a bird is perched upon the double axes. A number of bases like these had been found, but no one knew what they were for till the discovery of this sarcophagus. The placing of an axe at the top of a stave and setting it up in sacred places shows that there is a connection between this and the standard with a hand at the top, which was also set up in sacred places as a trophy or symbol of victory. The connection between axes and hands was referred to in Part III of this article. The figure beneath the fig-tree before the temple is supposed to be a portrait of the deceased. The priestess pouring the liquid wears a white skirt made from the skin of an animal. Broad blue bands pass around the neck and down the sleeves. The girdle is blue. The next figure has a long blue dress with flounces at the lower edge, the neck and sleeves are edged with a band of three colors, a sash with two black lines passes obliquely across the chest. The figures in this painting are wearing animal skins resembling panther skins, worn by the priests of Egypt from the time of the first dynasty.¹⁷ A replica of this sarcophagus is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

¹⁶Other authorities have identified this as a Cypriote inscription.

¹⁷Angelo Mosso, *Dawn of the Mediterranean Civilization*.

(To be continued)



THE SCARAB OF DESTINY*

By Maris Herrington Billings

CHAPTER XXII.

(Conclusion of the Egyptian Narrative.)

THE next evening Sethos lent Maris his sapphire amulet, saying, "That is the most powerful amulet in all Egypt, in more ways than one. It will open the doors for thee. Show it to Atasu, and say I sent thee with this scroll for the prince."

Shown into the presence of the Governor, Maris did as Sethos bade him; and the sapphire of the high priest proved to be an open sesame, for he was allowed to see his friend once more.

As he walked the long corridor, with its painted figures of the Gods frowning down upon him, his heart stood still; for vibrating through those gloomy halls rang the glorious tenor voice of Ardas, singing the Phœnician Love Song, which he had taught to Nicia, and which they both loved so well. Maris stood spell-bound, while the melodious voice sang the words that now sounded so pathetic to him. He bowed his head, and was not ashamed of the tears that sprang to his eyes as he listened.

Low sinks the sun in the red clouded west;
Folding their pinions the birds fly to rest;
Hushed the drone of the bees, kine are seeking repose,
And the rose and the lily their soft petals close.

* All rights reserved, including translation.

Night casts its shadows o'er hill and o'er vale;
Oh! winds bear my message, love's often-told tale.
Tell her my thoughts, flying through space fast and free
As the wandering Zephyrs that blow from the sea.

Peace, dear one, peace; may thy slumber be light;
Let me meet thee in dreamland, with stars shining bright.
When darkness o'ertakes thee, in visions of night,
My soul thou shalt see, as it speeds on its flight.

Sleep, dear one, sleep. Let the picture unfold,
With musical whispers, that story so old.
For Love's mystic power triumphant doth sway
My life and my soul, as I move on my way.

Thou art the Star that guideth my barque
O'er life's tempestuous sea so dark.
Wert thou not beside me, I'd care not what betide me,
My prayer through life would be, "Oh Death be kind to me."

When the last notes had died, quivering on the air, Maris entered the cell, and Ardas was so glad to see him that he fell on his neck, saying, "Oh, thou blessed of the Gods; I am glad to behold thy sad and serious face again. Truly I am growing weary of Egyptian hospitality. Methinks it is time that thou didst give Rameses a hint that I am willing to risk meeting the friends of My Lord of the Marshes. I would like to show them something of the way in which we Phœnicians can give the Egyptians a lesson in the art of self-defense."

Maris thought quickly, "If I tell him of his bereavement, he will not make an effort to escape; but if I rouse his anger, the walls will not hold him. It seems to me thou art in a happy mood!" said he.

"Aye, and why not? Hast thou not come to tell me that my love is safe and well under thy good care? But there; why do I doubt when she hath been here herself?" he said, with a happy laugh.

"Been here!" said Maris incredulously, "Didst thou see her?"

"Aye, and talked with her in a dream. 'Twas the night before last. I dreamed she came in at that door with her arms full of red roses, the flowers of love, Maris; and coming up to me, she laid her head upon my breast and said, 'Do not worry

my Beloved. I am quite safe, and well; and soon thou shalt find me again, through thy good friend Maris.' So where hast thou hidden my shy bird?"

"In the Mekkattam hills, my lord; where she is safe from all perils at the hands of the Egyptians", said Maris in a low quivering voice.

"Ah, that is well, Maris. So real was my dream, that for hours after I could smell the roses she carried; and I can scarce believe, even now, that she hath not been here in very truth."

"Perhaps Sethos is showing thee something of the Egyptian magic, my lord, as he hath shown me; for I have come to help thee escape. He gave me this vial. Take it, and in the morning thou art to wet thy hair and beard with its contents, and by this time tomorrow evening thou wilt pass for me."

"And I can hasten to the Mekkattam hills", said Ardas; but Maris went on as if he had not heard him.

"I am, by the same process, to have thy chestnut locks. Take this steel file; perhaps thou canst use it on the bars, for thou art but lightly watched."

"Aye, I am a much-favored prisoner. All my desires are granted; but liberty is lacking."

"If thou canst saw the bars through, I will escape by way of the river. Darda will have a baris under the window. Didst thou know the river was within five feet of it now? When thou passest out tomorrow thou wilt join the Princess Avaris, who will be awaiting thee in the room of the Governor. Once around the corner of the next street, thou must make for the palace of Sethos. There thou wilt find Hophra, who will take thee in his chariot as archer instead of me. The whole country is in the throes of war. Didst thou not hear the alarm? Hophra will set thee down at any of the towns along the river; and there thou canst take a boat going down the Nile."

"And Nicia, where shall I join her?" said Ardas.

"Hophra will tell thee," said Maris, evasively, "and now fare thee well."

The friends warmly shook hands.

"I will have the bars sawed through for thee in the most masterly manner", he whispered, and, like a happy boy, he laughed at the thought of his coming freedom. "I shall have the toothache very badly all day tomorrow, and will be obliged to refuse my good friend Atasu his usual game of draughts."

Maris returned to the palace of Sethos, where he was to complete arrangements for the escape of Ardas.

Sethos welcomed him warmly. "My son, hast thou succeeded in thine errand of mercy?"

"I have arranged all things to my satisfaction, and I doubt not that the prince will be with thee this time tomorrow. I return thee thy beautiful amulet with a thousand thanks."

"Look at it well, Maris," said Sethos, "'tis the image of the Goddess Athor. It hath a great power. Hold it in thy hands; and now, were I to will thee to do so, thou wouldst fall asleep, and I could send thine astral body anywhere on this terrestrial globe, and thou wouldst answer my questions, and tell me just where and what thou seest. I often send Una on these journeys of light."

"I would that I could see my home in Phœnicia, good Sethos."

"Thou shalt, my son. Gaze on the amulet." Raising his hand he said, "I bid thee go!" and in a moment Maris was back in his loved home. It was night, and beneath the richly chased lamp, in the room he knew so well, sat his mother and his two sisters, working, and talking of him. He heard their loving voices, and saw their sweet faces. Then he heard the calm voice of Sethos saying, "Thou findest them well and happy? Come back, Maris." When he awoke to consciousness Sethos was taking the sapphire amulet from his cold hand.

"By all the Gods, that is the magic I would possess, oh Sethos."

"If I were dead, Maris, I would wish thee to have this charm; for thou art a pure and holy nature, steadfast and faithful unto death."

"Oh, Sethos, thou art sad. The desolation of Egypt falls heavily upon thee. I pray thee take more care of thyself. Thou art wearing thyself out in trying to aid others."

"Thereby, my son, we gain the Kingdom of Osiris", said Sethos softly.

Next evening, just as the sun was turning the river to gold, the Governor of the Jail was greatly surprised to receive a visit from no less a personage than her Royal Highness, the beautiful Princess Avaris, and while he was prostrating himself before her, who should come in but my lord, Maris.

"Well, thou art a laggard, my lord," said the princess gaily. "Didst thou not promise to call for me early?"

"I beg thy forgiveness, most gracious Princess; but——"

"Nay, I shall talk to my Lord Atasu now, to punish thee."

"Dost thou banish me from the light of thy presence, oh Princess?"

"Aye; I do; but thou canst return in one-half hour, when I may forgive thee", she said, with a pout.

On his head Maris wore a square of linen, folded diagonally, with its three points gathered together at the neck; the flapping ends somewhat concealing his features. He held up his hand, and Atasu nodded; meaning that he could go and see his friend, while he entertained the princess.

Avaris was very gracious, and asked Atasu to show her around the prison; and she evinced the greatest interest in every thing, great and small. At the end of the half hour, Ardas entered, disguised as Maris, and stood in the shadow, awaiting her pleasure.

"I forgive thee now, my lord", she said, "Thou mayest summon my litter", and he promptly vanished to do her bidding.

Atasu bowed her down the steps, and Ardas held aside the curtains of her litter. She patted the cushions invitingly.

"My lord, I will let thee ride as far as the square, for thou hast been punished enough", she said. He obeyed the laughing command, with alacrity, and the litter was borne away amidst the admiring eyes of the crowd.

When he found himself in the litter with Avaris, Ardas thanked her warmly for her aid.

"'Tis a shame!" she said. "I cannot understand my father putting thee in prison; but when Pharaoh speaks, Egypt trembles; and thou must away to hide thyself. Thine own mother would not know thee from Maris, except for thine eyes. They give thee away", she said with a laugh.

Ardas went at once to the palace of Sethos, where he was warmly welcomed; but Una would not see him, for Maris had begged that nothing be told him until Hophra had taken him far from Memphis. The prince was shocked when he saw Sethos. In this short time the high priest had aged perceptibly, and looked so worn and tired that his heart bled for him. Ardas was shown to a room in the palace, where he soon fell asleep, to dream of Nicia, whom he hoped to greet in the morning.

As the evening wore on, Atasu sent to inquire if the aching tooth of the prince was better, and a muffled voice issued from the many linen folds in which Maris had wrapped his head, saying that if the Governor would send him some mulled wine, he

would have his blessing for ever, as he intended to sleep off his unpleasant guest. This request was immediately granted; and that part of the great jail was soon in profound silence.

Maris had put the torch out early, and waited with quiet patience until he heard the melodious call of the silver horn sounding far across the water. This was the signal to prepare, and he counted the moments agreed upon, then mounted the table and found that Ardas had done his work well. One wrench, and the bars were free. He had previously unwound a long bandage of linen from around his waist; and, tying this to the one remaining bar, he let himself down with the agility of a cat to the waiting boat, which was softly but swiftly rowed out into the middle of the river, and was soon borne far away by the current. They made their way to the villa, where they spent the night.

Bugles and drums were sounding all over the city, and companies of soldiers were forming on the great plain, when Ardas arose next morning at the first streaks of dawn. Hophra drove up in his war chariot to bid Una and Sethos farewell; and the prince, in the buckler and helmet of an Egyptian archer, took his place beside him, and they drove to the plain where the army was gathered.

About a thousand war chariots were gathered there. These vehicles were mounted on two wheels; they were hung low, and were high in front and open behind, so that the warrior could step easily in and out. They were drawn by two horses, and two warriors stood in each, one managing the horses while the other fought. Fixed to the chariot, on the outside, were a quiver and bow-case of rhinoceros hide, and a bull-hide shield, decorated with great taste and skill. The Egyptians were the finest archers in the world. Their arrows were drawn from the ear, and their bows were more powerful and their arrows better aimed than those of any other nation. The children of the warrior caste were trained from early infancy. The arms of the foot soldiers consisted of spear, short sword, helmet and shield. Coats of mail were worn only by the highest and wealthiest officers. The soldiers were drilled to the sound of a trumpet, and they marched with measured and free step, as they followed the war chariots along the sandy highway that led to Thebes.

The morning after his escape, Maris went in a boat to a village far down the Nile, where he had his head shaved and his beard removed. Then he made his way back to Memphis, hoping to be in time to join the army and come up with Ardas be-

fore he should leave Crocodilopolis, where, it had been agreed, he should take one of the regular boats that carried passengers up and down the Nile; but when he arrived at Memphis he found that the battalions had left the plain the day before, and was obliged to follow them. He went to the palace that had been assigned to the prince, and hung around until nightfall. Then he managed to attract the attention of Nebo, to whom he explained in a low tone that the prince had just escaped from prison, and asked him if he could bring Moya and his own noble grey steed to the end of the dyke, where he could await him at the rising of the moon.

"Can I get those horses, master?" said Nebo. "I can but try, my lord. Those animals are almost lame for want of exercise. I will ask the chief steward if I may take them out this very night", and as the moon rose over Memphis, Moya and her companion might have been seen galloping in the direction of Telmis.

The melodious notes of the bugle sounded for the noonday rest, and after a slight repast Hophra asked the prince to follow him to a quiet grove, as he wished to speak with him. Very little conversation had been exchanged between them, as the chariots had gone at a fast pace all the way from Memphis, and the rattle and bang of the clanging cars, plunging after the tugging steeds, was not conducive to conversation; but now they were resting, men and horses taking a few hours' repose from the heat of the mid-day sun before proceeding on their journey to the seat of war.

Prince Ardas followed Hophra into the shadow of the palms, and there the young commander told him that Nicia was no more, and that, instead of hiding in the Mekkattam hills, she had passed to the great beyond. He softened the story as best he could, but told him that the people had demanded the sacrifice of the maiden for the death of the sacred animal of Sekhet, and that her retreat was a quiet grave in the far-off hills. He added that as there was nothing further to keep him in Egypt, and he was under the ban of Pharaoh, he thought the sooner he left the country, the better it would be for him.

For a few moments Ardas was stunned. "Leave me, my friend, I would be alone", he said in a broken voice.

When the hour of departure came, he appeared at the wheel of the chariot.

"Hophra", he said, "I believe thou art my friend. I have de-

cided not to leave Egypt. I am going into battle with thee; and will be thine archer in very truth."

In vain Hophra argued. Ardas was immovable. "Nay", he said, "if the sands of Egypt bleach the bones of my beloved wife, they shall also bleach mine. The Egyptian Gods have claimed her, thou sayest; then they shall also take me."

Hophra could say no more, but gave orders for the battalion to move on, and they marched along the sandy wastes past Thebes to the great plain beyond, where the vast army of Pharaoh was encamped. The whole army was astir, for the enemy was in sight, and next day would bring the armies into conflict.

Maris, galloping after that swiftly moving battalion, received no word, and did not know that Ardas had gone on with the soldiers. He learned that no boat had left for two days, and that none that carried cattle and passengers would leave Telmis for a week; so he concluded he would find Ardas in the inn waiting for him, and he resolved to frequent the quay until he found him. He felt confident that he could then persuade him to leave Egypt, which had proved so inhospitable to them both.

The Princess Ranee had been so broken-hearted at finding herself blind, that at first she did not care to live. She had not forgotten Ardas; but she knew she could not conceal her terrible misfortune from him, so she determined to set him free. Atasu was therefore summoned to the presence of the Pharaoh, and even Rameses noted how white and drawn was the face of the governor when he was given the order to bring the prince to the palace.

Atasu retired, his heart as heavy as lead; for only the morning before he had found the dangling linen that told of the escape of the prisoner. On his way out, in the great corridor, he came upon the Princess Ranee, leaning against a marble column. She looked so sad and wistful, that he determined to throw himself upon her mercy, and ask her to intercede for him with the Pharaoh; so he threw himself at her feet.

"Oh Daughter of the Sun, most gracious Princess, I beg my life from thy hands!"

"Who art thou?" said Ranee.

"I am Atasu," he said, in astonishment.

"What hast thou done, Atasu, that thou cravest the boon of thy life?"

Then he told her of the escape of the prince. She only

sighed, and her hand sought her neck, where the scarab of Nicia hung on its golden chain.

"Dost thou think he got safely away, Atasu? Dost thou think he lives?"

"Aye, I have little doubt of that, Princess, for some one must have helped him; a boat must have been waiting for him on the river."

Going to Rameses, she told him that she had just met Atasu and had ordered him to set the prince free, as she cared not to see Ardas unless he came of his own free will; and Rameses nodded approval, saying, "He is in thy hands, oh Daughter. Do with the prince as thou thinkest best."

Then Raneer came back to Atasu and told him the good news, and he blessed her saying, "Oh Princess, may the Hathors requite thee, who gave thee thy beauty", and took his departure.

The most precious possession Raneer now had was the stolen scarab; for she firmly believed that in time Ardas would be forced to come to her and love her, by the magic words engraved thereon.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PHARAOH'S DREAM AND WHAT IT PORTENDED

NOW Rameses dreamed a dream which troubled him much, and he sent for Sethos to tell him the meaning thereof. The high priest obeyed, and came to the palace in his robes of office; and bowing low before the Pharaoh he asked his gracious will.

"Sethos", said the king, "I have sent for thee, for I have dreamed a strange dream which thou alone canst interpret for me; and I would have thee read the mystery and what it portends. Lo, I dreamed I was walking on a vast sandy plain, and behind me lay our glorious Memphis. The sun was shining overhead in a clear sky, and 'twas mid-day. I walked alone in the desert, when, looking up, behold afar off in the blue sky I saw what seemed to be a faint white cloud, floating in the limitless ether. I watched it as it came nearer and nearer, and grew larger and larger, until it hovered directly overhead; and as I stood gazing upward it began to descend, and I saw it was a being from the stars; an angel, with shining wings that dazzled my eyes with their brightness. In her hand she held a flashing sword, that gleamed like lightning. Nearer came the strange

visitor, until it was quite close; then suddenly it fell with a crash upon me; and as it struck my body, instead of a light, airy being, lo, it was a statue of white marble! Under its weight I lay crushed, deep down in the sand; then I lost consciousness, and after what seemed ages, I crawled out from under its oppressing weight, and, looking down upon the cold marble, I saw that the face of the angel was the face of the slave sacrificed to Eliethya. Then, turning round, I saw that the plain had changed. Memphis was gone. The fair city and great temples had vanished. In the distance was a heap of ruins, and I saw only the pyramids, standing lonely and aloof, guarded by the silent sphinx. I walked toward the east, and at last I came to a great black river, over which was built a stone bridge such as I have never seen. It was of solid masonry, and the roadway had a stone railing on either side, of small fluted columns. At the entrance of the bridge, and at intervals along the railing, stood angels on pedestals, holding in their hands different standards. The first two banners were familiar to me; they were the great purple standards of Meroe. The next two bore scarlet standards embroidered with the image of Merodach, the Babylonian God of War; the two following had staffs on which glittered golden eagles; and the last two were strange banners,—a white one, on the right, had three golden lions thereon, and the white one of the left had the spreading bell of the lotus; but these angels, instead of being white, were black as night, and the edges of their outspread wings were outlined with a shining silver radiance. I passed over the bridge into a fair city, with tall pointed roofs and glistening white towers and great domed temples with tall minarets pointing toward the skies, with the crescent moon, the boat of Isis, crowning every staff and pole.

The darkness began to fade, and dawn was breaking. I met strange people speaking an unknown tongue. First came two Ethiopians, then some Persians with their tall head-dresses; next some Greeks in their kilted white garments, and then a strange race of majestic looking men in long white robes of many folds, like priests, with wreaths of flowers on their heads. These passed; then came a horde of dark-skinned Arabians, in white robes, throwing down statues, demolishing temples, killing and slaying like demons; and these bore the blood-red banner of Seth, with the crescent moon of Isis, and the star of Horus. When these had passed, there came two strange-looking men, who had their legs covered with mourning cloth. One had a short scarlet

tunic, and the other a blue one, and they had two rows of small brass discs, in front; and then I awoke. Now, Sethos, what doth this strange dream mean?"

"Oh, most glorious Son of Light, the Immortals have sent these visions, not to give thee a taste of the joys to come, or caution thee against the danger that is besetting thee, but to warn thee to prepare thy soul to submit quietly to the evils that will befall thee, and to accept with gratitude the good the Gods shall send thee. I can interpret thy dream; but the reading will not make thee happier, Oh Pharaoh! It were best left to oblivion."

"Not so, Sethos; I command thee to read as the Gods have enlightened thee."

"Then I obey thy gracious majesty", said Sethos, taking his amulet in his hand, and with a faraway look in his eyes he said, with an audible sigh: "I have been shown these mysteries, oh King, with the eye of Osiris and the wisdom of Thoth. The plain whereon thou wert walking was the Land of Egypt; the angel that thou sawest descending was the true religion. The Great Unnameable One, Creator of Heaven and Earth, the Supreme God, he will send his angel of destruction into thy land, oh King, and crush this great empire into the dust. Behold the end of Egypt, as a mighty nation, hath begun. This fair country is doomed. Lo! these vast halls, these great temples, are the ruins that thou didst behold; even the great lakes and the mighty dyke will be swept away; only the pyramids and the sphinx will remain, who will lie there for ever, guarding the great desert; and the dark and turbulent river is Shichor, our beloved Nile, black with woe. 'The land o'ershadowed with wings' shall be her title in the years to come. The bridge is a mighty cutting that shall be called the Great Canal,* for through it shall pass the traffic of the world; the black angels are the conquerors of Egypt; the black water of the river, desolation and slavery. The city thou didst enter is a town that shall rise on the other side of the Nile, with lofty towers and tall minarets, which shall be built of the very stones of our beautiful Memphis, where now we tread. The conquerors shall build a new and wonderful city at the mouth of the Delta. In a few years Khem, our beloved, will sink to rise no more. From the south and east will come a dark cloud. The first two angels are the Ethiopians; next are the Persians; they will crush Egypt and the Pharaoh into the earth; then war, dissension, and civil strife shall reign triumphant. The Persians will

* Now the Suez Canal.

come in a conquering horde, and every noble and priest left in this unhappy land shall be reduced to slavery. The sacred animals shall be slain, the temples pillaged, and the statues of the Gods destroyed and torn from their shrines. Then come the Greeks, and for one cycle of Mercury a new race of Pharaohs shall arise that will be a crowning disgrace to this land of flowers; then comes a nation yet unborn, and for a short time the standard of the golden eagle shall rule; and then, Beloved Land, thou wilt sink deeper and deeper into barbarism. Not a tomb, shrine or temple that will not be violated; the blood-red banner of Seth shall wave with the star and crescent, but not the crescent of Thoth and the Holy Star of Isis; nay, 'twill be the sign of the bloodiest nation on earth. Then in turn will come the standards of two mighty nations yet unborn* who will guard that cutting with the light of religion behind them; they are the angels who bear the golden lions, and the blue iris. But the children of Egypt shall never be a free nation again. They will be in bondage to their conquerors for many cycles. Oh, Khem, beloved of Isis, thy doom is sealed. Egypt will no longer reign as Queen of Nations; even thy Gods are doomed to extinction!" Sethos cried, in a wailing voice which penetrated to every corner of the vast chamber.

"But, Sethos", said Rameses in awed tones, "the black wings were tipped with silver light."

"Aye, the light of the true faith shall still shine; and perhaps some day, in the faraway future, Egypt may once again become the granary of the nations and a power in the East. The lion and the iris may lift our beloved Khem out of the mire."

"But, Sethos, that will all be in another cycle of the soul. What care we, when we have passed to Amenti or dwell with Osiris?"

"Nay, oh Son of Ra, the destruction hath begun even now. Thy days of peace are numbered. With the Gods there is neither past nor future, the whole is ever present; the cycles of time, as marked by the sun, moon, and stars do not govern as they govern mortals. The stars pass on through the vaults of heaven in an endless procession, drawing after them the destinies of mankind. They are above and beyond; everything is present with them, and woe is Egypt for the red standard on which waves the crescent moon! Even the silver light will gleam but faintly, for 'tis the seal of Seth, and he hath begun his reign in Egypt, as the old papyrus foretold. Some mortal hath taken the box from the hol-

*England and France.

low of his hand. Oh, Pharaoh, didst thou not behold the mist which covered the river at the rising of the last moon? Oh, Rameses, thou art the last great Pharaoh of this mighty land; for before a quarter of a cycle hath passed, this beloved land will have passed into the hands of the Persians."

Rameses bowed his head; and in profound silence Sethos withdrew, leaving a saddened monarch on the great throne, for well he knew that Sethos was gifted by the Gods in seeing the events of the future.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TOCSIN OF WAR.

THE clear heavens, blue as a sapphire, were still cool; but in the east a rosy radiance began to send upward long shafts of light, which bathed the vast plain in a soft ethereal haze. The mountain peaks were tipped with golden light against a background of soft grey. Presently an invisible hand would fling out streams of liquid gold to flood that silent valley, where stood the regular lines of brown tents. As the dawn slowly brightened, it brought into glowing relief the shadowy tents and dusky banners, and glinted on the arms and accoutrements of this great encampment, where a thousand men were now waking to greet Osiris for the last time.

The trumpets sounded loud and clear, and Prince Oristan appeared in the door of his tent. Soon all was bustle and activity, as the flower of the Egyptian army was marshalled in perfect formation, prepared to annihilate the foe.

Scarcely had the clear musical notes of the war trumpets given the order for forming the ranks in battle array, when they were echoed from the Libyan hills, until the air was filled with clarion calls which were answered defiantly by the brazen bugles of the enemy, who were now in sight.

Prince Oristan appeared on the field in his war chariot; he rode through the serried ranks of his army, splendid in their shining equipment. In his dazzling armor of steel, inlaid with gold, and his burnished helmet, in which gleamed a ruby of such size and splendor that its rays seemed to play around his handsome head like a ball of fire, he was a noticeable figure and a leader of whom the Egyptians might well be proud.

Hanging from his chariot was a great quiver of sandal-wood

containing bronze arrows. He stood proudly before the assembled hosts, his eyes flashing with conscious power, as he addressed the soldiers.

"Fellow countrymen, to-day we give battle to yonder host. Let every preparation be made, and let us fight for the glory of Egypt. May Osiris and Isis defend our standards." Then he put the ranks into battle array, and awaited the onslaught.

"We shall win the day", said Hophra to Ardas. "Oristan looks like the God of War. He will not give up the battle until he wins or falls; for 'twas ever the prince's wish to die in battle."

"Aye, 'tis the wish of every brave man, Hophra", said Ardas sadly. All hope had gone from his voice; he was a changed man. "I have one favor to ask of thee Hophra. Wilt thou grant it me?"

"Aye, if it lieth in my power, my friend."

Ardas took the scarab from his neck. "I want thee to wear this amulet to-day, Hophra, for the sake of Una; and, should I fall, wilt thou, if thou canst, put it back on my body. I would have it buried with me."

"Oh Prince, thou are looking at the dark side. I thought all Phœnicians were brave as lions. Thou dost not fear the battle?"

"Nay, nay; I have but a presentiment. Thou wilt remember, Hophra; put it on my neck if thou findest this poor clay."

"By all the Gods, thou shalt have it back tonight, Prince. I shall give it thee ere we sleep; and should I be the one to fall thou wilt give my love to Una."

At length the two armies approached each other, Oristan leading the Egyptian forces, and the Libyans led by a gigantic man on a great white horse with eyes of fire.

Oristan looked the personification of the God of War, as he led that famous charge. His tall lithe figure, and his courageous aspect, with the light of battle flashing from his eyes, made every soldier determined to follow his glorious young leader to the gates of the Kingdom of Osiris.

When the two long lines came together there was heard the clash of swords and spears and the swish of arrows and javelins as they flew through the air. The charge of the horsemen sounded like a roar of thunder, as the scythe-armed chariots of the Egyptians mowed a wide swathe in the opposing ranks. The air was darkened with the clouds of arrows which filled the air on that sunny morning with the sound of a thousand wings.

All day they fought. Thousands lay dying on the field. Oristan had ridden here, there, everywhere, and seemed to bear a

charmed life; but just at set of sun he was dismounted, his horses having been killed and his chariot overturned. Standing on a slight eminence he was urging on a handful of soldiers against the enemy, who had cut off his retreat. The Libyans were fighting madly around the spot, trying not to kill the prince, but to take him captive; for by his side lock and the blazing ruby they knew well it was the Crown Prince of Egypt, and as a captive prince he was far more valuable than as a dead man.

Oristan had just resolved that he would die by his own hand rather than be taken captive, when suddenly at his side appeared a tall black-bearded man, who swung his battle-axe as if it weighed no more than a feather. He laid about him with such terrific blows that he appeared more like a god than a man. Down went the enemy in heaps.

"Back, back for thy life!" he cried to Oristan, round whom the Egyptians had rallied, now that this great leader had appeared. Thus Oristan was enabled to gain the lines, and still that magnificent figure fought on, until the dead and dying were piled in a heap around him, and he stood almost alone.

The Libyans fell back, turned, and retreated; but not before the captain in command had given orders to a squad of archers to discharge a shower of arrows at the heroic figure, and he had fallen, covered with wounds.

The Libyans now retreated at full gallop, and the day was gained for the Egyptians.

The sun shed a crimson light on writhing sufferer and stiffened corpse, on torn harness, prostrate horses, and broken chariots. Thus ended all the pomp and glory of the morning. A nation rose in its might at sunrise, with glitter of spear and shield and all the panoply of war; at night all was ruin and devastation. A wierd silence lay over the desert. Bats darted about on silken wings in the gloom; owls hovered in the branches of the far-off trees, and the jackal slipped by with stealthy tread, its hideous laugh from time to time breaking the silence of the night.

Oristan, sitting in his tent, gave orders for the burial of the dead, and ordered the body of the tall soldier who had saved his life to be brought to his tent. When the bearers brought it, an hour later, he stood with bared head. "'Tis my lord Maris", he said. "Oh brave Phœnician, thou shalt have all the honors that an Egyptian prince can pay thee." Thereupon he called a priest, attached to the household. "Matsha, I want thee to have all honors paid to this brave soldier, who hath given his life for mine.

Bury him in the new tomb that hath been prepared for me; and after he is buried in the Tombs of the Kings, wall up the sepulchre, so that no unhallowed hand shall disturb the fair body that he hath sacrificed for me."

When Hophra, passing the tent of Prince Oristan, saw the body of the great hero who had saved the day for Egypt, he recognized it as that of Ardas, but decided that it was not necessary to reveal his identity. Prince Oristan had decided to bury the hero with all honors, and surely Ardas was worthy of them; and Hophra sighed as he carefully replaced the golden chain with its pendant scarab around his neck.

"Methinks thou didst stand as a tagret, in order to join thy beloved wife; for thou hast scarce spoken a word since I told thee the sad news", he said, addressing the silent clay.

When the body of the tall soldier was carried to the lonely tent of the paraschites, he was laid in oil of natron and embalmed, and Hophra saw to it that a Book of the Entrance into Day was wrapped with the mummy. He was wrapped in a number of fine linen bandages, and covered with a kind of pasteboard, which was painted to represent the great soldier, with his battle-axe in hand. The face and hands alone were seen, and the rest of the case was covered with paintings relating to the future state. His name, Lord Maris, was painted thereon, but he was honored also with the name of Osiris. Then the body was enclosed in a case of wood, having the shape of a mummy, and it was taken on a low sledge, drawn by four oxen, until they came to the lake of the dead at Thebes. There it was placed on a richly gilded and decorated baris, and rowed across the lake to the strains of sad and wailing music. Here it was judged by the Forty-Two, and accorded honorable burial; and the sad procession moved on up the mountain road where, deep in the heart of the range, several miles from the river, lay the Tombs of the Kings.

First came the priests with their shaven heads, robed in their leopard skins, and carrying the vase of incense and the swinging censer, the symbols of their sacred office; then a mourner, trailing behind him a long garland of flowers; then the mummy, followed by the prince and a number of soldiers, with wailing women who tore their hair. Slowly they wended their way across the great Necropolis. The mummy was then taken from the car and up the narrow ravine to the Tomb of the Kings. Up this rocky gorge, whose yellow and brown walls rose, almost perpendicular, on either side, they went, indifferent to the heat of the

day; until at length they came to the deserted valley on the right of which rose high peaks on which sat a row of vultures, with motionless wings.

Here, in a chamber hewn out of the solid rock, the mummy was placed in a magnificent sarcophagus of stone, elaborately sculptured with hieroglyphics.

After the ritual of the dead had been said, many beautiful offerings were given, Oristan himself laying a vase of pure gold on the sarcophagus; then the mourners went sadly away, leaving two stone-masons, who walled up the silent chamber, and painted over it the inscription, "Maris, the Great Hero, sleeps here"; and, thousands of years after, when vandal hands searched for treasure in that lonely vault, it was confidently asserted that Menes, the first King of Egypt, slept therein, none knowing the history of the brave Phœnician prince who had died for Egypt.

When the prince returned from the field of battle he told his family of the death of the noble Phœnician, Lord Maris, in whom they were greatly interested.

In a far corner of the sumptuous mandara sat a white and forlorn little figure, who clutched her heart with despair, and fled to the roof at the end of the sad recital. There, in the quiet star-light, a white and weary little princess watched the rising moon as she sobbed and rocked herself in her grief, and cried brokenly, "Oh Mother Isis, pity me; for I am desolate."

Next day it was a calm and dignified woman with a white face who begged of Rameses to send her to Judæa as soon as possible. If she was destined to marry Solomon, let the ceremony be over; this was her one thought. "Then I can grieve in my own way", she said to herself.

Rameses granted her request, and let her depart to become the bride of King Solomon; and Hadad was glad to leave the grief-stricken city behind him as the gorgeous caravan slowly made its way eastward.

Oristan had returned from the war a popular hero; but the great exertion of that day had cost the life of the Crown Prince, for it brought on a hemorrhage, and the wise physicians told Rameses that it was only a matter of a few months before his handsome son would take the long journey.

Maris was patiently waiting for the return of Ardas in the city of Telmis, hoping, day by day, to come across him. He heard of the victory of Oristan; and saw the victorious army as it passed through the town on its return to Memphis. Here he

encountered Hophra, who told him the sad news of the death of his beloved prince. He thereupon took the very next boat going down the river, on the twenty-sixth day of Athyr of the Vague Year, just four months after that glorious starlit evening on which the prince had celebrated his natal day. Arriving at Rosetta, he found a Phœnician galley which conveyed him and the horses back to Tyre, where he told King Hiram the story of the ill-fated expedition to Egypt; and in Phœnicia he lived to be a very old man, whose great delight was to teach the young to be brave and honorable.

In Memphis, that beautiful city of the gods, the river rose and rose, until it reached the unknown height of thirty-two feet. It overflowed the great dyke; it flowed through the gardens of the houses and flooded the streets so that boats floated down the broad avenues before it began to subside, and it left in its train pestilence and death. The people went mad with fear, and threatened every day to kill Ramses for offending Hapi by withholding his bride. It was the most destructive flood ever known in history; and Rameses became a changed man as he cowered in the palace, for his troubles had become more than he could bear. In the first place, Raneë, the pride of his life, was now totally blind. Not an oculist in all Egypt could tell what ailed her beautiful eyes. They looked just the same, but she could not see; she was blind and helpless. Sethos had been called to the palace, and Rameses appealed in vain to him to use his magic in behalf of the princess.

When Sethos returned to his home, he was weary and tired, and went to the roof to sit in his easy chair. He called Hophra and Una to him, and blessed them; for these two young people were now married.

Sethos laid his hand on Una's head, saying, "My child, I hope thou art happy", and the two young people answered in chorus that no mortals could be happier on earth.

"Hophra, my son, if anything should happen to me, I want thee to take Una and go to Judæa, there to live at the court of Solomon; and I want you both to worship the true and only God."

Hophra promised, and they went to the mandara. After Una had played on her guitar in the evening light, they began to speak of the great events that had transpired so quickly. Hophra had told her of the glorious end of Ardas; and his bravery was a never ending theme of conversation between them, for Una worshipped him as a great hero because of his romantic love for the golden-haired Nicia, whom she had loved as a sister.

She pictured the lovers now walking hand in hand beside the cool waters in the fields of Aalu, in the Isle of the Blest.

Her happiness in her young husband was saddened by the poor health of her beloved grandsire, who often spoke of the long journey as if it were near at hand. Only that day he had taken her hands lovingly in his, saying, "Thou art happy, my dear one?" and with shining eyes Una had answered, "My happiness was complete, grandsire, when thou didst make me Hophra's wife; and I have no desire on earth but to see thee well and cheerful again."

"Nay, my child"; he said sadly, "the race of life is nearly run. Ere long I, too, shall be wrapped in mummy clothes."

So she took council with Hophra as to what they could do to cheer him up. "Thou knowest, grandsire is not so well of late; I think he felt the death of Nicia. It was a hard and trying task for him, for as high priest he would have had to slay her if the thunderbolt had not stunned her",—for none but Sethos knew of the poisoned bracelet.

"Oh, it was dreadful!" said Una, "and to think that she was cruelly murdered after all, Hophra. Grandsire says 'twas the work of Seth and his demons."

"Aye, it surely was; for no dagger made the wound."

They talked lovingly together for a long time, as young lovers will, and then Una said, "Come Hophra, let us bid grandsire a good-night." Arm in arm they went to the roof, where they found him seated in his great chair, with a calm smile on his face, and holding in his hand his jade cross amulet; but his spirit had fled. He was quite dead. An affliction of the heart had taken him without warning.

In due time Una and Hophra went to Judæa, where they spent a long and happy life at the court of Solomon.

In a large room at the top of the royal palace was a studio, where were painted the beautiful mummy cases of the royal family. The Princess Ranee had been sitting many days for her portrait on the beautiful case destined for her mummy, and the artist was trying to catch the glint of that glorious hair, when a strange thing happened. He had just finished putting the last touches to the golden tint, to his entire satisfaction; but when he returned in the morning the hair was black, with reddish lights. He gazed in fear and wonder; for he had been especially careful in mixing the pigments, and he feared for his life should Rameses come to inspect the work, as he often did. "Something must have

gone wrong with the pigment", he muttered, as he hastily repaired the wrong.

The next day, when he returned to his task, lo, the hair was black again, and seemed to remind him of snakes; and as he gazed at it, the face on the mummy case assumed the most horrible expression. The eyes had a peculiar look; they squinted horribly, giving an expression of diabolic cunning to the face. The artist ran home and took to his bed, and told his friends he would kill himself if he were compelled to go back to the painting of the royal mummy cases.

No one could tell how it occurred; perhaps the artist talked; perhaps Naxo whispered; but it began to be whispered in the women's quarters that the Princess Ranee had dabbled in black magic; and one who dealt in black magic in Egypt was, according to the law, to be punished by death. The accusation flew from lip to lip, and grew from day to day, until the slaves openly refused to wait on the blind and helpless princess. Then it reached the ears of Rameses; and he became, in truth, a very demon. He ordered every one of the men and women who had given the faintest whisper to appear before him in the Judgment Court, and woe to them that were victims of petty spite, for each accused the other of telling this one and that that the princess had done these things, and more than fifty prisoners stood charged with the grave offense.

Then Rameses did a most cruel and horrible thing. This king, who had been a kind and loving father, a great hero, a most affable man, condemned the whole fifty to death, and, worse than all, he pronounced that each one should be his own executioner. Coming into the court-yard, one by one, they were compelled to commit suicide by falling on an upright sword, affixed to a block of wood, in the presence of the King and Court. Each one had to die; and each and all were refused burial.

After this affair Rameses was like a madman, until one day Ranee, walking miserable, alone, and deserted in the beautiful gardens, felt a slight sting in her heel. She did not feel much pain, and she took no notice until the foot began to swell; but when the great physicians were called in it was announced that the Princess Ranee had been bitten by a scorpion, one of the most dreaded of insects. The sacred scarab of the Egyptians had done its work; and in three days she died.

This great grief seemed to cure Rameses; for he returned to his right and normal mind once more, and reigned for two years

a just and gracious king over that devastated country. Then he died, and his nephew Shishak reigned in his stead.

I saw no more; but heard a low sweet voice saying, "Wouldst thou follow Ardas and Nicia through a new phase of existence? Come again; and thou shalt see them pass through another life. Fare thee well."

The mirror became a cold grey blank, and looking up I saw that it was morning. The dawn was peeping in at the windows as I stole to my room. When I saw Sir Julian, I gave him a faint outline of the story.

"Why is it denied me to walk the way with you, Gilbert?" said he, "Why is the power withheld from me?"

"I would rather not say, at present, my friend; but be patient. Perhaps in time you may see visions of your own in the mirror. I am quite sure this series is being shown to me for some special purpose. I was Maris, one of the characters in the story. I was the friend of the prince. His soul was noble, brave and true; a complex nature; but very true to life. I would that I knew him now! You will not mind if I continue to haunt the museum? This very hour I will make my peace with the ladies."

Adieu; until we meet again.

Here ends the Egyptian Narrative. In the October issue of *The Word*, the characters will reappear in ancient Britain.



THAT MYSTERIOUS MUMMY CASE.

By Maris Herrington Billings.

A SHORT time ago we read with interest what purported to be an authentic article which told a thrilling tale of the sale of the celebrated mummy case of Amen-Ra.

It is well known that, owing to a series of disasters which apparently happened to all who made sport of the case, it was consigned to a crypt in the basement of the British Museum; and the story stated that an American, braver than the majority of mortals, offered a flattering price for the relic and had it secretly shipped to this country on the ill-fated Titanic. It was confidently asserted that to its baleful influence was ascribed the sad disaster which befell the "unsinkable" ship; and we were assured that now it lies buried in old Ocean's depths.

Knowing that the British Museum is not in the habit of selling its treasures, we thought it worth while to investigate the story, and to give to the world the facts of the case; and we are now in a position to contradict the story on the best authority, for the cover still stands in its accustomed place in the British Museum.

In some strange, inexplicable way, the dread influence of the case has apparently departed since the sinking of the Titanic—perhaps because it was about that time that the true story was given to the world. No doubt accidents will be again ascribed to its baleful influence; but they will be mere coincidences, for the case has lost its power to injure mortals. Whether a malignant influence did, or did not, emanate from that mummy case, we are not prepared to say; but we will tell you a few facts that seem to point conclusively in the direction of the reality of the influence, and of its cessation at the time of the sinking of the Titanic.

On the night of the fourteenth of April, in the year 1912, a few congenial souls were gathered in the smoking room of the Titanic. They were all literary men of great ability, and all interested more or less in the occult, for the centre of the group was a well-known editor who was recognized as an authority on such subjects.

He had been asked to give his opinion on the stories current about the mummy case; and, being an ardent believer in his own theories, he answered that he did undoubtedly believe in the power that emanated from the case, and that he had taken the trouble to investigate the stories, for the sake of scientific research.

"Come, let's hear the true story," said several of his hearers, as they drew near, prepared to be thrilled by the gifted editor, who could tell a story in a fascinating manner.

"Well," he began, "all we now have is the cover of the case, which once contained the mummy of the priestess of Amen-Ra. About thirty years ago, four young Englishmen were travelling in Egypt, and, like all tourists, they were not averse to picking up curios by the way.

"One day they were approached by an Arab, who promised to let them have one of the finest specimens of the twentieth dynasty—a mummy case which had been found in a tomb in the Valley of the Kings. They paid a large price for the gruesome find, and left Thebes delighted with their purchase.

"One day they returned from sight-seeing, and were amazed to find the mummy gone. There lay the empty case; but where was the mummy? They at once jumped to the conclusion that it had been stolen, for mummies do not walk away, though they do have a queer habit of suddenly disintegrating into fine brown dust, when exposed to the air.

"The mummy having disappeared, they abandoned the case, with its numberless wrappings of brown linen, and concluded that the ornate cover, with its beautifully painted inscription, was memento enough to carry home with them. Emblazoned on its front were prayers to Osiris, and, according to modern Egyptologists, an inscription which told

that within slept a beautiful princess, a daughter of Pharaoh, who had been a priestess of the Temple of Amen-Ra. In minute characters, which, perhaps, they failed to read, is the story that she invoked the powers of black magic, and, in order to gain the man of her choice, sold her Soul, or Ka, to the powers of evil.

"The ancient Egyptians believed that as long as the body lasted, that Ka would stay by it; so I think that a stronger power than that of a mortal is associated with that case; and I believe that those who laugh and joke as they stand before it bring an elemental force into play which, in their vast ignorance, they do not even dream of. They set in motion strange vibrations when they defy the powers of that ancient race, and I think that they invite disaster from sidereal space.

"Personally, I do not believe that the influence comes from the mortal remains of the priestess, but from the power of Evil.

"Within a day or two strange things began to happen in their camp. One of the quartette was badly crippled in the land o'ershadowed with wings; the second was shot soon after reaching England; the third died suddenly; and the fourth, after loosing a large fortune, died, like his companions, in a few months. The sister of the last victim became convinced that there was something uncanny about the cover they had brought from Egypt. It filled her with a nameless dread, and a creeping sense of horror stole over her every time she entered the room where it stood; so she presented it, with her compliments, to the British Museum.

"The man who drove that oblong package died within a week, and the man who helped him take it from his cart had both legs cut off in a railway accident. A photographer, who thought it would be a good idea to secure a picture of the case, which was now beginning to attract the attention of the public, succeeded in getting a plate; but what was his surprise to find the face and form of a woman thereon! The expression of the face was so cruel and malignant that he drew back with a shudder. Nothing daunted, he said to himself, 'That's too bad. The bally thing's a

fizzle. My, but this is too horrible; but it is strange that I do not get the case itself.' Again he ventured within the zone of the influence. This time he fell and smashed his camera, knocking out two of his teeth, and cutting his face badly.

"The first daring reporter who essayed to describe these tragedies and ascribed them to the dire influence, died within a month.

"A daughter of the Marchioness of Salisbury, a lively little person who did not believe in occult forces, said she would defy all the mummy cases in Egypt to hurt her. She went to the Museum in a spirit of bravado. She stood before the case and defied it, with a snap of her pretty fingers, saying: 'This, you know, is the twentieth century; we do not believe in your Egyptian mysteries. Things are different in these days.' She walked briskly away, and while descending the steps of the Museum she fell, spraining her ankle and injuring herself internally. She was carried to her carriage, a sadder and a wiser young woman.

"Other and more serious accidents followed, and lately it has been withdrawn from public exhibition and consigned to the crypt.

"There is no accounting for these strange stories. Not far from Abydos there lies a great monolith on which is inscribed, in strange characters, a wonderful tale. According to the legend, told in the vicinity, no man can repeat that story and live—in a few hours he dies."

"What rot!" said a well-known writer. "If you will give me the address of that old monolith, I will go over and copy the whole thing. It will make a good story."

"Do you know what the dread words are said to be?" asked another.

"I trust I do not, gentlemen. It would be as bad to think of them as to repeat them. I fear we should all be punished in short order."

"Well, if we have to pay the penalty, we will promise to come back from the spirit world and tell you about it," was the answer, and they laughed heartily at the joke.

"It would be a very interesting experiment to witness,"

said their courteous entertainer, as he inclined his head and bade them good-night.

One hour and thirty-five minutes later they were standing face to face with the power of which they had spoken so lightly. Of that merry party, not one was saved.

We do not say that the story of the mummy case or the monolith had anything to do with the disaster. A higher power than was attributed to these rules earth and sea. You may call it accident, or what you will, but these things are ordained to teach a lesson. Every once in a while, in sharp contrast to the careless ease in which we live, the finger of God writes a warning on the pages of history. We take no heed of the Mighty Force that governs the Universe, until, in some pitifully pathetic way, we are reminded how insignificant we are. When we see hundreds of human beings as helpless as a swarm of gnats in the face of some great catastrophe, then we think for a moment.

When man, in his blind egotism, reaches the stage at which he thinks he has accomplished the greatest feat of all time, lo! an invisible hand, as it were, is stretched out, and his masterpiece crumbles away to nothing, and a Voice is heard which says: "Thou shalt have no other Gods but me."

This same lesson is repeated over and over again, from the remotest ages. The Tower of Babel, the Fall of Babylon, the destruction of Herculaneum, all bear mute testimony that man is made to feel that Omnipotent Power, when the God of Mammon is worshipped. Of late years we have had the obliteration of Martinique, the desolation of Messina and the wiping out of San Francisco; and within two years, like a flash from out clear skies, without a moment's warning, thousands have sunk into a watery grave. Still we walk blindly on, inflated with our own egotism, and fools say in their hearts: "This is an accident, and in it there is no design."

BROTHERHOOD AND WAR.

By C. H. A. Bjerregaard.

ABOUT three months ago most of us were preparing to go to the country for recuperation and general refreshment. We expected to get new strength and a readjustment of our spiritual, mental, and moral compasses; for Nature never fails to take us into her arms, if we love her and come to her as our mother. And if we understand her motherliness, we can have no better pattern for brotherhood. Nature's way with us, the Hindus call Yoga. Yogas are for readjustments.

The various Yogas are not merely methods for individual growth and unfoldment. They are also powerful lifts socially. They build the Temple of Brotherhood. They are the Great Mother's most active means. She likes nothing better than to get us away from the pursuits of city life and into the country, into the Open. She is always busy with lessons in universal kinship. The Great Mother is constantly making us feel the common physical origin, and our similarity to the rest of organic existence. She is also showing us the psychic qualities in beings around and about us. By means of the ant and the wild bird's nest she teaches us art. The dog is a magnificent lesson in ability to stand abuse. She, the Great Mother, also enjoys to teach us altruism or those high notions we call moral and spiritual. These physical, psychic, and ethical teachings are the keys to all brotherliness; that Grand Kingdom of Man, Brotherhood, which all mystics, theosophs and occultists labor to establish.

The Great Mother invites us to rest, that is, to the Yoga of devotion; and she creates in us that which by some is called Cosmic Consciousness, the Yoga of wisdom. The Great Mother silently lays a foundation for new activities after our return from the Open, and that is Karma Yoga. Looking upon these three impulses, and the schools built upon them,

it will be found that the Great Mother summarily educates us in the Royal Yoga; that is to say, when we come out into the Open, that her central effort and way with us is to still our insane rush for riches and influence among men, and to help us to take that breath which is hers and the key to her life. The Royal Yoga turns us in upon ourselves, and calls out the best in humanity.

Those who have sense go to the country to get into the truth of life, the Great Mother's Wisdom. They go to be attuned to her rhythmic existence, and to learn that devotion which alone can save, and cure disease. They go for an infusion of power, without which no one can live long. Some time ago we prepared to retire from the merely human and incidental, and hoped to connect with the life eternal.

Aside from the ordinary disappointments of daily life, few of us expected such radical events as those which have taken place and are about to take place. As unexpected as is lightning from a clear sky, so suddenly the European world heard the trumpets sounding the calls for assembling the armies of Europe. Symbolically, a trumpet means war.

A trumpet, army, navy, war; these words are synonymous. They imply, necessitate, and interpret each other. A trumpet is not the same as a bugle. A bugle is a much milder instrument, and does not produce the terror of the trumpet.

The sons of Aaron blew trumpets for the calling of assemblies, for the journeying of the camps, in the great festivals to Jehovah, in the beginning of the months, over burnt offerings, and on going to war. All these occasions had something passionate about them, not joy or pleasure.

The trumpet-horn is an instrument of passion and has the same impulse to action, as the war dance has upon the savage. A trumpet-horn has the power to let loose all the savage elements in man.

The trumpet-horn has something occult about it. Let me state my experiences, and the results at which I have arrived. It may lead some to look into the powers of the instrument. The trumpet-horn is the prototype or earliest known exponent of martial music. Originally it was not an instru-

ment for music; primarily its object was "to scare the foe."¹ Similar war horns with the object of terrifying were used by most of the ancient nations, and are used by savages of today.

The trumpet-horn is therefore an exponent of certain demonic forces known to occultists; forces which create discord, which cleave asunder that which is whole; forces which act upon the weak as heart-raking and nerve-splitting impulses. Such demonic forces make their entries into our world and our personalities riding, as it were, on the tunes of a trumpet-horn. Their power is hinted at by Kipling in this remarkable line. (In "Ford O' Cabal River.")

"Blow the trumpet;² draw the sword."

The trumpet-horn literally draws the sword, or, all that which the word sword means; such as, discord, conflict, clashing, hostility, defiance.

I do not say that all can perceive those special qualities, but I will say that those qualities are aroused in sensitive natures, both the healthy and the diseased ones. Even in this country, people have felt the effect of the sounding of the trumpet-horn in Europe. And those people were not directly related to me and suffered from it. Several persons have come to me and declared that they were fever-stricken, but not by a fever known to the medical profession. They felt as if they were going to pieces, and were able to do dreadful things, if they did not watch themselves. According to my diagnosis, they are just such natures as I have described. The demonic vibrations of the war-horns in Europe have struck them; they being of the sensitive members of the human family on this continent.

Do not for a moment believe that we in this country can escape the influences which come upon mankind during these terrible days of war. There is and has been for many years an intense uneasiness in the air. It is felt, of course, in the financial and commercial world; but that form is, after all, only a weak effect. The uneasiness lies much deeper.

¹Rowbothan. Hist. of Music, 1885.

²I allow myself to write trumpet for bugle, because that is obviously Kipling's meaning.

You can see it and feel it vigorously if you realize that for some time there has been no great leader, no firm policy, no definite plan in the social world, nor in the world of religion or philosophy. Even in art, no leader or new creator has arisen. Everywhere there is chaos, confusion, indefiniteness, weakness, cowardice, immorality: occult war!

Occultists are alive to this unsettled condition; but they do not allow themselves to be influenced by it. Why should they? Occultists stand outside the fluctuation of the passions and the petty aims of the hour. They are still building on the Temple of Humanity, and know the plan of erection as well as the ground-plan.

Together with the warring nations of Europe, we in this country form one solitary whole; a brotherhood in principal, though not in reality. Of present effects and of coming effects, we must partake whether we will or not. Culture and civilization are set back for ages, and national karmas increase fearfully; and we suffer though we do not fight.

A trumpet-blast corresponds to a blast or explosion. The rending or splitting of the air corresponds to the splitting of the spiritual atmospheres. It is the delight of mischievous spirits, as much as rock-blasting is a joy to brutal persons. The explosion of a rock is a small earthquake. A trumpet-blast is a violent disturbance of the air, the natural and normal habitation of spirits engaged in the government and education of this world, as well as the abode of evil spirits.

Now, if you consider the effect of the first trumpet-call in this war and the ever repeated use of the trumpet, day and night, by the warring nations, you can readily see what the dynamic effects must be in all the worlds connected with our earth atmosphere. The world trembles. Here is food for study for all who dabble in occultism.

Who shall escape? Can we still build the temple of brotherhood? Are the practices of a brotherhood religion possible under these circumstances? These questions I will answer in a few moments. A little more about the trumpet-horn. I refer more especially to the instrument used in the European armies than to the more modern bugle, an instrument not near so terrible as the trumpet-horn.

The trumpet call in a garrison town to assemble to put out a fire, especially if it comes at night, has something unearthly in it. Not only does it come like a sword cutting the stillness, but it is demonic; it expresses terror, and an urgent call. If you have heard that call in a European garrison town, you realize what I say. You felt something of that unearthliness, and perhaps you felt the correspondence of the trumpet note to the fury of the fire and the awfulness of the night disturbance.

When the trumpet-horn calls a garrison to general assembly, it means that officers and men are to meet at double quick, fully equipped and ready to meet an enemy. That call has a peculiarity of its own. To say that it causes the hairs on the head to stand up straight, is not enough. The trumpets at that call have the power to rake all one's nerves, to excite attention, to create a fury. Those trumpet notes not only torture the nerves, but they cut into one's life, and it takes time to recover the equilibrium. The quality of those notes corresponds to the occasion: the letting loose of the demons of hell!

The trumpets in Europe have called forth national hatreds. The present war is not an ordinary war of one government or army with another government or army. The trumpets have loosened the chains which used to restrain the nations. The nations are daily coming deeper and deeper into insane attitudes. They are already accusing each other of atrocities which cast a doubt upon the veracity or value of their culture and civilization. Common people, soldiers, ministers of the gospel, and leading men in public affairs, arts, and sciences, speak and act in a way which, three months ago, we would have thought impossible. Their speech and acts are contrary to brotherly relationship and near savagery.

An occultist can hear all that satanism and devilry in some of the notes given out by the trumpet. The trumpet is pre-eminently the instrument of demonic powers. It rouses them; it nourishes them; it commands them.

Not many of us expected to hear the trumpet sound war. Yet we have heard the beat of the drum roll across the ocean.

Instead of hymns of peace and good-will among men, the cry of war to the death has echoed from abroad. Bishops of opposing nations have prayed each to their god for success in arms and the destruction of their enemies. What a farce are such prayers! How can these ministers believe their own words? Is not the church in conflict with itself? Should not these ministers always pray for peace, good-will among men, brotherhood?

Surely there is something wrong, something radically wrong with the church. I cannot see any brotherhood endeavor. No brotherhood religion offers prayers for destruction of the neighbor! Out of this European war will grow many feuds and many acts to prevent the establishment of brotherliness. For instance, it is reported that French artists have decided to bar "for all times" all Germans as pupils in their studios. It is also reported that German publishers have decided never to publish any translations of English or French books. And a large number of English authors have signed a resolution denouncing German authors.

Surely the intellectuals are no better than the clericals. What is their culture worth? Have those who speak thus any culture? Are they civilized? Nay—the very ideas of culture and civilization rest upon the brotherhood conception. The words culture and civilization did not get into our languages till mankind had realized the solidarity of the human race, not until the idea of a universal brotherhood had dawned upon some of mankind, and now culture and civilization are endangered. Surely the trumpets sounding the call to combat have so shaken the intellectuals that they have lost their senses and bearings.

I have put the question: Who shall escape the dreadful influences of the evils let loose upon the earth by the war?

The answer is this: The strong ones escape. And those are the strong ones who stand apart from the conflicting elements; who take no part in them; who do not take sides. The strong ones are those who have laid aside patriotism, nationality, all kinds of idiosyncrasies, and have substituted the universal kingdom and the Inner Life. Those who have done that, are the strong ones; they are builders of the

Brotherhood Temple; they are the ones who practice the Brotherhood Religion. The strong ones stand on the bridge of great purposes, and with equanimity see all things flow on in the turbulent stream of life. Do not misjudge them. There is a vast difference between those who have attained freedom and the callous ones who, because of their egotism, are indifferent, and who do not take part in the work of uplift nor in anything connected with brotherhood. Such ones are, like ulcers and abscesses, to be cured or cut off. Freedom and indifference are opposite poles. The strong ones are not indifferent!

If we try to live in the fellowship of the eternal life, our national idiosyncracies ought to be laid aside. If we have theo-sophia, wisdom in god, we know that evils tend to good; and if we want to be occultists, we should apply our powers in the direction of peace and to the ending of the conflict. If we are not so far as that on the Path, but are roused by the war feeling which is in the air, even in this country, let us turn our warring inclination against ourselves! Let us take the field and cross swords, **now**, with our own lower inclinations. That, too, is sound Theosophy and Occultism. Those who do that shall discover that they may attain wonderful results, and help brotherhood.

I know it takes much Theosophy to be greater than one's self, and to have a love that can bless the enemy who has struck us with a sword. But it can be done, and the eternal fellowship lies that way. But if you must fight or give way to the influences in the air, start in and help your national karma.

National karma plays an important part in the present war. It is not only the military systems, capitalism, aristocracy, which are the cause of this terrible war. The nations themselves or great parts of them also are in it. If you overcome your own karma of discord and war, you benefit the spirit of your nation and thus help to end the war. Here is something all can engage in and thus become members of the Order of the Builders; and now is a good time to seek membership.

One of the forms which the evil spirits use for the de-

struction of the Brotherhood Temple and Brotherhood Religion, is the philosophy of Nietzsche and of Max Steiner. This philosophy gives the Übermensch, the Overman, right to treat everybody else as slaves. He is accountable to nobody but himself. It is that fiendish spirit which has created the present troubles and war, and has wilfully committed a crime against culture and civilization. Where the idea prevails that any one irresponsible man, or group of men, or system, can use all other men as mere tools in its own interest, we have that which is called Anti-Christ, the foe of Brotherhood.

If you want to work for peace, not only now, but for a future peaceful development, then set yourself to oppose this Übermensch, this Overman, this tyrant, this Anti-Christ. He is here, even in this country. Declare war on him and his system, and you are carrying on a righteous war; you are then fighting on the side of Michael, the great warrior of heaven. The way to carry on that war, is to drive all kinds of conceit out of the mind, to send out currents of peace and happiness among the neighbors, wherever they be. Cease all kinds of antagonism, all negativity!

I have also asked the question: Can we still build the temple of brotherhood?

Is the brotherhood idea dead? I say it cannot die. The nations cannot die, though their false leaders fall by their own destructive arms. The people shall survive; but the systems which have led them to this present calamity will disappear. When people are in trouble, they begin to think and ask themselves and others about the cause of their trouble. That will happen now. The nations will examine and ask who or what brought about their troubles. The result can only be national awakenings and regenerations. The final outcome of the awakening and regeneration can only be a movement in the direction of the brotherhood idea, because the brotherhood idea is fundamental in the human constitution, individual and social. History shows that the brotherhood idea is the center of gravitation in many human movements. Let us, therefore, not be discouraged!

Thus far I have only talked about war and destruction. Let me now say something about the necessity of war and

destruction. In the Gita, we hear Arjuna being instructed by Krishna to fight; to fight, even his own relatives. Arjuna obeys the command to fight, when he had fully received the Light of the Logos. That is sound philosophy. The Logos does fight!

I know that many a poor soldier and sailor in the various armies and navies takes his first step on the Path by a blind obedience—a step he could not take in the humdrum of home life. Many a poor woman or child who suffer in the countries now at war with each other, also takes the first step on the Path—by means of their sufferings. Their awakening is terrible. They do not partake of the glory that surrounds the resignation of the Roman emperor Marcus Aurelius, but these people are surely set on the Path. Nobody begins the Path except in suffering.

From this point of view it is easily seen what must be the meaning of the words of Heraclitus when he says that "War is the father and King of all, and has produced some as gods and some as man, and has made some slaves and some free." (Fragments XLIV.) It seems a hard saying, this of Heraclitus, but he tells us also (XLV.) that it is for us to learn to "understand how that which separates, unites with itself. It is a harmony of oppositions, as in the case of the bow and of the lyre." Surely we become theosophs if we can rise above our own individual passions and look dispassionately upon a war of which we ourselves may be the victims. It is a Herculean task to perform, but the law is that life is attained only through the renewal called death. We cannot change the law. It is the method of existence.

Death is one thing, but the conception of death is another. It is the natural man's conception of death, that disturbs the truth and prevents the right understanding. As a matter of course, the natural man is not an occultist, nor is he on the Path, nor does the natural man build the brotherhood temple. Destroy the natural man! He has no right to exist! When he is destroyed, the fear of death is also destroyed! The spiritual man knows no death. Death is to the occultist a normal feature of life; he has learned that death is a great, conscious, devoted, loving power. He knows

from experience that death is ceaselessly helping man to relieve himself of his shackles and fetters and bonds of all kinds. The occultist knows that when he dies and friends leave him, one friend, Death, does not leave him. Death, his only true friend, continues to help him, and never ceases help till he has attained final emancipation. All this is, of course, a mystery, and perhaps a revolting talk to man. No matter; it is the truth of life. Death, then, may be looked upon as a builder of the brotherhood temple!

But let me hasten to add that there is a condition wrongly called death, which is to be abhorred. It is that condition which results from neglect of life's many opportunities, the wasting of life's purposes. That death is terrible. A guilty conscience is indeed hell. That death is no liberation; it is fear and destruction.

No child ever came into the world without the shedding of blood. Every historic period has passed away in streams of blood, in agony, and nations have cursed each other before now. It is evident that a new historic period is upon us. That belief is common enough, nowadays. Let us lay aside our passions and learn wisdom!

It is a boon to live in an historic age, so wonderful as ours. In the past the priest has been dethroned; he is no longer able to thrive at his nefarious business. Now is the time to dethrone militarism. No one will longer identify the highest type of manhood with the warrior. That idea is dying. To be a soldier as a business will no more be the aim of ambitious men. In place of the priest and the soldier will come the brother and sister. That will be the new historic period. I plead: Help to bring in the New Age!

From what I have said I would derive this conclusion: that the war will go toward helping to establish the brotherhood religion. First, it will act negatively by removing militarism, aristocracy, and the tyranny of capitalism; it will clear the European atmosphere, fetid as it is from unnatural lusts, frauds, oppressions and hypocrisy; and on the whole, the war will, like a thunderstorm, clear the atmosphere.

Further, the war will bring forth true nobility, and a fair distribution of nature's gifts; it will awaken most of the

people who survive, as well as a large number of those who die, to a realization of life's deeper factors and worth. War is a primary form of awakening. Most peoples' lives are filled with attempts to awaken them; few come to realizations.

I now come to the last of my three questions: Are the practices of a brotherhood religion possible under the present circumstances, created by the war?

I believe that in many places on the field of battle, in the midst of its horrors, stones are laid to build the walls of the temple of brotherhood which humanity is erecting. Among the dying, the wounded, or those who have fallen from exhaustion this verse of Norse ethics, the Havamal, is verified:

Vices and virtues
The sons of mortals bear
In their breasts mingled.
None is so good
That no failing attends him,
Nor so bad as to be good for nothing.

Not only in this war, but in all wars, we have heard of sincere helpfulness extended by one wounded soldier to another—his enemy only a few minutes before. "None so bad as to be good for nothing." In giving a drink of water, or helping the dying to a more comfortable position, or shielding him from the ravenous wolf in the night, the former friends have come in upon the universal human element, have established the principle of brotherhood. Enemies are known to have embraced on the battlefield, and become firm friends. It was necessary for them to know distress before they realized the boon of meeting a soul!

I will again quote the Norse Havamal. One stanza runs thus:

I was journeying alone
And lost my way;
Rich I thought myself
When I met another:
Man is the joy of man.

We hear the genuine Brotherhood idea declare itself. The singer thought himself rich when he met with a fellow man and realized the eternal relationship of man to man. Man is the joy of man. The traveler was not merely relieved by meeting a fellow man. More than that, he found treasures; the only riches which endure—human fellowship. On the battlefield it may be discovered that "man is the joy of man"; that is the Brotherhood idea.

Thus the angel of peace may pass through the appalling darkness of crime and hatred; and out there in the midst of the hells, the heavenly light may shine.

The war has called for prayers. The people involved in the war have prayed to their national gods, and assured themselves that their gods would not desert them, the special people of the gods. But, as far as is known, none of them have prayed to the Great God, above all national gods and national interests. But occultists have related themselves to Allmightiness. Knowing the inscrutable will of the Supreme, the cosmic will, and realizing the national karmas, occultists have declared their confidence in the good, and laid all sentimentality aside.

Prayers have been offered in parts of this country, at the request of the President of the United States. The thought was praiseworthy, and the effort on the part of all the good people who have prayed will produce good. But it should be understood that if those who prayed did not act their prayers, the prayers were only lip-sounds. A prayer, to be worthy of the name, must be full of the genuinely human; of brotherliness, in this case.

This is the law. If we seek beauty we do not find it. But if we make ourselves beautiful in our thoughts and acts, and, as Aristotle would say, "energize", then beauty comes to us.

Apply this to prayer. If we pray with a definite purpose and limit our prayer to an end to be attained, our prayer will be ineffectual. It is then merely a petition, not a prayer. But if we pray so that our whole being is uplifted in the spirit, and not in seeking our individual aim and end; then our prayer will be effectual. If the prayers offered the

fourth of October had no specific national color, and bore no mark of dictation or personality; but were pure aspirations for spiriutal life, then they would have cosmic and eternal power. If they savored of human passion, they could only add fuel to the destructive forces now raging in Europe.

In conclusion I would lead your thoughts in the direction of the modern speculation on that which is called "The Second Coming." I shall not dwell upon the subject. I will say only this—one thing is certain: Anti-Christ has arrived. And has he not been here for some time? All the marks of the Anti-Christ fit Nietzche's Ubermench, the Overman, who has dominated parts of Europe for some time. If the Anti-Christ is here, perhaps the Christ is also here, or soon to come. Think on that question! It will help in building the brotherhood temple.!



THE RITUAL OF HIGH MAGIC.

By Eliphas Levi.

Translated from the French by Major-General Abner Doubleday. Annotated by Alexander Wilder, M. D.

CHAPTER II.

The Magic Equilibrium.

EQUILIBRIUM is the resultant of two forces. If the two forces are absolutely and always equal the equilibrium will be immobility, and consequently exclusion of life. Motion is the result of alternate preponderance. The impulse given to one of the scales of a balance necessarily determines the movement of the other. Contraries thus act upon contraries throughout nature by correspondence and analogic connection.

All life is composed of inspiration and expiration. Creation is the placing of a shadow to serve as a limit to light; of a void to serve as a space for the abundance of being; of a passive principle fecundated in order to furnish a receptacle and bring into concrete existence the energy of the active generating principle.

All nature is bisexual, and the motion or activity which produces the appearances of death and life is a continual generation.

God loves the void which he has made in order to fill it. Knowledge loves the ignorance which it enlightens. Strength loves the weakness which it sustains. Good loves the recurring evil, which in return glorifies it. Day is enamored of the night, and pursues it without ceasing while coursing around the world. Love is, at times, a thirst, and a fulness which has need of expansion. He who gives receives, and he who receives gives. Movement is a perpetual exchange. To be cognizant of the law of this exchange,

to know the alternating or simultaneous proportion of these forces, is to possess the first principle of the great magic arcanum, which constitutes true human divinity. We can appreciate scientifically the diverse manifestations of universal movement by electric or magnetic phenomena. Electric apparatus especially reveals materially and positively the affinities and antipathies of certain substances. The marriage of copper with zinc, the action of all the metals in the galvanic pile, are perpetual and in controvertible revelations. Let naturalists explore and discover; Kabalists will explain the discoveries of science.

The human body, like the earth, is under a double law; it attracts and it radiates. It is magnetised by an androgynous magnetism, and acts reciprocally upon the two potencies of the soul—the intellectual and the sensitive—in inverse ratio, but proportional to the alternate preponderance of the two sexes in its physical organism. The technic of the magnetiser consists entirely in the recognition and application of this law. To polarise the action and give to the actor a bisexual and alternating force, is the means still unknown and vainly sought for the purpose of directing at will the phenomena of magnetism. A highly exercised tact and a great precision in the interior movements are necessary, however, in order not to confound the signs of magnetic inspiration with those of normal breathing. It is necessary also to be perfectly acquainted with occult anatomy and the special temperament of the individuals on whom we are operating.

The greatest obstacle to the direction of magnetism is the bad faith or evil inclination of the subject. Such, especially, are women who are essentially and habitually dissemblers—women who like to be impressed by impressing others and succeed in deceiving themselves first when they play their nervous melodramas. The peculiar dealings of women constitute the true black magic of magnetism. Hence it will be impossible for magnetisers not initiated in the

highest arcana and not aided by the lights of the Kabala ever to direct this unmanageable and uncertain element. In order to be master of woman it is necessary to divert her attention and deceive her skilfully, by allowing her to suppose that it is she who is deceiving you. This advice which we especially give here to magnetic physicians might perhaps also find its place and application in conjugal politics.

Man can produce at will two breaths; the one hot, the other cold. He can equally project at will active or passive light; but he must acquire the consciousness of this faculty by the habit of thinking of it. One and the same gesture of the hand may alternately expire and inspire what is by common consent called the fluid; and the magnetiser himself will be apprised of the result of his intention through an alternating sensation of heat and cold in the hand or in both hands if he uses them together—a sensation which the subject should experience at the same time, but reversed; that is to say, with an alternation directly opposite.

The pentagram, or sign of the microcosm, represents among other magic mysteries the double sympathy of the human extremities between themselves, and the circulation of the astral light in the human body. Thus in representing a man in the star of the pentagram, as may be seen in the occult philosophy of Agrippa, it should be remarked that the head corresponds in masculine sympathy with the right foot, and in feminine sympathy with the left foot; that the right hand corresponds equally with the left hand and foot, and the left hand reciprocally. This is necessary to be observed in magnetic passes if we wish to reach the point of dominating the entire organism, and of connecting all the limbs through their proper chains of analogy and natural sympathy.

This knowledge is essential for the use of the pentagram in conjurations of spirits and in evocations of forms wandering about in the astral light, vulgarly called necromancy, as we shall explain in the fifth chapter of this ritual.

But it is well to observe here, that every action incites a reciprocal action, and, that in magnetizing others or influencing them magically, we set a current from them to us of contrary but analogous influence which may subject us to them instead of subjecting them to us, as happens often in operations which have for their object the sympathy of love. It is essential, therefore, that we should defend ourselves at the same time that we attack, in order not to breathe in toward the left side at the same time that we breathe out toward the right. The magic Androgyne¹ bears written upon the right arm **solve** and upon the left arm **coagulate**, which corresponds to the symbolical figure of the workers of the Second Temple, who held in one hand the sword and in the other the trowel. While building, we must defend our work by dispersing enemies. Nature does nothing else, when she destroys at the very time that she regenerates. Now, according to the allegory of the magic calendar of Duchenteau, man, that is to say, the initiated individual, is the monkey of Nature, who holds him by a chain, but makes him act incessantly in imitation of the doings and operations of his divine mistress and of his imperishable model.

The alternate employment of the contrary forces, such as heat after cold, gentleness after severity, love after wrath, is the secret of perpetual motion and of the prolonging of power. It is what coquettes have a sense of instinctively, who make their adorers pass from hope to fear, and from joy to sadness. To act always in the same direction and the same way is to overload a single scale of a balance, and it will result before long in the absolute destruction of the equilibrium. Perpetual caresses soon engender satiety, distaste and repugnance, the same as coldness or constant severity in time alienates and deters affection. In alchemy, a fire always the same and continually burning calcines the first matter, and sometimes causes the

¹See the figure in the frontispiece to the Ritual.

Hermetic vase to burst. It is necessary to substitute at regular intervals for the heat of the fire that of quicklime, or of mineral refuse. Thus it is necessary in magic to temper the works of wrath or severity of actions, of benevolence and love, and if the operator keeps his will always strained in the same manner, in the same direction, there will result from it to him a great exhaustion and presently a kind of moral impotence.

The magus, therefore, ought not to live entirely secluded in his laboratory, with his athenor, his elixirs and his pentacles. However heart-consuming may be the glance of this Kirkê, called the Occult Power, we must know how to present to her at the proper time the sword of Ulysses, and to remove in time from our lips the cup which she presents to us. Every magic operation should always be followed by a rest of equal duration, and by a corresponding diversion, but which is contrary to its object. To wrestle continually against nature in order to control and conquer her, is to endanger our reason and our life. Paracelsus dared to do it, and yet in this very struggle he employed equilibrated forces and opposed the intoxication of wine to that of intelligence. Then he controlled intoxication by bodily fatigue, and bodily fatigue by a new labor of intelligence. Paracelsus was, therefore, a man of inspiration and miracles, but he wore away his life in this devouring activity, or rather he rapidly fatigued and tore the vestment of it; for men like Paracelsus can use and abuse without fearing anything. They well know that they could not die any more than they could grow old here below.

Nothing prepares us better for joy than sorrow, and nothing is nearer to sorrow than joy. Hence the ignorant operator is astonished at always arriving at contrary results to those which he proposes, because he neither knows how to cross or to alternate his action. He desires to cast a spell upon his enemy, and he himself becomes wretched and sick. He wishes to be loved, and becomes miserably fond of

women who mock him. He desires to make gold, and exhausts his last resources. His punishment is constantly that of Tantalos; ² the water always withdraws when he wishes to drink. The ancients in their symbolism and magic operations multiplied the signs of the binary in order not to forget its law, that of equilibrium. In their evocations they always constructed two different altars and immolated two victims, one white and one black. The male or female operator holding in one hand the sword and the wand in the other was required to have one foot clothed and the other naked. Nevertheless, as the binary would be immobility and death without the equilibrating motor, there could be but one or three persons in the magic operations; and when a man and a woman took part in the ceremony, the operator had to be either a virgin, an androgyne, or a child. I shall be asked whether the oddness of these exercise the will by multiplying at pleasure the difficulties of the magic operation. I shall reply that in magic nothing is arbitrary, because all is regulated and determined in advance by the unique and universal dogma of Hermes, that of analogy in the three worlds. Every sign corresponds to an idea, and to the special form of an idea. Every act expresses a volition corresponding to a thought, and formulates the analogies of this thought and of this volition. Hence the rites are determined beforehand by the science itself. The ignorant man who does not know this triple power undergoes their mysterious fascination. The sage comprehends them and makes them the instrument of his will, but when they are performed with exactness and faith they are never without effect.

All magic instruments should be double. It is necessary to have two swords, two wands, two cups, two chafing-dishes, two pantacles, and two lamps; to wear two vestments, one over the other, of contrary colors as the Catholic

²Tantalos was a king of Phrygia, who had been admitted to the feasts of the gods and afterward divulged what had been told him. The story is allegorical, and represents an individual who had been initiated into the Mysteries, and profaned them by discoursing about them to the uninitiated.—A. W.

priests still do. We should have no metal about us, or have at least two. The crowns of bay, rue, wormwood or vernain should also be double. In the evocations we keep one of these crowns and burn the other, while observing as an augury the noise it makes while crackling and the undulations of the smoke that it produces.

This observance is not vain, for in magic work all instruments of the art are magnetized by the operator; the air is loaded with his perfumes; the fire consecrated by him is submissive to his will; the forces of nature seem to hear him and reply to him. He reads in all forms the modifications and complements of his thought. Then we see the water disturbed, and as though boiling of itself, the fire cast a great light or extinguish itself. We see the leaves of the garlands waving, the magic wand moving itself, and we hear strange and unknown voices passing in the air. It was in such evocations that Julian saw the phantoms of his fallen gods appear, and in spite of himself was frightened at their decrepitude and pallor.

I know that Christianity has forever suppressed the magic ceremonial, and that it severely proscribed the evocations and sacrifices of the ancient world. It is not, therefore, our intention to give them a new occasion for existence, in coming after so many centuries to reveal their antiquated mysteries. Our experiments, even in this order of facts, have been learned researches and nothing more. We have verified facts in order to appreciate causes, and have never pretended to renew rites forever destroyed.

Israelitish orthodoxy—that religion so rational, so divine and so little known—discards not less than Christianity, the mysteries of ceremonial magic. As for the Tribe of Levi, even the employment of high magic should be considered as a sacerdotal usurpation; and the same reason will cause operative, divining, and miraculous magic to be proscribed in all official worships. To show the nature of the marvelous and to produce it at will, is to annihilate for the common

people the conclusive proof of miracles, which every religion acclaims in its turn as its exclusive property and its decisive argument.

Let us respect the established religions, but give also a place to science. Thank God we are no longer in the days of the Inquisition and fagots. Unfortunate savants are no longer put to death on the belief of crazy fanatics or hysteric maids. Besides, let it be well understod that we are engaged in curious studies and not in an impossible and senseless propogandism. Those who will blame us for daring to call ourselves magicians, have nothing to fear from such an example; and it is more than probable that they will never become sorcerors.

(To be continued)

